The Saturday Evening
POST
August 18, 1956 — 15¢

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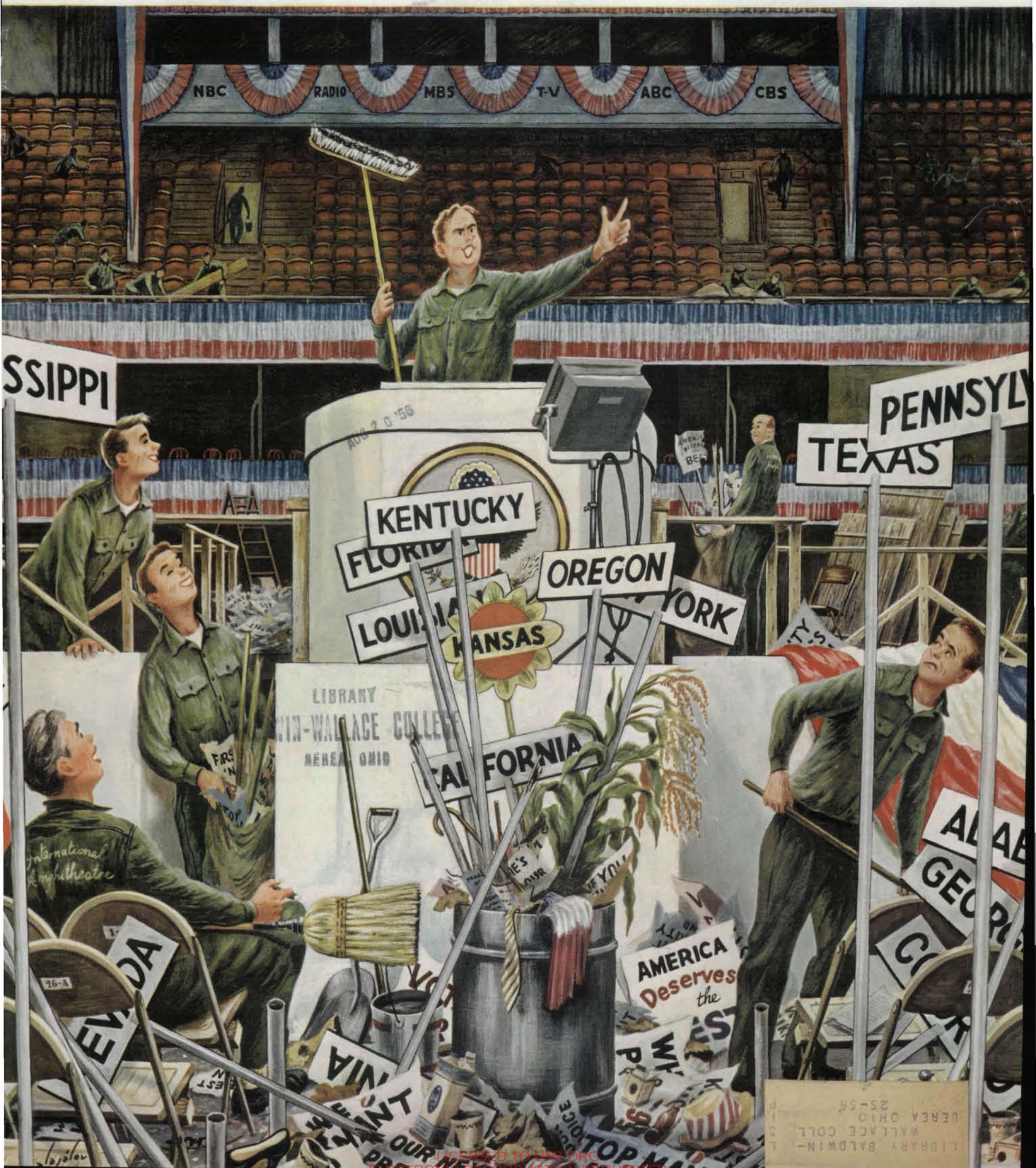
A Candid Report on the Film Stars' Riviera Frolic

By TONI HOWARD

THE TROUBLED LIFE OF THE YANKEES' BILLY MARTIN



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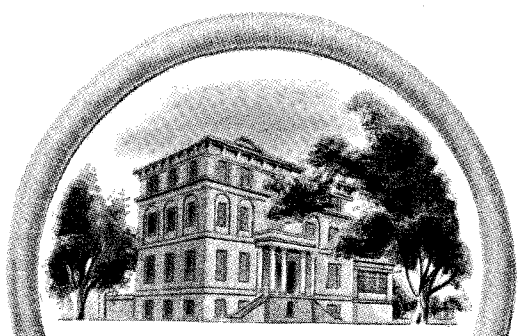


Birthplace of Juliette Gordon Low in Savannah, Georgia, now owned by the Girl Scouts of the United States of America.

Now you can bake Angel Food Cake inspired by a favorite recipe of the *Founder of the Girl Scouts*

Girl Scout Uniforms of the period of the Founder.

Dromedary Presents A New Angel Food Mix

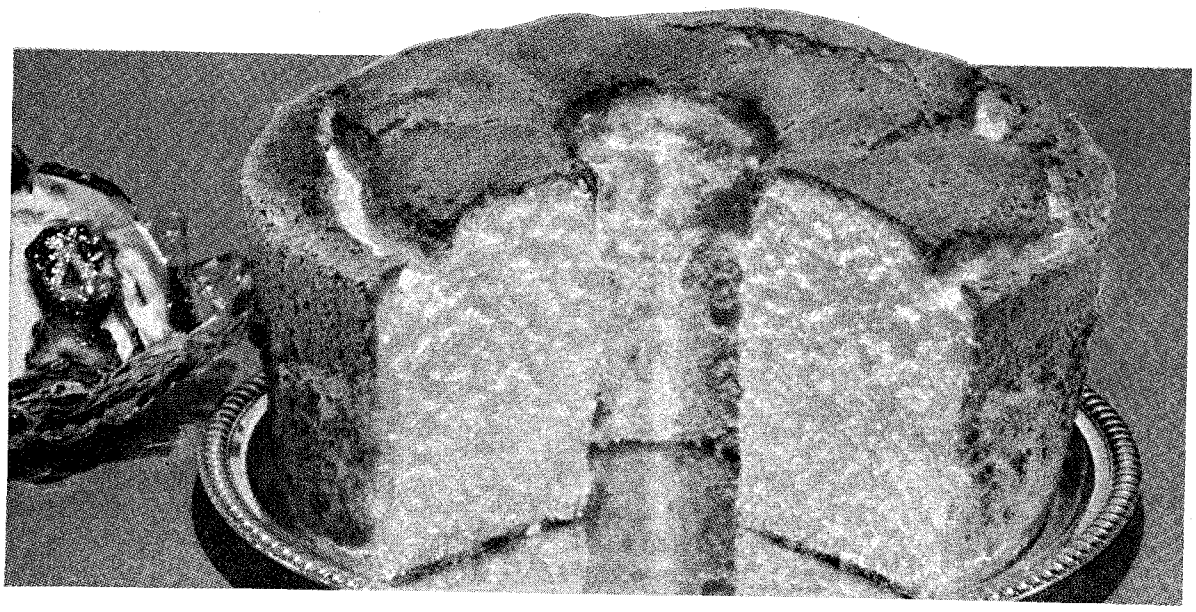
Inspired by the historic recipe used in the Birthplace of Juliette Gordon Low, Founder of the Girl Scouts of the United States of America

Angel Food, indeed! Light as a moonbeam, fluffy as a summer cloud, white and moist as a fresh snowfall—that's the kind of Angel Food Cake you'll bake with Dromedary Early American Angel Food Mix.

And, as any good cook knows, the secret is in the recipe. Dromedary has turned to a favorite recipe used in the Birthplace of Juliette Gordon Low, founder of the Girl Scouts. The inspiration for this new mix—a veritable masterpiece of the baking art—was found in an old family cookbook. Result: an Angel Food Cake that bakes high and light and with a yummy crust and flavor all its own.

Dromedary is the only Angel Food Mix wrapped in Glittering Gold Foil to keep it mixing-bowl fresh.

Once again, Dromedary makes baking history with another historic recipe. You, too, can make history at your own table if you bake a Dromedary Angel Food Cake—soon!



DROMEDARY received rights to the Angel Food recipe used in the birthplace of Juliette Gordon Low in return for its support of the restoration and endowment of that historic home now owned by the Girl Scouts of the U. S. A., a member organization of the National Trust for Historic Preservation.

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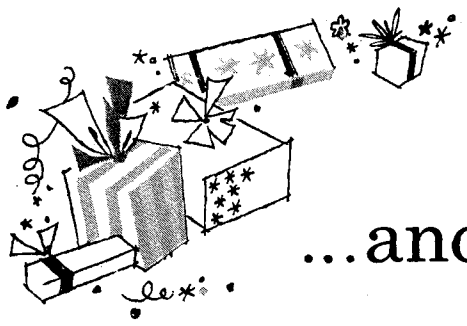

There's always a time for gifts ...and always a perfect Westclox to give

Delightful SNOWFLAKE electric wall clock

The thoughtful birthday or shower gift—adds a fresh decorative note to her kitchen, playroom or bath. New and original design...3-dimensional white dial stands out against colorful plastic case. 7″ in diameter. Shatterproof crystal protects the entire dial. Convenient front hand-set knob. In Red, Mint Green, Pink or Charcoal case, this love of a wall clock is only **$5.95.**

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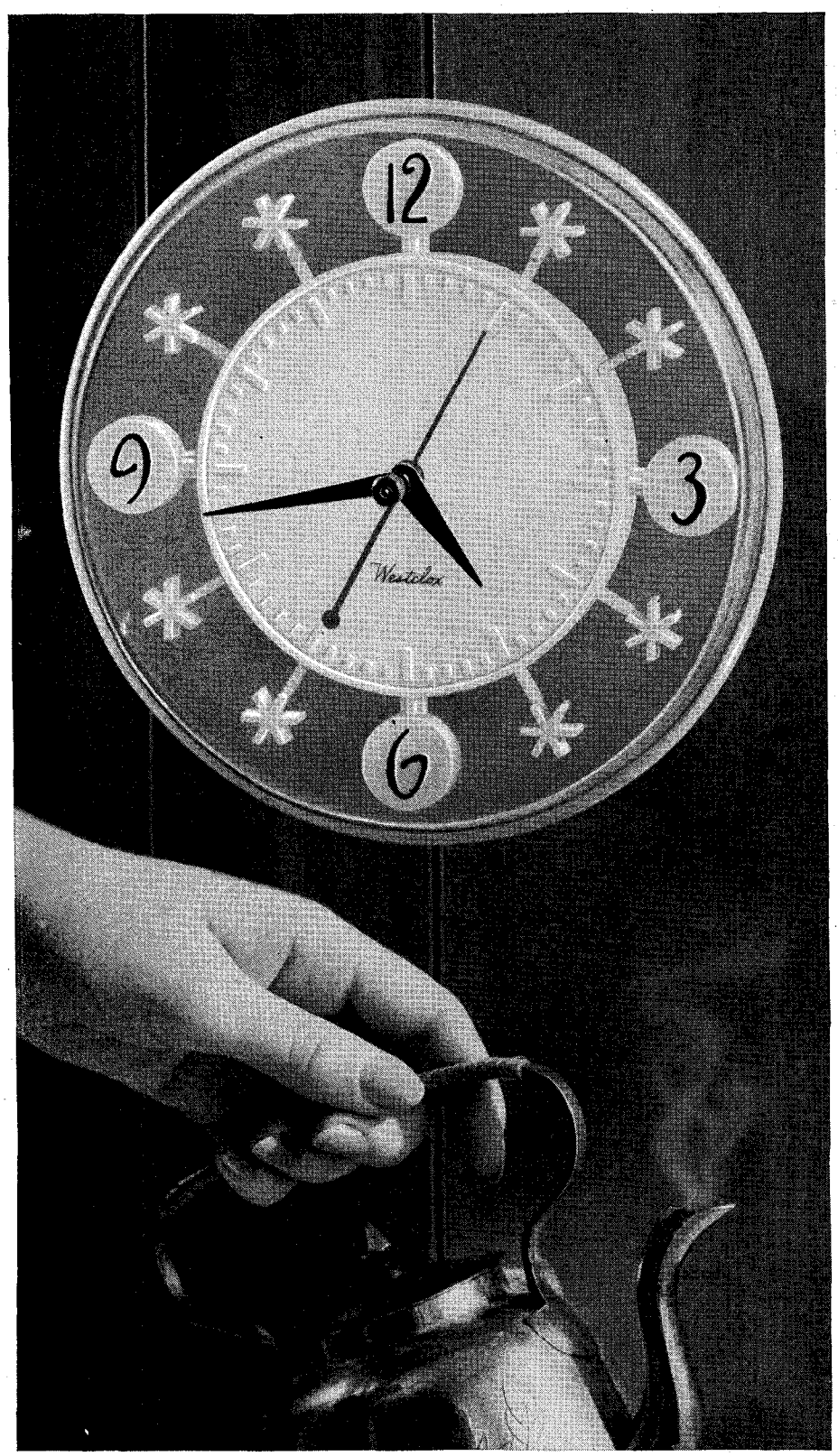

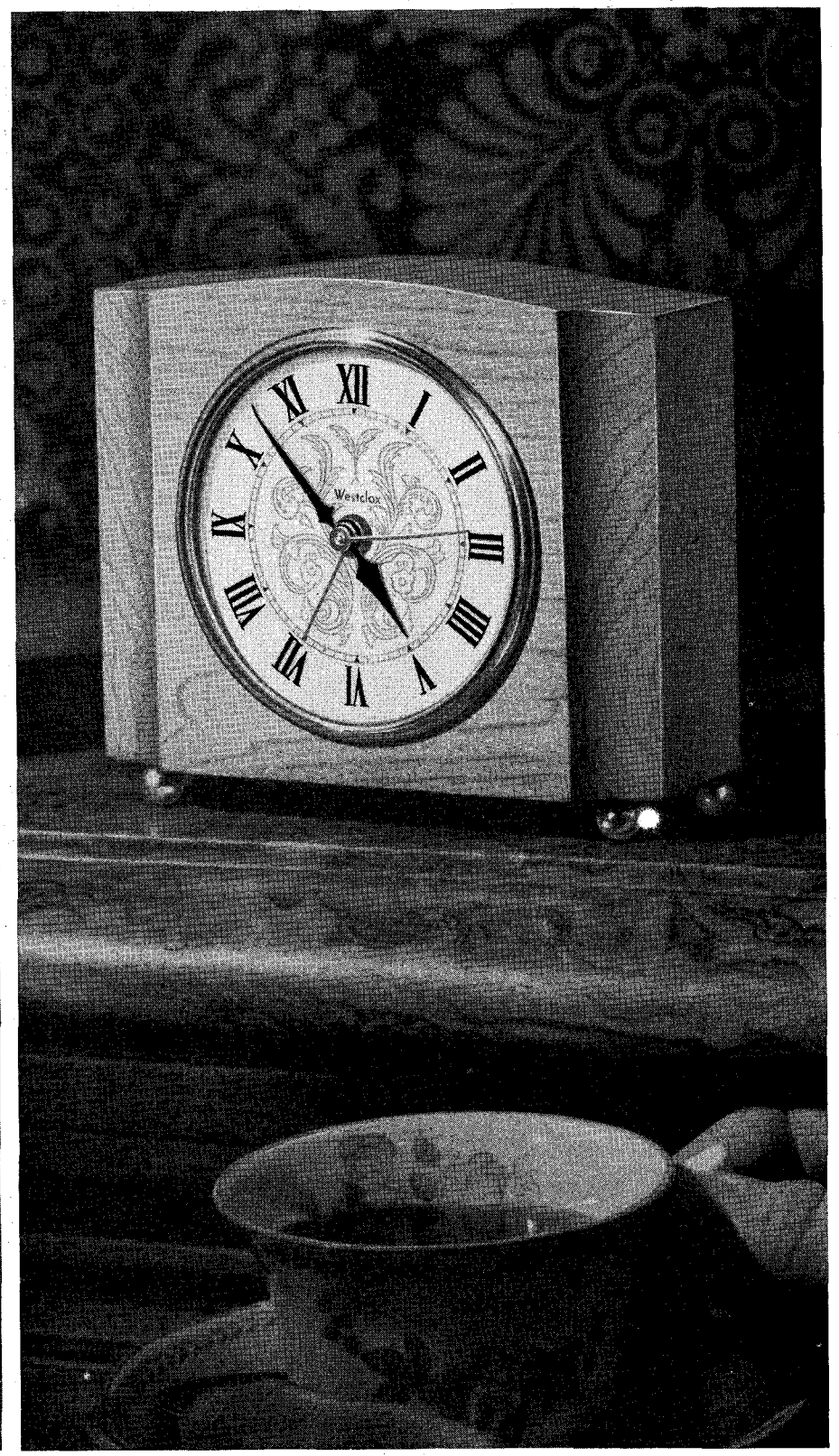

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Voice from rostrum: "Ladies and gentlemen of this great convention, I say that what our country needs is a two-day work week, bank loans without interest, a television set in every room! I say ——" Voice from audience: "At-a-boy, senator! And how's for abolishing taxes?" Rostrum voice: "I say that what our nation needs is a new broom that will sweep clean! And so I place in nomination our great fellow countryman, the Honorable Constantin Alajálov!" Another voice from below, "Ah, shut up and sweep." . . . Well, as the forgotten state signs, flash bulbs and shoes are swept up, let us remember that in this auditorium America was engaged in making democracy work. If *all* nations could hold nominating conventions, how much better off this world would be!

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Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

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Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S., payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice. All subscriptions must be paid for in advance.

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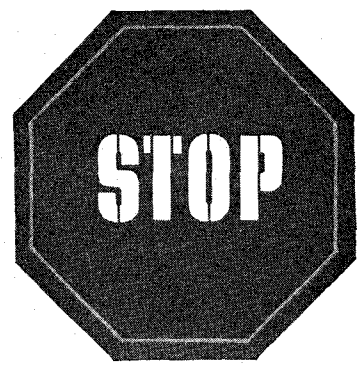

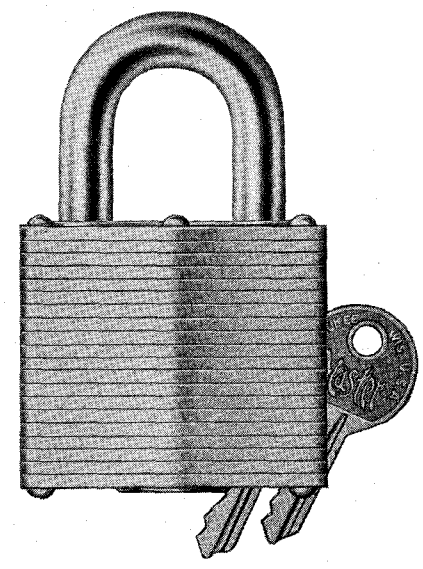

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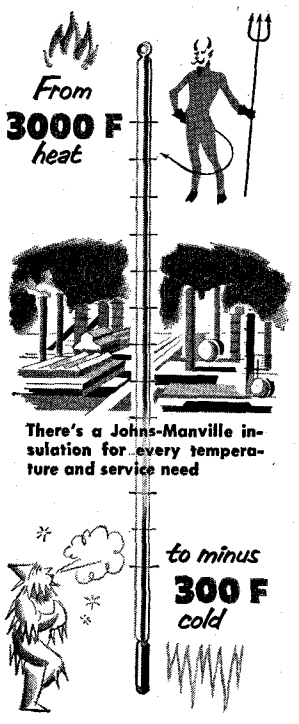

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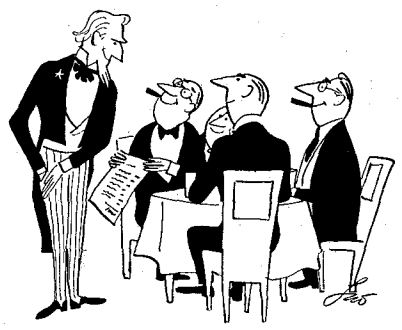
Letters

Immoral Tax Laws?

Dear Sirs:

Cameron Hawley's OUR TAX LAWS MAKE US DISHONEST, July 14, could easily be condensed into the following short story which is very common amongst accountants:

"There were four men having dinner at a very famous restaurant. The check came to $90.00. The first man insisted on paying the entire check, as he was in the 30% bracket and the actual cost to him would only be $63.00, whereupon the second member of the party replied that he was in the 50% bracket and if he picked up the tab it would actually only cost him $45.00. The third man laughed very loudly and stated that he was in the 90% bracket and if he picked up the tab, the cost would only be $9.00. The fourth member of the party then picked up the check and paid the waiter, whereupon the others remonstrated with him for doing so. His reply was classical: 'You see, he said, I am doing work for the Government on a cost-plus basis and if I pay the check I will be making $9.00 profit.'"



I think this short story epitomizes the entire tax structure and the expense economy under which we are living.

J. L. BECKER
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

It would take about a 100 page letter to really take that article apart, and show all its fallacies and misleading innuendoes.

THOMAS J. DURANT, JR.
Income Tax Consultant
Sumner, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

It seems that our present tax structure is deliberately loaded against the worker—the broad middle class, and if relief isn't afforded them, we will eventually be a nation of masters and serfs.

MAX SILVERMAN, D.D.S.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

It is indeed an excellent synopsis of the tax problem. Must we revert to Henry George's "Single Tax"!

M. D. HOPWOOD
Columbus, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

In considering the income tax as a possible means of raising revenue—long before the complicated tax systems of the twentieth century could be imagined—the famous economist, Adam Smith, wrote: "An inquisition into every man's private circumstances . . . would be a source of such continual and endless vexation as no people could support." (Wealth of Nations, Book V, Ch. II, Part II, Art. 2.)

WELDON GREGG
Plainview, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Superb article.

VIOLET STINSON CARVER
Hammond, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

Not all of us cheat on our income-tax forms. Some still consider it more important to be honest than to save a few bucks by cheating.

JOHN P. COWAN
Camp Hill, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

While the tax laws may be inequitable and in need of codification, they are not immoral. Not too much intelligence, nor too concentrated a search through the code is needed to discover that it is not the intent of the law to permit a deduction for taking a friend to lunch. I submit, then, that it is the people who are dishonest, and not the laws, and no amount of changing of the laws is going to remedy the situation of and by itself.

ROBERT P. JONES
Accountant
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sirs:

His article, in essence, amounts to a rationalization in that it is an attempt to conceal the moral imperfections of a small percentage of taxpayers by casting aspersions upon our income-tax laws. At most, this body of laws present certain temptations, but so does a poor box located in a church. . . .

Mr. Hawley expresses generalities, implies the existence of a threatening menace comparable to cancer, offers no solutions and comes to no conclusions. Indeed, Mr. Hawley does indulge in "careless hyperbole."

RICHARD J. MICHAEL
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

If a business may be acquired in order to avail oneself of a tax loss, what a distorted idea of morals one must have to assume that there is something violative of the Decalogue or the Sermon on the Mount in doing precisely what the law permits. There is nothing sacrosanct about tax laws passed by politicians. To say the law could be improved is one thing, but one must be a nincompoop not to avail himself of allowable deductions—openly, freely and with a clear conscience.

A. J. SMITH
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Hawley gives the definite impression that he believes lawyers are primarily responsible for all of the dishonesty and immorality which spring from our Federal tax laws. This, of course, is obviously untrue. There may be some lawyers who are completely dishonorable, just as there are dishonest individuals in other lines of endeavor, but the legal profession in general is bound by the Canons of Professional Ethics. . . . If the legislators provide by statute for certain tax advantages, the least the attorney can do for his client is to point out to him such advantages.

JOHN C. PYLE, JR.
Chatham, N. J.

Dear Sirs:

Cameron Hawley does not seem to realize that others have recognized the problem and (Continued on Page 6)

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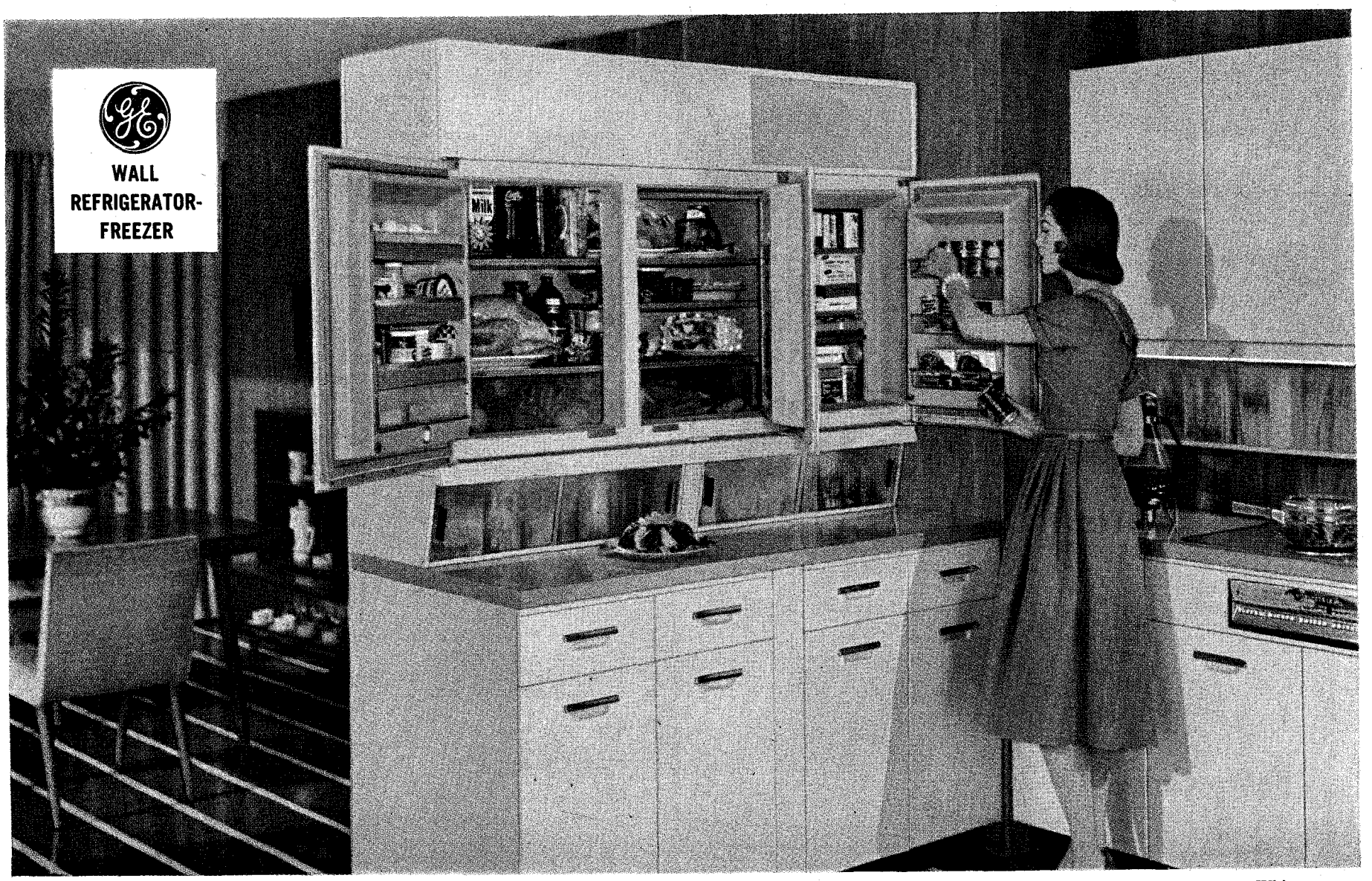
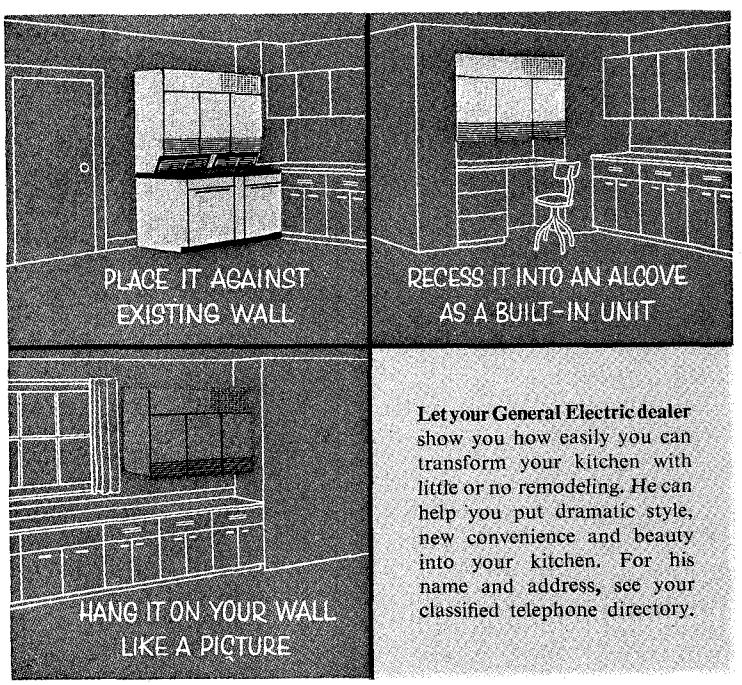
New General Electric Wall Refrigerator-Freezer puts all foods at your eye level



G-E Wall Refrigerator-Freezer available in your choice of Mix-or-Match colors: Canary Yellow, Turquoise Green, Petal Pink, Cadet Blue, Woodtone Brown—or White.

Use it as a room divider...or recess it into the wall...or hang it on the wall like a picture!



Let your General Electric dealer show you how easily you can transform your kitchen with little or no remodeling. He can help you put dramatic style, new convenience and beauty into your kitchen. For his name and address, see your classified telephone directory.

This wonderful General Electric Wall Refrigerator-Freezer offers many unusual installation possibilities. See how it can transform *your* kitchen.

For instance, this unit may be hung on your present wall. It may be recessed into a wall. Or, it may be used as a room divider. *And, what convenience!* It can be installed at a height to suit *you* . . . to put all foods within easy reach of *your* hand.

So much room for all your foods

You get 11 cubic feet of refrigeration space: a *big* automatic-defrost refrigerator section, plus a *true zero-degree* freezer that holds up to 83 packages of frozen foods. All three doors are equipped with permanent Alnico magnets. Doors close silently and surely.

In addition, the G-E Wall Refrigerator-Freezer has separate vegetable and fruit compartments with transparent sliding doors, adjustable door shelves for cans and small jars and Mini-Cube ice trays.

See your G-E dealer for easy terms and generous trade-in allowance. Household Refrigerator Department, General Electric Co., Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Ky.

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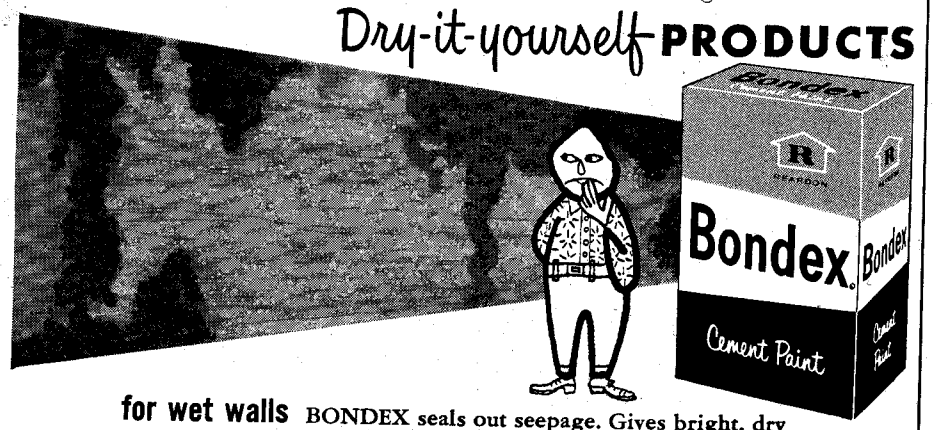
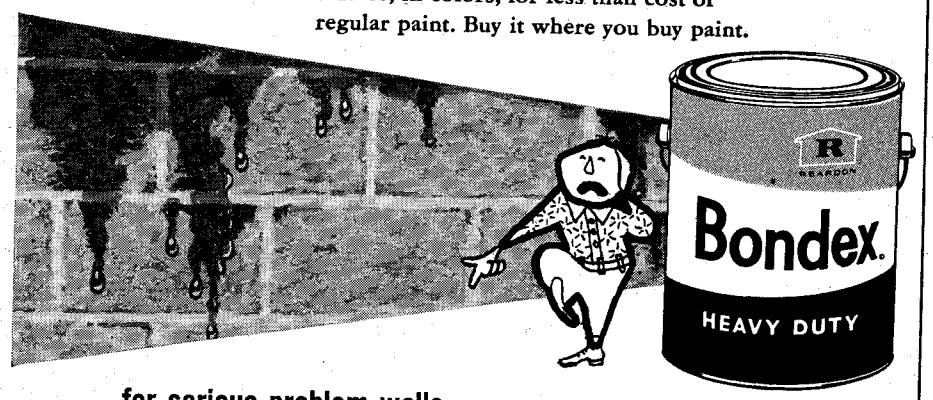


for wet walls BONDEX seals out seepage. Gives bright, dry surface, in colors, for less than cost of regular paint. Buy it where you buy paint.



for serious problem walls BONDEX HEAVY DUTY for porous masonry (cinder and cement blocks). It coats and "bonds" with wall. In colors, lasts for years.

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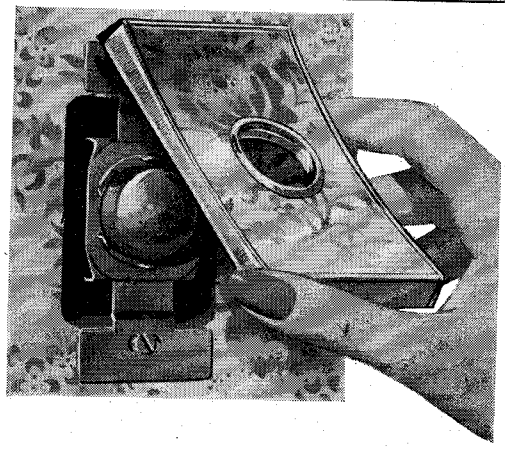

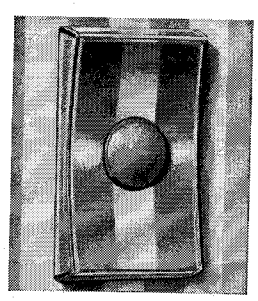

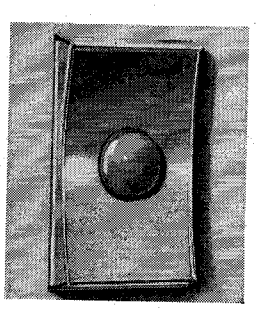

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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

have already done something about it.

The complete recodification of our Federal tax law in 1954 was much more than a change of numbers. It resulted from the recommendations of a great many people who don't need antiemetics to think about taxes, Congress listened to the lawyers at the American Law Institute and to the Certified Public Accountants of the American Institute of Accountants and many others—and, after many months of committee work evolved a new law. The '54 Code will never be perfect and can be improved, but it made our taxes fairer to all, rather than giving more relief to a few.

RICHARD B. KNIGHT
Winchester, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Cameron Hawley's article hits the nail on the head, for the small taxpayer as well as the large. Some years ago the writer was wrestling with his conscience over a legal technicality which seemed very unfair to the individual. With a Calvinist background, this was quite a wrestle and naturally I resorted to the story of the Apostle Peter asking advice from our Lord in the matter of personal taxation. (Matt.17:24-27.) After due meditation, about the only definite conclusion I could reach was that income tax stinks. There is something fishy about it.

REV. EDWARD W. PERRY
Live Oak, Cal.

● *The passage referred to says, in part, "... go thou to the sea, and cast an hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money: that take, and give unto them for me and thee."—ED.*

Map Quiz

Dear Sirs:

For many years I have worked out the answers to the puzzle, WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? [by Dorothy Joyce], which appears from time to time in your magazine. My usual score is somewhere between 8 to 11 correct out of the 12 puzzlers. Since I have studied maps intensively for a long time, in connection with many trips made across the country by auto, I would like to know . . . what is the average score of the average reader "driving thru" your puzzler?

DAVID M. HOROWITZ
Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

● *It is estimated that the average is about seven.—ED.*

Navigator to Pilot

Dear Sirs:

Re. the George Hughes cover on July 7th S.E.P. What'sa matter with that guy? Why don't he listen to the little woman—like I did? Then drive 34 miles, while she navigates—like I did? Then stop and inquire at a service station—like I did? Then turn round and drive

that 34 miles back—like I did? (???xxxx-!!!!**) but don't let her hear you—like I did.

BILL SOUTHERN
Paris, Ont., Canada

Dear Sirs:

Just finished a 12,000 mile tour of the United States and can't remember a single crossroad without a sign of some kind. Some were hard to read, some broken down but there always was something. What kind of a road department does that state have anyway?

K. C. HASINGER
Eureka, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

I threatened to throw all maps out the window when we left Florida in February if we had any more arguments.

MRS. C. J. SHANNAHAN
Grand Forks, N. Dak.

Commie Kidnapers

Dear Sirs:

RED KIDNAPERS ARE AFTER ME [by Viktor Solovyev, as told to Ellsworth Raymond, July 7] is one that should arouse the whole United States. . . .

Surely this country is not so lacking in decency and regard for human beings as to allow thugs and murderers and kidnapers to thumb their noses at us, and laugh at us—and to impose *their* way of life on us, right here in our country—and be protected while doing so.

MATT FINGER
Wilmington, Del.

Dear Sirs:

Defecting red sailors seem to do all right here—have dates—dance most of the night and are sleeping in their hotel room at 1:00 P.M., when the bad guys arrive.

MARIO DE VITALIS
Fanwood, N.J.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

19–Wide World, United Press. • 20–United Press, New York Daily Mirror (International), Harry Saltzman. • 21, 22, 23–Eugene Kammerman. • 24–Larry Kritcher. 25–International, Black Star. • 26, 27–Peter Stevens. • 28–Frank Ross. • 29–Anonymous. • 30–Federal Bureau of Investigation, anonymous, New York Daily News. 31–Fritz Willis. • 32, 33–Bill Shrout. • 34, 35–Peter Helck. • 36, 37–George Tichenor. 38, 39–William A. Smith. • 43–Al Muenchen. • 71–Moss Photo. • 96–Don Ollis, Bror Hanson, Wide World, United Press.

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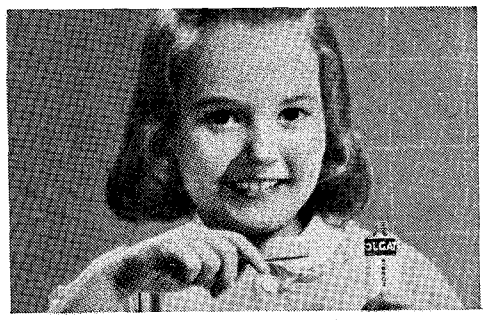
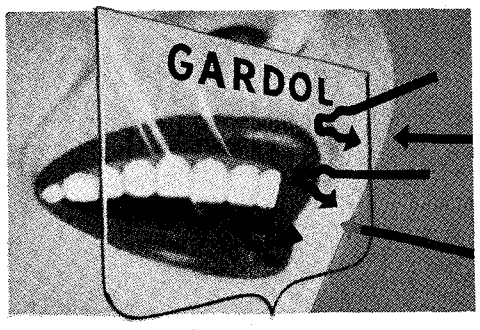
What's New in Colgate Dental Cream that's MISSING-MISSING-MISSING in every other leading toothpaste?

It's Gardol! And No Other Toothpaste Helps Protect So Many People So Effectively and So Safely Against Both Bad Breath and Tooth Decay!

HOW COLGATE'S WITH GARDOL FIGHTS DECAY AND BAD BREATH ALL DAY!

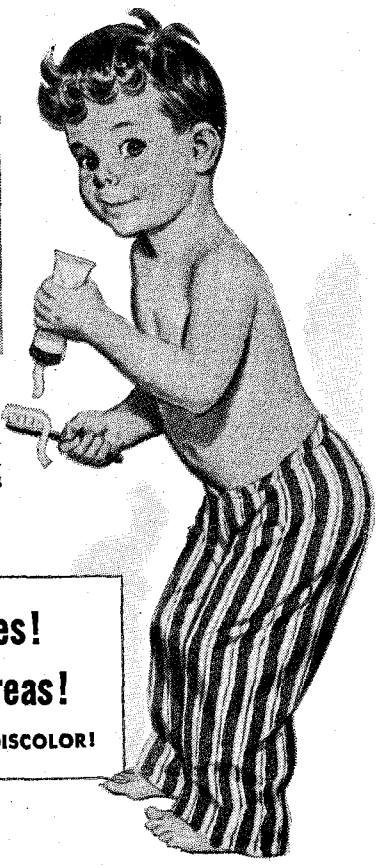


Colgate's with Gardol is safe—even for children under six. No other leading toothpaste* can give you long-lasting Gardol protection, with such complete safety for every member of your family! No other company can match Colgate's 79 years of dentifrice research!

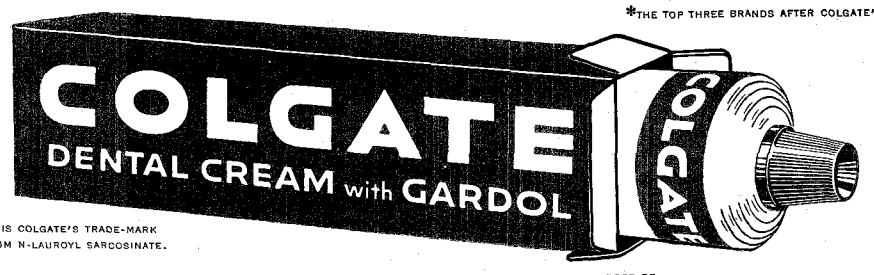


Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate Dental Cream forms an invisible, protective shield around teeth that fights decay all day! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! One Colgate brushing fights decay-causing bacteria 12 hours—or more!

Colgate's with Gardol helps stop bad breath all day for most people with just one brushing! *Instantly* sweeps away bacteria that cause bad breath originating in the mouth . . . gives you a cleaner, fresher breath all day! And Colgate's famous flavor is preferred the world over!



*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.



GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.

SAFE for Children of All Ages!
SAFE to Use in All Water Areas!
MAKES TEETH WHITER—CANNOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth

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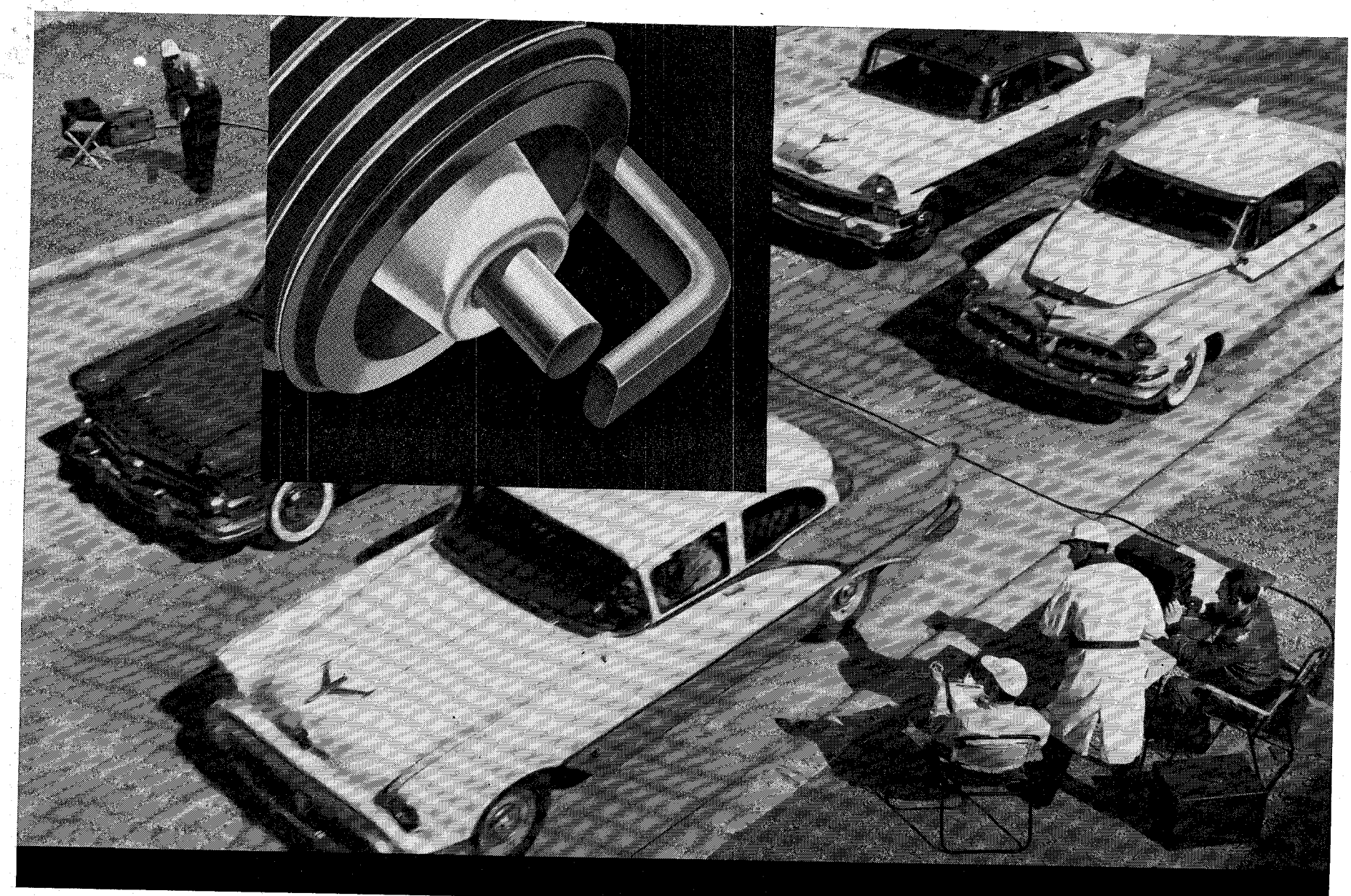
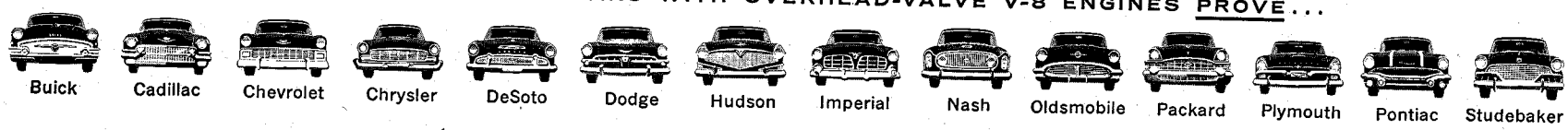
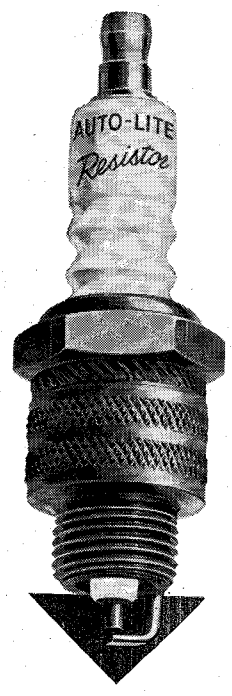


TESTS IN ALL THESE CARS WITH OVERHEAD-VALVE V-8 ENGINES PROVE...



Only new POWER TIP "fires up" engines at all speeds!



IT'S THE POWER TIP THAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE!

All-out testing on both freeways and city streets proved conclusively that although some spark plugs are designed for slow speeds, and some spark plugs are designed for high speeds, only new Power Tip "fires up" your engine for top power and economy at all speeds!

Testing high-speed performance, test drivers put new Power Tip through gruelling endurance runs using almost every make of American V-8 passenger car. Cars ran up a total of 5000 miles per week at better than a mile-a-minute clip. The test result: new Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plugs with Power Tip confirmed every laboratory test indicating a new high in the prevention of both fouling and pre-ignition.

Testing for low-speed fouling, test drivers followed this planned pattern: start, accelerate to 35 mph and hold it for a mile and a half, then stop for 40 seconds. This "controlled fouling test" actually simulated spark plug fouling, city driving conditions. New Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plugs with Power Tip met this test with the *highest fouling prevention ever recorded by Auto-Lite engineers!*

NOW AVAILABLE TO GIVE TOP PERFORMANCE in all these cars with overhead-valve V-8 engines using 14 mm. plugs: Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, Chrysler, De Soto, Dodge, Ford, Hudson, Imperial, Lincoln, Mercury, Nash, Oldsmobile, Packard, Plymouth, Pontiac, Studebaker.

AUTO-LITE RESISTOR SPARK PLUG WITH POWER TIP

Auto-Lite manufactures over 400 products, including Spark Plugs, Batteries, Wire and Cable and Automotive Electrical Systems... sold throughout the United States and Canada.

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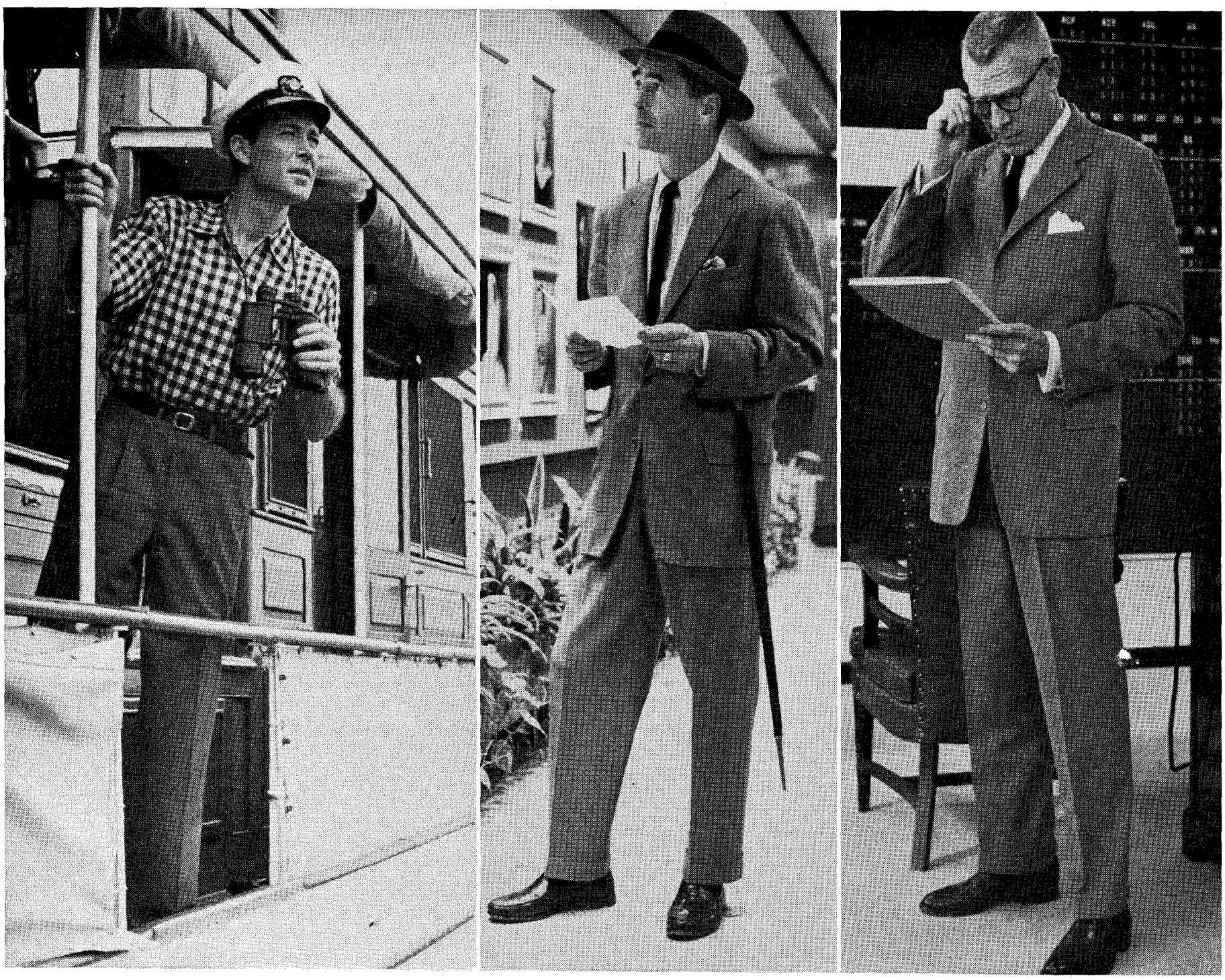


Men on the go

go for Jockey® BRAND UNDERWEAR

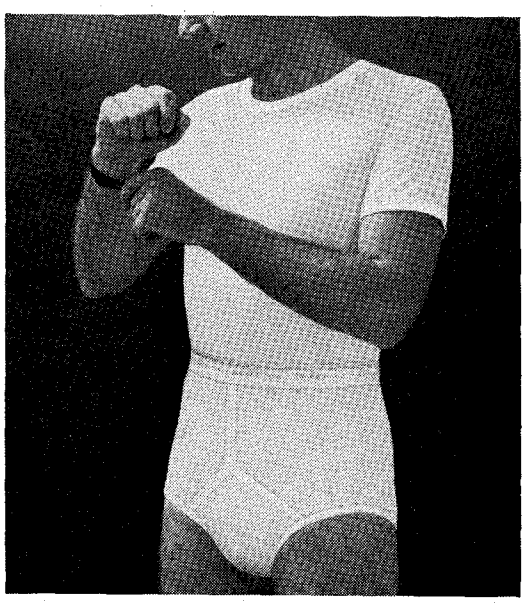
made only by Coopers®

While others ponder old problems, *the man on the go* tackles new ones. Licks 'em, too, because he's a man of decision. And, more than likely, Jockey brand underwear is his decided favorite.

Why Jockey? Because the Jockey brief stands for comfort—sits, walks and runs comfortably, too. Never gaps, binds, twists or pinches. In short, it's tailored to fit the body, smoothly, comfortably. Not much to ask of a pair of shorts, but only Jockey briefs fill the bill *so* satisfactorily for men in the know.

1876-1956 80th ANNIVERSARY Coopers

80 Years of Leadership



Matching Jockey T-shirt stays put because it's extra long. Nylon-content collar stands up under repeated washings. Choice of round crew or "V" necks.

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Editorials

Red Army Cut Hints Shift to Nuclear Warfare

On the day following the Kremlin's announcement that it was prepared to cut Soviet military forces by 1,200,000 men in addition to the reduction made last year, the New York stock market took a header. It appeared to be the view of the speculators that the cold war could be considered over, and if so, American industry's dependence on military contracts made our whole economic position vulnerable. More recently Premier Bulganin's challenge to this country to meet Russian arms reduction with some action of our own—when, after all, our men in arms have been far below those in the U.S.S.R. all along—revealed some of the gimmicks.

By now it has occurred to most competent observers that what the Soviet Union has probably done is, in the words of Ansel E. Talbert, military editor of the New York Herald Tribune, to "transform its tremendous masses of manpower into highly mobile assault troops adapted to nuclear warfare." Secretary of State Dulles went along with this analysis to the extent of suggesting that the Kremlin was merely transferring unneeded military manpower to her lagging agriculture and industry.

In short, it could be that we now face a prospective enemy which still outnumbers us in ground forces, but is alert to the implications of nuclear weapons and long-range missiles. When the Kremlin decides to make such a change, there are no spit-and-polish traditionalists to say, "No can do."

Mr. Talbert, quoted above, reminds our optimists that the Red army alone still outnumbers our comparable forces by 660,000 men, not to mention the 400,000 men employed in the MVD border troops. Furthermore, the enormous manpower resources of Red China appear completely available to the Kremlin for use in Asia, and communist Chinese leaders have indicated their willingness to send troops westward should Mother Russia need them. In the meantime the Russian air force is now second only to that of the United States and in certain categories is reputed to have surpassed us. The Russian navy, due to its aggressive submarine-construction program, is also second only to the American Navy.

On balance there is very little to cheer about or reason to assume that, unless the U.S.A. is completely idiotic, our military program can be curtailed. Undoubtedly we shall have to make better use of our manpower and other resources than we do now. The point is that our guard must not only remain up but must be improved.

Secretary Dulles did something to counteract the propaganda effect of the Russian announcement by reminding the world at large that the United States has proposed reductions in manpower and armaments and restrictions on nuclear warfare "which go beyond what the Soviet Union has proposed." If our friends and allies insist on buying Russia's gold brick, it is difficult to see how America can be blamed for their gullibility.

The Cows Wouldn't Know Their "Palace" as G.O.P. Takes Over

By this time the sharpshooters must have run out of gags based on the assembling next week of the delegates to the Republican National Convention in San Francisco's Cow Palace. If convention oratory runs true to form, it will be easy to condone jokes leading off with the suggestion that no more appropriate environment for the bellowing of the bull could have been selected.

Few cows have been seen in the Cow Palace for some time. This enormous outsize Quonset building was named quite accidentally by a copy reader on the San Francisco News. Back during the depression when the long-debated building for agricultural expositions was getting under way as a WPA project, the News denounced the idea on the ground that it was outrageous to build a magnificent structure for cows while human beings were still living in slums. The headline on this story contained the expression, "Cow Palace," and from that day to this the enormous building has been known by no other name.

It became evident soon after the building was completed that it would never pay off from livestock shows and country fairs alone. Consequently in 1949 the California legislature amended the law to permit the use of the Cow Palace for all sorts of entertainments, from boxing matches to a recital by Liberace, which drew a crowd of 14,000 people and a gate of $42,-314.90. Liberace described the Cow Palace as "an intimate place." Former middleweight champion Bobo Olsen, who has also worked at the Palace, took a more mundane view. His comment was, "There's plenty of seats for a good gate."

Despite the variety of activities carried on in the Cow Palace, it still receives a maximum of $165,000 annually from the state of California, the money being taken from the state's share of betting at the race tracks. The Cow Palace's total revenue, largely from horse shows, rodeos, livestock shows, prize fights, automobile racing and even union meetings, runs to something like a half million dollars a year.

At any rate it looks from here as if the Cow Palace would provide ample room for the G.O.P. delegations and the thousands of guests, journalists, hat holders and other camp followers who will be present. They will have to take a bus or taxi ride of some half hour to get to the place from downtown San Francisco, but surely that is no more of a hardship than the trip from central Chicago to the International Amphitheater, near the Chicago stockyards, where both conventions were held in 1952. The Democratic convention of 1920 was held in San Francisco at the Exposition Memorial Auditorium, which would do for the delegates, but is a little cramped for the accommodation of the thousands of others who expect to be present. However the convention may rate in entertainment value, one thing is certain: the National Committee couldn't have picked a pleasanter city.

Our Revolution Was Not a Socialist One

By FELIX WITTMER

It is a pity that so many people make the mistake of regarding the American and French revolutions as basically the same. Actually our Revolution was a war of independence, a revolt of men who believed in the right to property, against the economic stupidity of the British. The leaders of the French Revolution, the radical Jacobins, were not satisfied with the checks and balances of representative government, but vaguely dreamed of a direct democracy which opened the gates to the unchecked masses, and therefore the tyranny of the masses.

The successful American War of Independence was crowned by our Constitution, which balanced the power of the legislature against that of the executive, and the power of the states against that of Federal Government. The French Revolution, on the other hand, was not successful. The egalitarian dreams of such unrealistic intellectuals as Marat and Robespierre led to acts of terror which, in the name of liberty, destroyed personal liberty. Napoleon's dictatorship was the logical outcome of the French Revolution.

Unfortunately our writers of textbooks on European history have written about the two events as if they had been essentially the same. The term "democracy" has been bandied about rather carelessly, so that by now millions, in its name, pay only lip service to the wise restraints of our Constitution.

This confusion of definitions is partly responsible for an ideological confusion which has led to continual increase of Government power and the decrease of personal freedom. In the name of an ill-defined "democracy," we have permitted the Trojan horse of foreign socialism to enter the American community. We have surrendered more and more personal rights to an ever-growing central government; permitted ourselves to be deprived of substantial savings by inflationary policies and onerous taxation.

Teachers and writers of textbooks should consider the instruction of the young in the real ideals of the American Revolution, as opposed to the violent doctrines of the European variety, too often peddled as the same thing.

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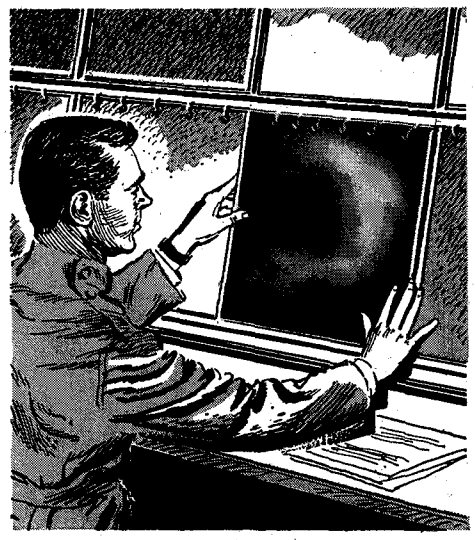
"Stomach" Ulcer

ACCORDING TO recent conservative estimates, about half a million people in our country today have ulcers of the digestive system in an active form. This includes both ulcers of the *stomach* and ulcers of the *duodenum*—that part of the small intestine into which the stomach empties. There is evidence that this disease is increasing, especially among those from 30 to 50 years of age.

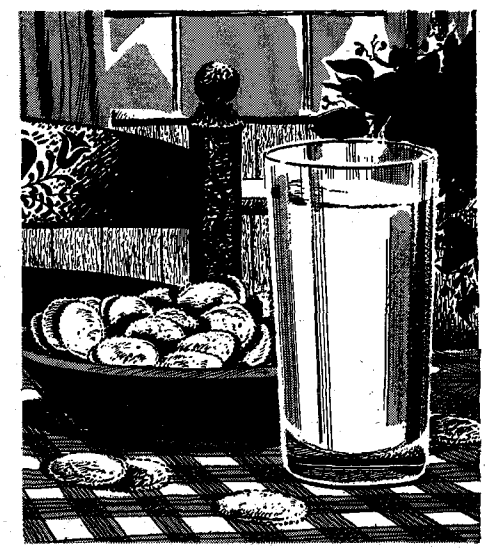
Medical science can now offer greater hope than ever before to those who have this condition. Many cases can be cured completely, and others can be controlled. This has been made possible largely by increased knowledge of the nature of the disease—particularly the part that the emotions play in causing ulcers. There has also been great improvement in methods of diagnosis and treatment.



An ulcer is essentially an irritated or inflamed area in the lining of the stomach or duodenum. Although the *exact* cause is unknown, there are several factors which may be responsible for its onset. *Constant* abuse of the stomach through eating hurried, irregular meals—or eating food that is too highly seasoned, or too hot or too cold—may lead to an ulcer. *Prolonged* emotional tension, accompanied by *excessive* secretion of the acid digestive juices formed by the stomach, is also believed to be an important factor in the development of this ailment. As the ulcer develops, pain, an unnatural feeling of hunger, so-called "heartburn" and "indigestion," or other digestive complaints usually occur.

Through improved X-ray techniques and other diagnostic aids, the doctor can almost always determine the size and location of an ulcer. If the condition is detected, he will recommend prompt treatment, as an ulcer may quickly undermine general health by interfering with the body's nutritive processes.

Fortunately, in many cases, ulcers can be treated successfully by appropriate dietary

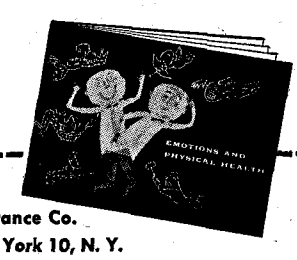


measures. Specialists say that the patient must also readjust his daily life so as to reduce mental and emotional strain. In addition, new drugs are proving helpful. Cases that do not respond to either drug or diet therapy are often benefited by surgery.

As a safeguard against ulcers and other diseases of the digestive system, doctors urge everyone to seek immediate medical attention whenever persistent discomfort occurs in the region of the stomach. With prompt medical care, many persons with ulcers and other digestive disorders recover completely and lead normal, healthy lives.

* * * * *

Since emotional factors are often so important in stomach ulcers and other diseases, Metropolitan has published a new booklet called Emotions and Physical Health. *If you would like a free copy, just clip and mail the coupon below.*



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Unless you face these facts about FALSE TEETH – you may be in trouble!

If you are one of the many false teeth wearers who is not getting ALL the comfort and pleasure to which you are entitled—this is written for you!

Your denture is an important investment. It's important to your health and, yes, your happiness. Yet so many people who wear a plate or removable bridge just refuse to face the fact that *it can't be treated like natural teeth!*

You just cannot brush your plate or bridge with cleansers like toothpaste or powder (some people even use soap) and expect *to keep yourself free from Denture Breath.* And, *that's* one of life's little tragedies—when you unknowingly offend the people closest to you.

Another hard fact about dentures is this: The plate material isn't as hard as it looks! In fact, with daily brushing *you can wear the fit right off your plate.* And, you don't want to pay for another new denture right away, do you?

You and you alone pay the price of possible pain, expense, and unnecessary social problems when you clean your false teeth *the wrong way!*

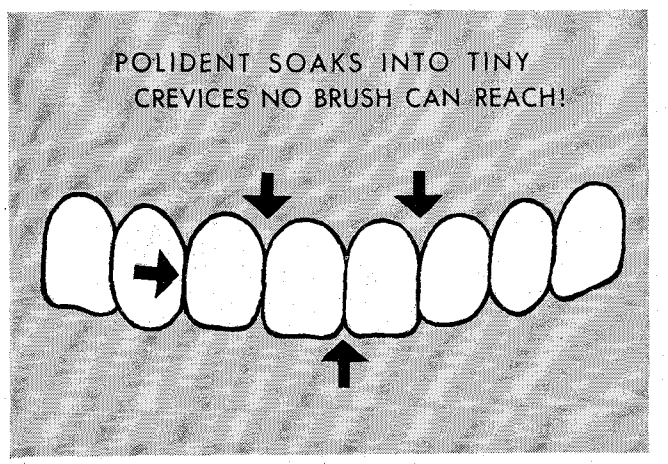
So, isn't it time you gave up old-fashioned, ineffective cleansing—brushing of your dentures? Do what *more* dentists recommend—use Polident, the revolutionary cleanser. Polident actually dissolves away film, stain, tarnish, odor—WITHOUT brushing! With Polident it's a soak . . . a rinse . . . a clean, fresh mouth! Remember . . . your investment in your denture is worth *protecting* with Polident!

Denture Breath CAN'T be brushed off!

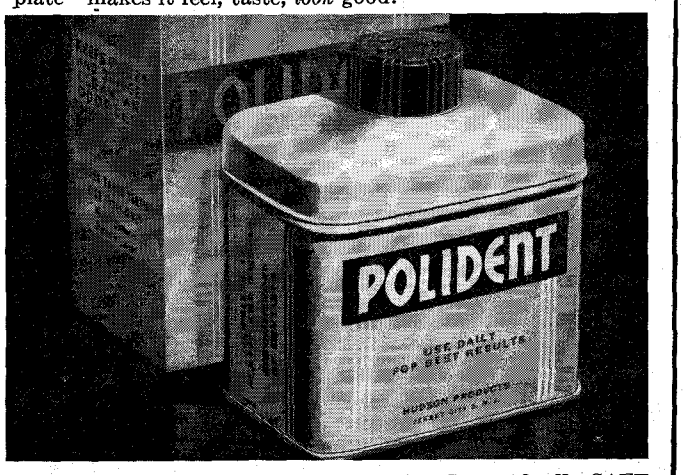
If you wear dentures and brush them, you run the risk of offending with Denture Breath. However, you are *safe*, sure of your charm when you soak your plate in Polident just 15 minutes a day! For amazing Polident, the modern denture cleanser made especially for false teeth, gets into places that no brush can reach, keeps your teeth *hygienically* clean, odor-free.

Your Smile Is Spoiled If Your False Teeth Are Dingy, Yellow! Why suffer from unattractive, old-looking teeth? Keep them sparkling-bright with all their original natural look. One quick soak in Polident dissolves that tough, dingy film—keeps your teeth odorless—clean—attractive!

Brushing Makes Scratches Which Trap Odors, Food Particles! Your plate material is so much *softer* than natural teeth. Hence, more dentists recommend Polident—the ideal cleanser—because it swiftly, *safely* removes food and stains without scratching or harming plate material. Polident *purifies* your plate—makes it feel, taste, *look* good!



Gentle Polident Cleans Deep where brushing cannot possibly reach. Polident's *soaking* action gets deep down into tiny cracks and crevices you can't reach when you use a brush. And Polident is safe, cannot harm plate material which is *many times softer* than natural teeth.

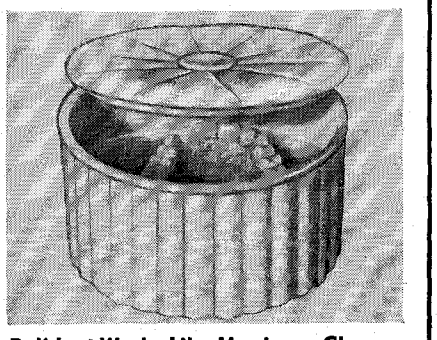


Full Dentures or Partial Plates—You Are Scientifically SAFE with Polident's 15 Minutes a Day Soaking! That's why MORE dentists recommend Polident than *any* other denture cleanser in America. Buy Polident today...at any drug counter. Try it! Only 35¢ and 63¢.

NO!

You Cannot Really Clean False Teeth The Old Way. That tough, almost invisible film which collects on your plates is a nest for impurities! Household cleansers *ruin* plates. A brush cannot reach *all* danger spots!

YES!



Polident Works Like Magic . . . Cleans Plates To New Beauty! No harmful, bothersome brushing. A quick, easy soak in Polident—a clean, fresh mouth—no Denture Breath!

• *Get the Beautiful Denture Bath for quick, easy soaking of dentures. See offer on every Polident package.*

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MAKING WOOD SERVE AMERICA BETTER THROUGH GOOD FOREST MANAGEMENT

NELSON S. ROGERS (1891-1949), senior member, Society of American Foresters, author and teacher. As Oregon State Forester (1940-1949), he successfully spearheaded movements for improved forest fire protection and sustained yield legislation. He also was credited with inspiring rehabilitation of the Tillamook Burn—work that is still continuing. In 1955, a portion of the reforested area was dedicated as a state forest in his name.

a lesson in forest fire protection...the Tillamook Burn

Douglas fir harvesting plans provide for natural reforestation of cutover land by adjacent seed trees. If fire destroys these trees, new crops must be planted by hand or by aerial seeding.

Beginning in 1933, a series of disastrous fires scorched about one-third million acres of timberland in Oregon's Tillamook forest. Nelson Rogers, appointed state forester in 1940, began a powerful movement to prevent recurrence of such losses and to restore the seared land to full productivity. Supported by the people and industry of his state, he and other forestry leaders planned and initiated one of the most extensive forest rehabilitation programs in history. The key to success for the plan lay in comprehensive fire prevention and control measures set up to protect the life of new timber crops established by aerial seeding and hand planting.

Today, the nation's 8,248 tree farmers operate on the same premise...that long-range plans for growing timber as a crop *must* begin with adequate fire protection. Lessons learned in the past have resulted in better fire prevention and control practices, improved cooperation among private companies, state and federal forest agencies and the public...and a substantial reduction in timber lost by fire.

All Weyerhaeuser Timber Company forestlands are protected tree farms. *Write us at Box A, Tacoma, Washington for our free booklet, Promise of the Trees.*

Weyerhaeuser Timber Company

WEYERHAEUSER
4-SQUARE

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today's young people know what they like

. . . and so does Sears

first to Sears, then to School ...in style

5 ways to buy at Sears

Pay **Cash** or enjoy the convenience of **Sears Easy Payment Plan** on purchases of $20 or more. Use **Sears Lay-Away Plan;** a small deposit will hold your selections in Sears retail stores. Use **Sears Credit Purchase Coupon Books** just like you would cash in any Sears store, anywhere, at any time. Many Sears retail stores now offer **Sears Revolving Charge Accounts.**

IT'S CONVENIENT to shop for school fashions at Sears retail stores and from Sears Catalog

There are 710 Sears retail stores, in cities large and small from coast to coast. There's a Sears Catalog Sales Department in each of these stores. In 723 additional towns there are Sears Catalog Sales Offices. You can also shop from Sears Catalog in your own home, by mail or telephone.

1 Pilgrim* sport shirt—gives him the latest in Ivy trends. New soft viscose rayon in ever bright, colorfast red or blue stripe. Men's small, medium, large, extra large . . . **4.98**

2 Fashion Tailored* flannels—distinctively styled and proportioned-fit in a fine blend of 70% wool, 30% Orlon®. Medium or charcoal gray, dark brown in waist sizes 28 to 42 . . . **10.95**

3 Pilgrim cotton argyles—nylon reinforced at heels and toes. Washfast colors; 10 to 13 . . . **3** prs. **2.00**

4 Gold Bond* genuine cordovans—put his best foot forward in a man's leather, known for keeping its luster. Sizes 7 to 11, 12 . . . **12.95**

5 Kerrybrooke* shirt—silky pima cotton broadcloth in white, black, pink, red. 10 to 18.
Short sleeves . . . **3.49**
Three-quarter sleeves . . . **3.98**

6 Kerrybrooke shaker knit sweater—new casual cardigan fashion in soft virgin wool. Red, white, green in sizes 34 to 40 . . . **6.98**

7 Kerrybrooke reversible skirt—she'll wear on Monday as red plaid; on Tuesday as gray stripe! Wool in sizes 8 to 16 . . . **8.98**

8 Royal Purple* seamless stretch nylons . . . **1.35**

9 Kerrybrooke skimmers—have that smart continental flair. Black or red calf, black suede, tan corkette. 5 to 10 . . . **5.98**

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10 Flannella shirt—Wrinkl-SHED® cotton flannel *gives him warmth without weight. Blue and* brown, red and gray woven-in plaids are safe in suds and sun. *Actually improves with washing.*
Boyville*, sizes 4 to 10 . . . **1.98**
Fraternity Prep*, sizes 12 to 20 . . . **2.35**
Pilgrim, men's small to extra large . . . **2.98**

11 Fraternity Prep slacks—genuine army twills go everywhere; take roughest wear. Washfast tan or gray in 6 to 16 . . . **2.69**

12 Gold Bond moc oxfords—with stormwelt trim, match the rugged life of a growing boy.
Cordo-brown or black. Sizes 3½ to 7 . . . **6.98**
(slightly higher west coast)
Gold Bond Prep, 7½ to 11, 12 . . . **8.95**

13 Boyville shirt—interlock knit combed cotton *keeps a boy looking neat. Maize or blue.*
Sizes 4 to 10 . . . **1.79**

14 Roebucks*—*jeans in the slim-fit, western* style. Super strong blue denims will give years of wear; are Sanforized, won't shrink over 1%.
Boys' waist sizes 24 to 26 . . . **3.15**
Youths' sizes 27 to 32 . . . **3.50**

15 Boyville best nylon stretch socks . . .
3 pairs **1.98**

16 Gold Bond oxfords—tough Searolite soles give him three months guaranteed wear.
Brown or black. 10 to 3 . . . **6.98**

(Sizes 2 to 7 . . . **6.98**, slightly higher west coast)

17 Kerry-Teen* Orlon® sweater—newsy this *season because it now looks and feels like* cashmere. White, peacock blue, red. Orlon is *a DuPont acrylic fiber. Sizes 8 to 16* . . . **3.98**

18 Kerry-Teen corduroy jumper—in red or peacock blue. Notice the slimming empire lines and dashing silk 'kerchief in slit pocket.
Sizes 8 to 16 . . . **5.98**

19 Royal Purple triple-roll cotton anklets.
White. Sizes 8½ to 11 . . . pair **59c**

20 New saddle oxfords—get big raves, feel light as a bubble. White with black or blue, two-tone gray. Biltwel*, sizes 8½ to 3.
Kerrybrooke, *sizes 4 to 9* . . . **4.98**

21 Honeylane* blouse—fashion for her saucy-*sweet stage. Sanforized cotton in peacock* blue, red, avocado, pink with white.
Sizes 7 to 14 . . . **1.98**

22 Honeylane corduroy suspender skirt in *peacock blue, red or avocado. Shoelace* closure accents nip waist for hi-rise effect. *Mother please note: skirt is machine washable!*
Sizes 7 to 14 . . . **3.98**

23 Cotton—nylon stretch anklets . . . pair **49c**

24 Classic slip-ons—favorites for every school day. Black, brown or white bark; beautifully hand finished. Biltwel, sizes 10 to 3.
Kerrybrooke, *4 to 9* . . . ***5.98***

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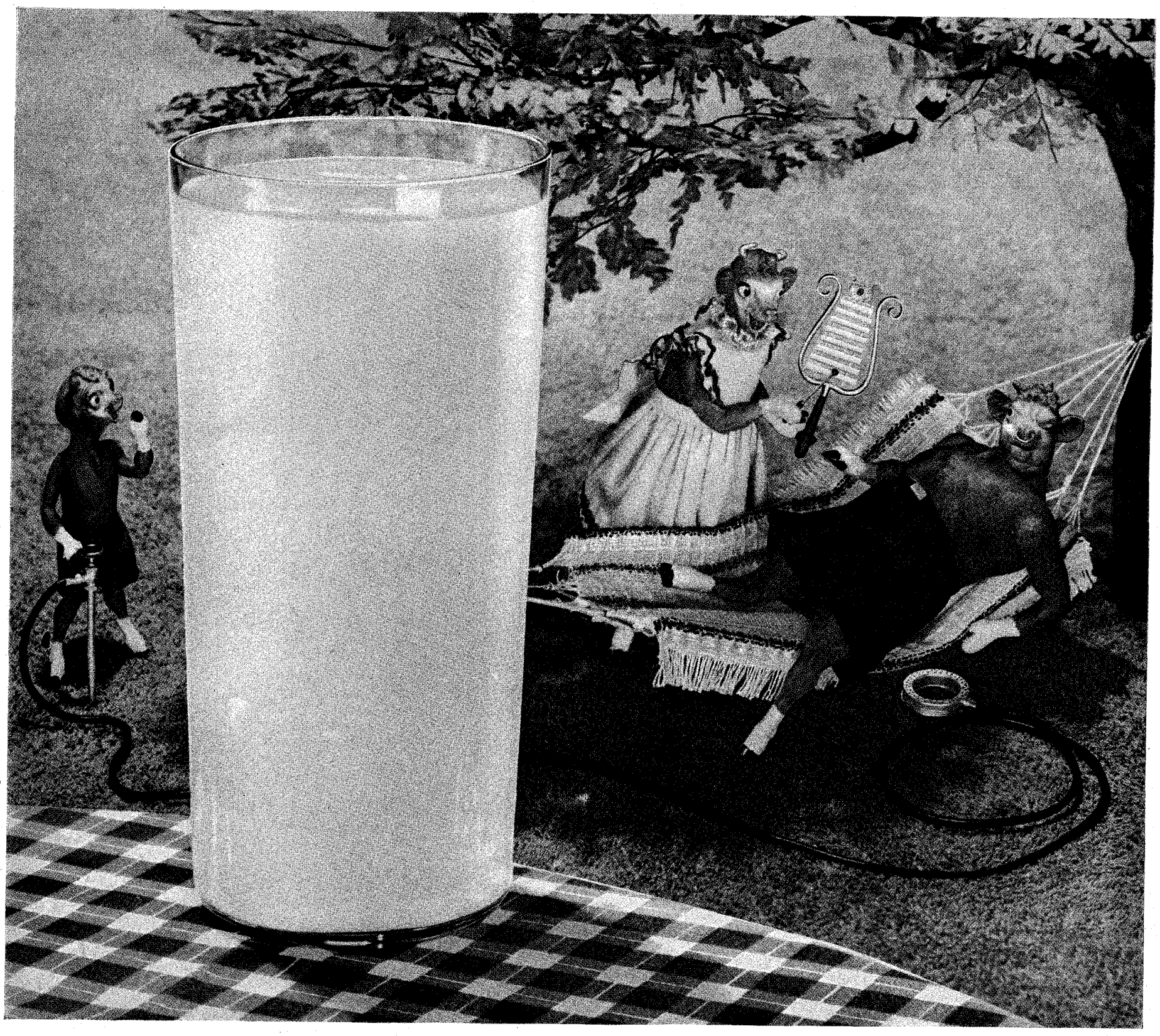


"Drink up! Cooling off is a breeze with Borden's Buttermilk!"

says Elsie, the Borden Cow

ELMER: Don't just stand there and beat that thing. Pour me some Borden's Buttermilk before I melt!

ELSIE: It's right here, dear! Elmer, did you know that there are only 85 calories in a glassful of Borden's Buttermilk? That's why it's so cooling. Calories are heat generators, you know, and . . .

ELMER: All I know is it tastes good and cools me off!

ELSIE: Borden's Buttermilk has all the proteins and minerals of milk, and it's *naturally* cooling . . .

BEAUREGARD: I'll cool you off, Pop.

ELMER: YOU TOUCH THAT SPRINKLER AND . . . OUT OF MY WAY, WOMAN! LET ME AT THAT KID . . .

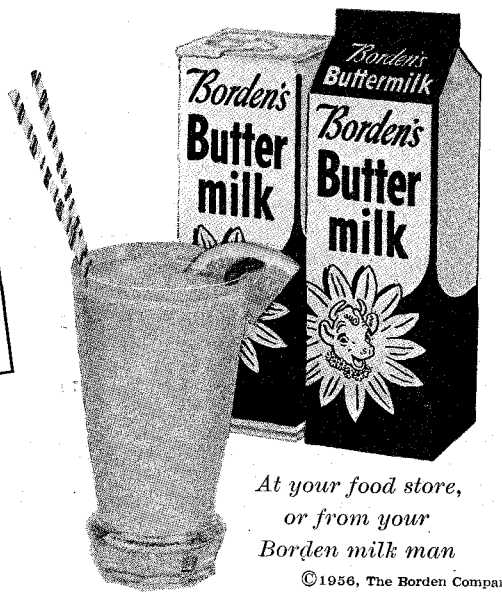
ELSIE: Oh, Elmer, he's only teasing. Come enjoy your buttermilk. As I was saying, *cooling off is a breeze with Borden's Buttermilk!*

ORANGE BUTTERMILK COOLER
(Tastes wonderful!)

1 cup chilled Borden's Buttermilk
1 large scoop Borden's orange sherbet

Combine buttermilk and sherbet; beat until smooth and creamy. Garnish with colorful straw, orange slice and maraschino cherry.

A cooling dessert that's easy to fix!



Another one of the Borden family of fine foods

At your food store, or from your Borden milk man

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Shreveport's ultra-modern Beck Building boasts colored aluminum walls, music in the elevators — and an ingenious air conditioning system that . . .

cools on the sunny side, heats on the shadow side

"We built the Henry C. Beck Building with the thought of providing custom-made office space for tenants," relates Building Manager Edward E. McClung. "Our luxurious wood-paneled offices, mosaic-tiled lobby, music-filled elevators, and our flexible air conditioning system are examples.

"Since the exterior walls expose nearly an acre of glass to the hot sun, temperatures rise as much as 20° around the perimeter of the building. To compensate for this difference, and satisfy all the tenants, our architects and engineers devised a dual air conditioning setup: a peripheral system cools the sunny side of the building and heats the shadow side, when necessary; an interior system maintains comfortable air conditions in inside offices.

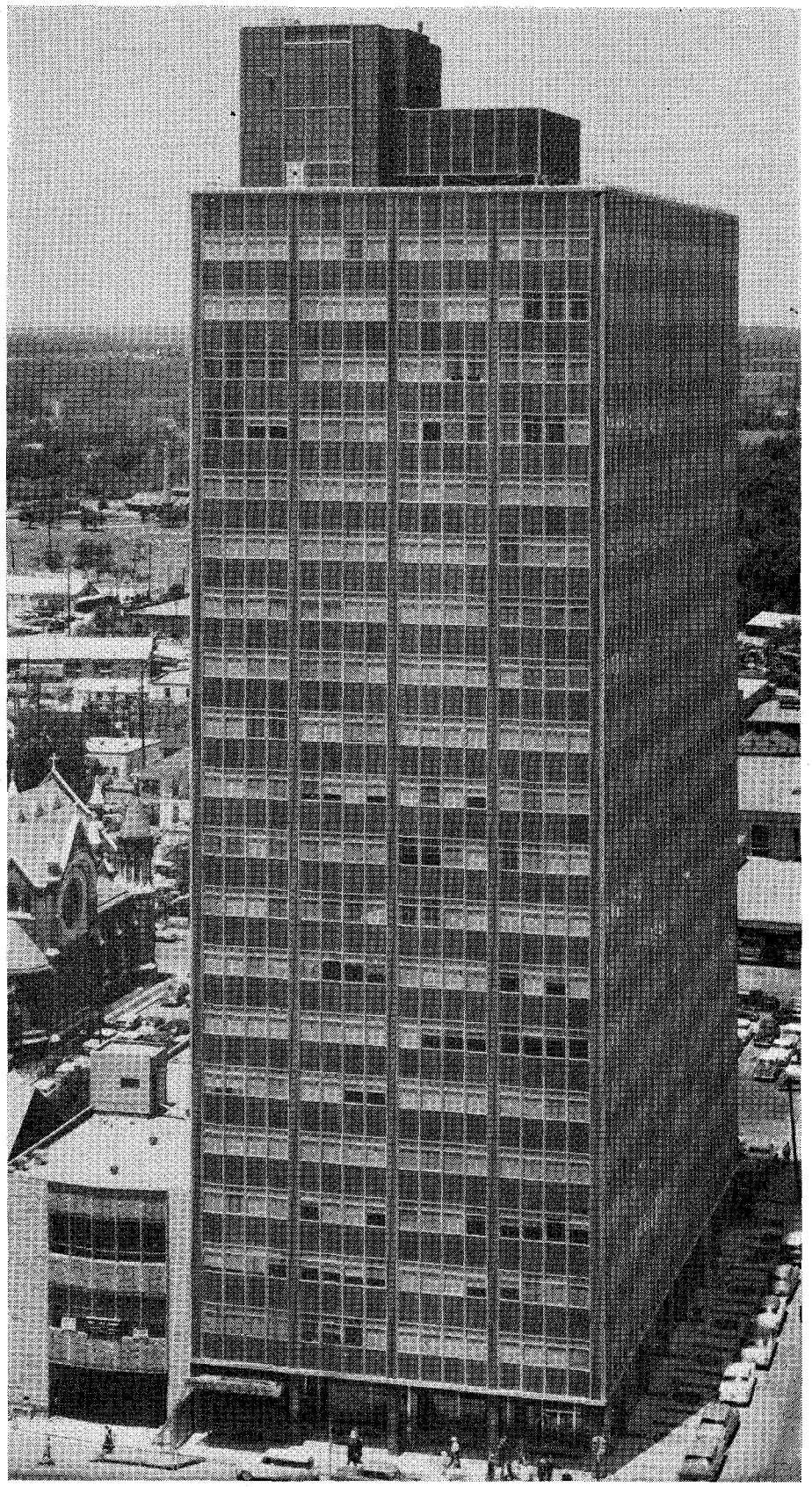
"Selected on the basis of durability, design, and past performance, American Blower air handling and conditioning equipment is a major factor in our dual system," concludes Manager McClung. "American Blower offices in Dallas and New Orleans helped us coordinate delivery between our Texas and Louisiana contractors."

If your plans include air conditioning — for a large-scale central or zone system, or a system for a smaller store, showroom or factory — call our nearest branch office for friendly assistance. American Blower Corporation, Detroit 32, Michigan. In Canada, look for Canadian Sirocco products.

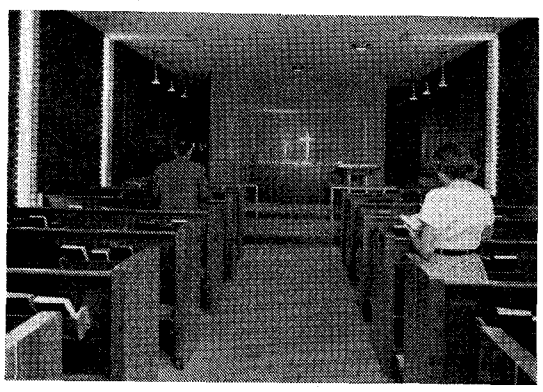
AMERICAN BLOWER

Division of AMERICAN-Standard

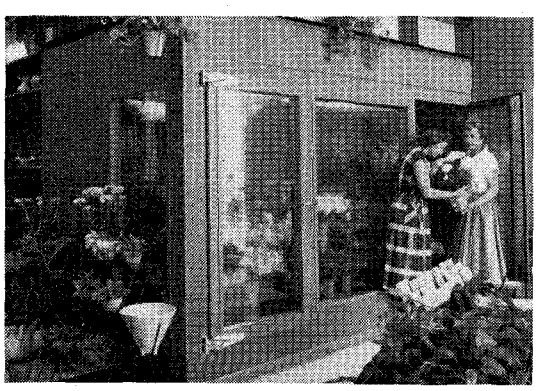
Air conditioning equipment for every business



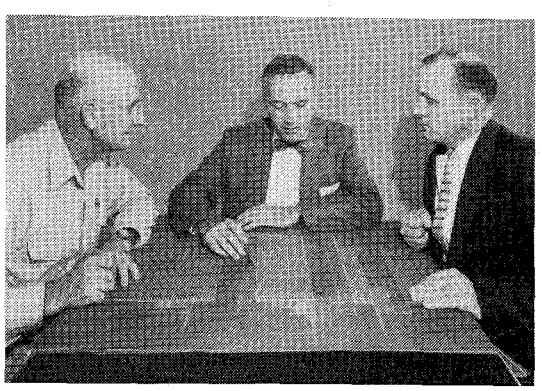
Henry C. Beck Building, Shreveport, La. Owners: Travis-Edwards, Inc., Shreveport; Architects: Neild-Somdal, Shreveport; Consulting Engineers: Reg Taylor and Associates, Houston; General Contractors: Henry C. Beck Construction Co., Dallas; Mech. Contractors: James F. O'Neil Co., Inc., New Orleans.



Memorial Chapel in the Beck Building, a non-denominational "Place of Prayer and Meditation for All," is air conditioned by American Blower.



Widely varying air conditioning needs of building's shops — a florist (shown), a barber, and a bank — are efficiently handled by American Blower equipment.



Building Supt. C. W. McCormick, American Blower's I. A. Lindberg, and Building Mgr. E. E. McClung worked together during installation of equipment.

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Salem

Tastes so refreshing... easy... comfortable! Here's a smoke that's all enjoyment... for *any* smoker! *All this in one!* Modern filter ease... menthol-fresh comfort... and rich tobacco taste with new soft smoothness. Refreshment, comfort, fun—all in one! Take a puff... it's Springtime!

Created by
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Salem refreshes your taste...You'll love 'em!

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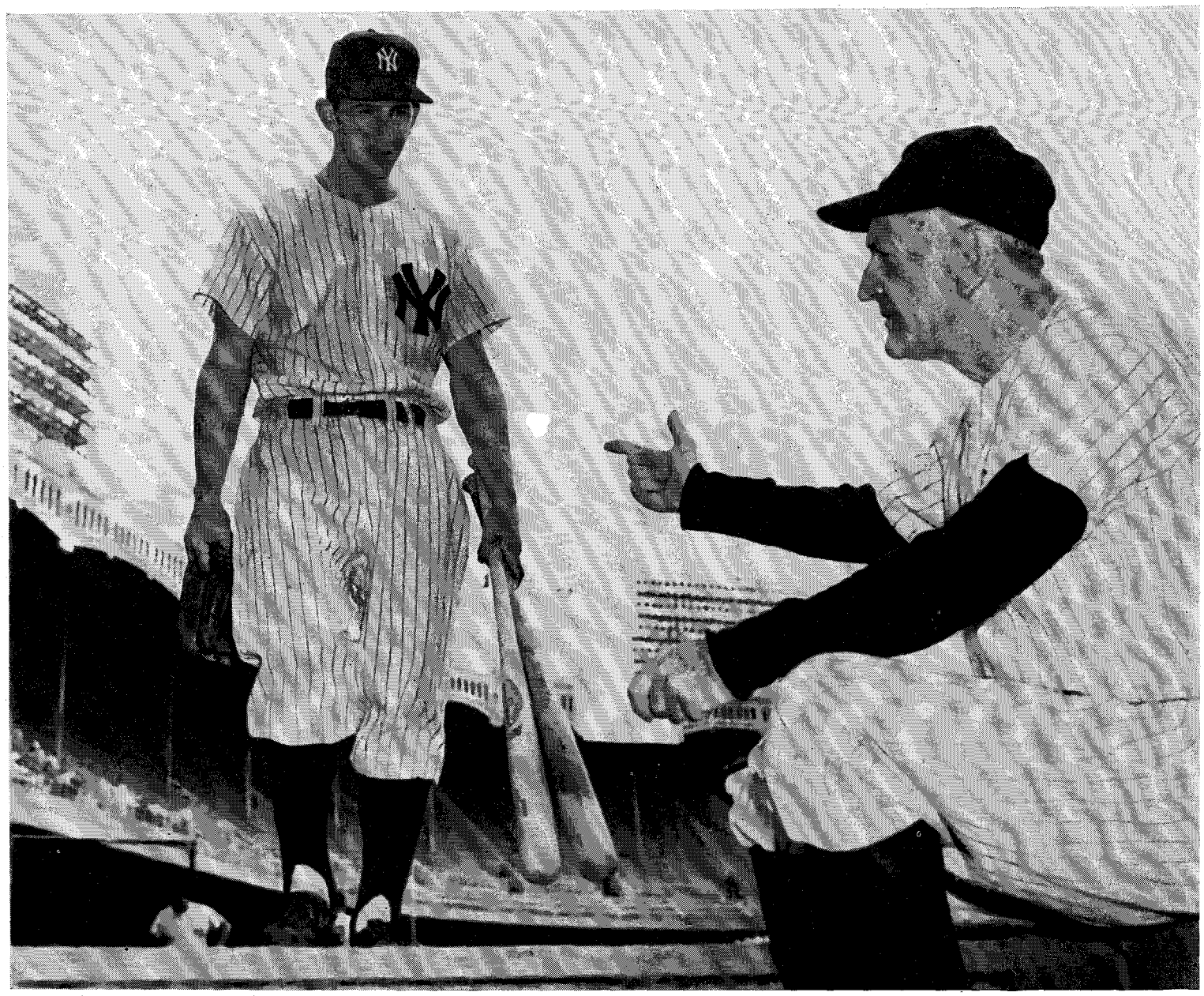
The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin



Martin, once called "The Agitator" because of his pugnacious proclivities, found his boss, Casey Stengel, paternally indulgent. "Fresh kid who's always sassing everybody and getting away with it," said Stengel.

HE'S NEVER OUT OF TROUBLE

By AL STUMP

An unusually candid picture of Billy Martin of the Yankees— probably the most unhappy young man in the major leagues.

Casey's bad boy played an angelic Fauntleroy in a pregame revue called The Yankee Follies of 1953.

It's a rare baseball scout who ever will advise a talented youngster not to sign a professional contract. One old-timer who did—before he died in 1951—was Joe Devine, an agent for the Yankees. Frequently Devine passed up standout prospects because they lacked emotional balance. "The grief they'll run into," he would say. "I wouldn't have it on my conscience."

This hazard of the big leagues goes almost entirely unadvertised. Still, it takes its toll in enough instances to suggest that families and school job counselors should move cautiously before giving their blessing to a baseball career for Johnny. A concealed truth is that not all lads who reach the majors—perhaps only one in every three or four—are cut out for the test they'll get.

The most striking example today is Billy Martin, the second baseman of the New York Yankees. Martin, who turned pro at seventeen—but not at Joe Devine's urging—is twenty-eight years old. A light but timely poke hitter and a rough-and-tumble fielder of the Johnny Evers-Frank Frisch-Eddie Stanky school, he is rated when on his game as the best middle defenseman in the American League. He hasn't always been on his game this season, having been given some "rests" by Casey Stengel, but at $20,000 a year he is an entrenched member of the top team in organized ball. Nevertheless, there are Class D league rookies who feel more secure than Billy Martin. Over the past five years, while undergoing medical treatment for such ailments as insomnia, hypertension and acute melancholia, he has been unable to convince his family and friends—and, often, himself—that the diamond dollar is worth the price it extracts.

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Billy is good to his mother (above), his former wife and his daughter. He plans to send his kid sister to college.

"Mothers and fathers of kids," reflects Martin, a sinewy, moody athlete with dark, curly hair, melting eyes and a nervous pair of hands, "think you get ahead on ability and opportunity. They don't know about the outside pressure. The guys who are happy playing ball are those who can adjust to the nuthouse they have to live in. Some of us can. Some can't. I've never been able to get a good steady grip on myself in this racket."

Last September, after eighteen months in the Army, Martin returned to hit .300 during a three-team rush on the pennant. It wasn't the first time he'd supplied the timely punch which helped throw back Yankee foes. To the public, however, he continued to be known primarily as a bad boy. The idea grew in May of this season, when Martin rushed off the bench at Kansas City to swing at pitcher Tom Lasorda. He was grabbed in time by the plate umpire, John Flaherty, and teammates later restrained him from going after some fans who were pouring it on him.

Outbreaks like this have left him solidly pegged as the brassy little hothead who starts fights; who called Roy Campanella of the Dodgers "spike-shy"; who jockeys rivals viciously, and who defied the Government's right to draft him into military service.

Few have bothered to look at Martin as a young man with overwhelming personal problems, a good many of which may be chargeable to the industrial system in which he functions. The past winter, for instance, he probably set an elocutionary record for ballplayers. The Yankees don't require that their employees become Georgie Jessels, but neither do they discourage speaking engagements which pay off in publicity. Escorted by scouts, Martin appeared as after-dinner speaker at 123 booster banquets in 150 days throughout his native Northern California.

In October, 1950, Billy married an eighteen-year-old miss of Berkeley, California—Lois Elaine Berndt. One hour before their wedding, he was swinging a bat for Casey Stengel's Major All-Stars at the Oakland Oaks' park. In 1951, the newlyweds were barely reunited after the regular season when an all-star team borrowed Billy for a tour of Hawaii and the Orient. Under varying auspices, this was repeated in 1953 and 1955. When not barnstorming wintertimes, he was booked four and five nights a week at fan blowoffs.

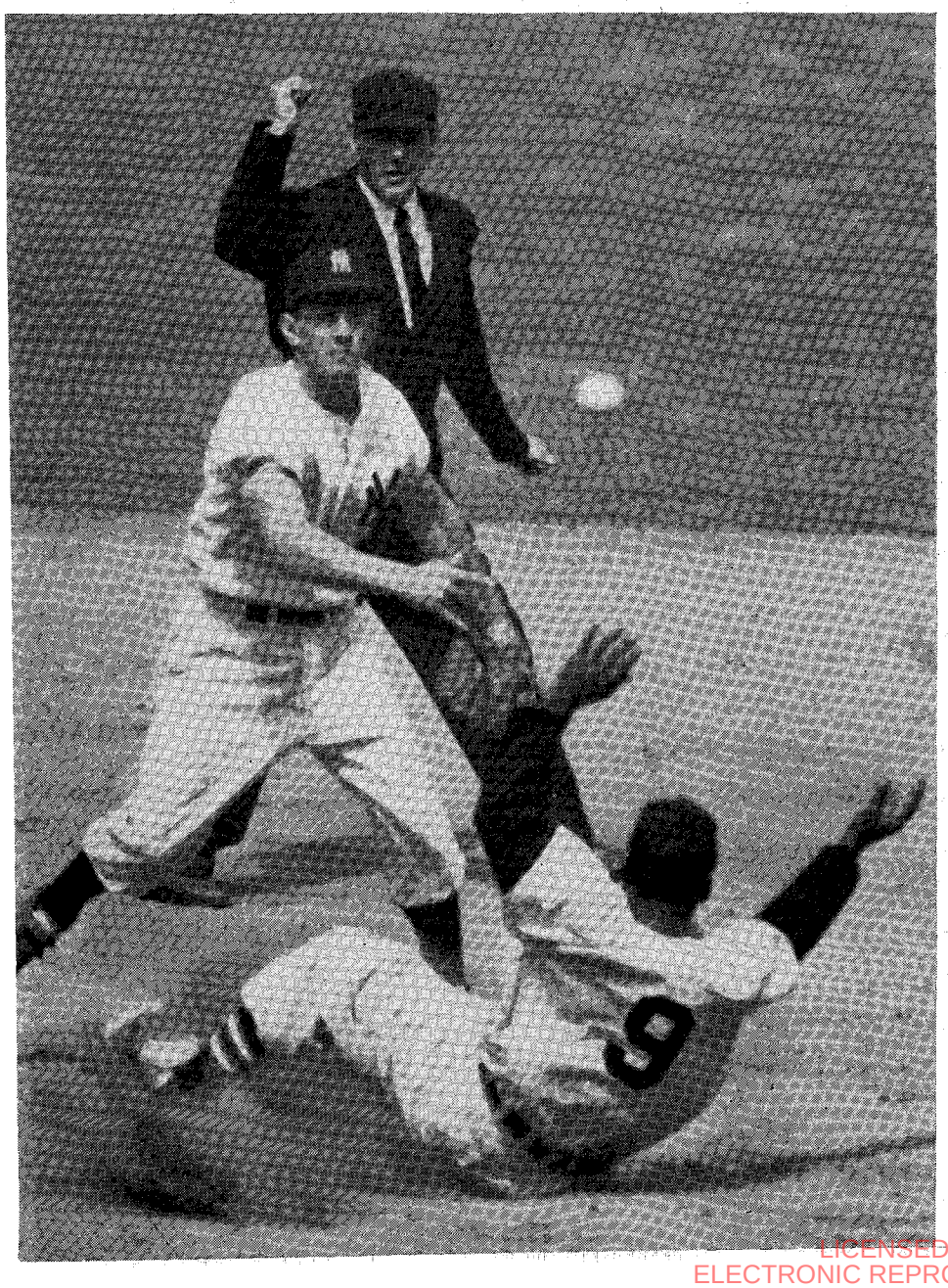
Two weeks after a daughter was born to the Alfred Manuel Martins in 1952, Lois Martin asked for a divorce. She made it final last October, leaving her hustling but invisible husband on the complaint that, "I never saw him, even when I was pregnant. You can't stay in love with a newspaper clipping."

Just as there are wives who are not ecstatic about the baseball life, so there are players whose temperamental make-up isn't equal to the constant crisis the 154-game schedule has become. A thin, bony party, standing five feet eleven, Martin always has been a streak batter with a modest average. His lifetime mark is .263. Four years ago, there were springtime rumors that the Yankees would trade him away, whereupon Billy lost his poise. His troubles snowballed. Early in spring training, doing some stunt slides for television, he fractured his right ankle. After sixty-two restive days on the side lines, he returned and made a frantic head-first slide against the White Sox, ripping muscles behind his right knee.

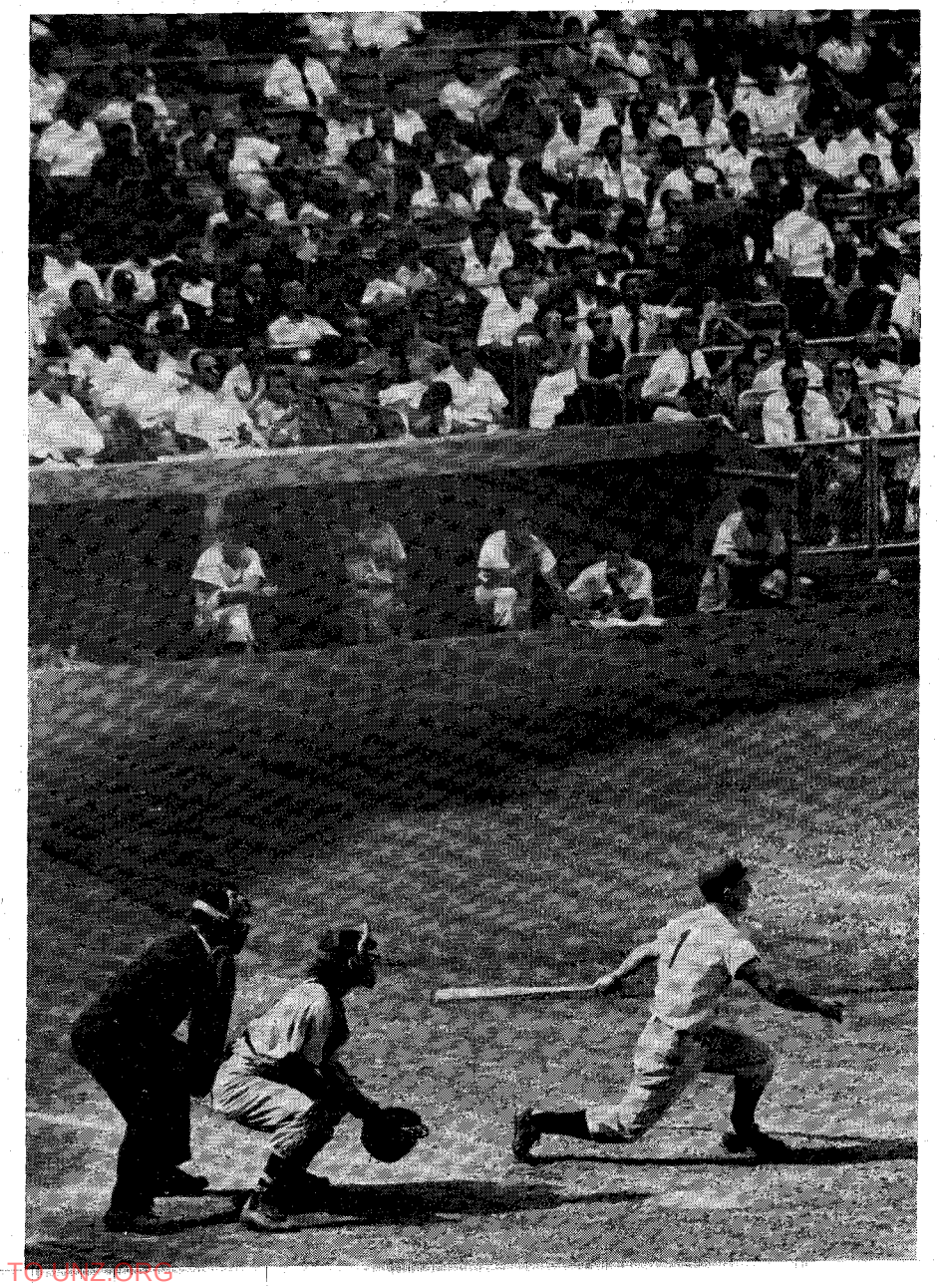
"When I got back," Martin now says, "I was frightened. I couldn't sleep, thinking about all the guys who washed out with bad legs. I couldn't eat. I vomited everything."

Noticing that Billy was reeling in the late innings, trainer Gus Mauch became suspicious. He investigated (Continued on Page 44)

The Kid's rough-and-tumble reputation can't obscure the fact that he's one of the smoothest-fielding and smartest second basemen in the majors.



Billy, a streak hitter with a modest batting average, is always dangerous in the clutch. He has a .347 lifetime World Series mark—topped only by Gehrig and Home Run Baker.



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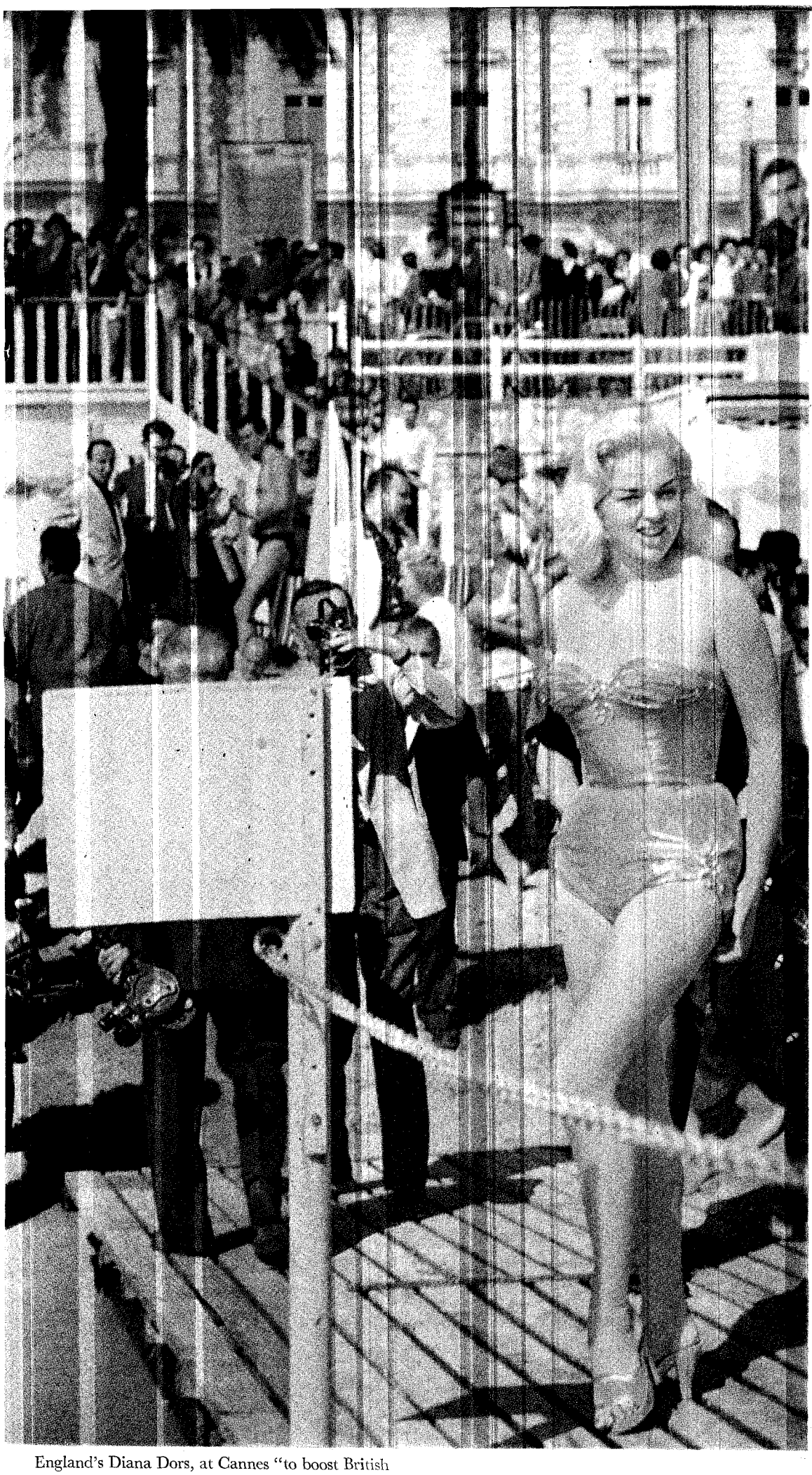

England's Diana Dors, at Cannes "to boost British sex appeal," did her buxom best to fulfill her pledge. Her efforts were rewarded with a Hollywood contract.

Whingding of the Movie Queens

By TONI HOWARD

An uncensored report on that fabulous and incredible blowout, the annual Cannes Film Festival.

CANNES.

The city of Cannes is one enormous brilliantly lit stage setting hanging over the night sea. From its medieval stone watchtower on the hill to its wedding-cake Casino on the beach, the shore front burns and vibrates under the glare of hundreds of strategically placed klieg lights. In the center of the stage, facing the sea, the Festival Palace stands canopied and gleaming, decked with the thirty-four flags of the thirty-four nations participating; on its marble steps outside wait battalions of photographers and journalists, publicity men, guards and officials, all in dinner jacket and black tie. Across the way, barricaded between boulevard and sea, a crowd of thousands waits, restive

Continued on Next Page

America's Kim Novak, sensation of the Festival, dances with ladies' man Aly Khan and sings him a song. Later, a strap on Kim's evening gown broke—fortunately in the presence of fifty photographers.

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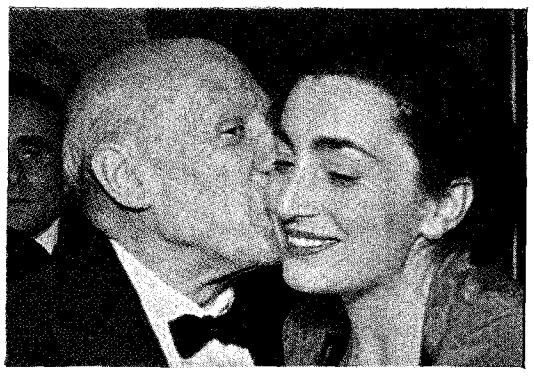
American: Susan Hayward puts her best foot forward on the water front. Susan won a Festival award as best actress for her performance in I'll Cry Tomorrow.

and silent. Everything is here—audience, lights, setting, cameras. Everything is ready. The Ninth International Film Festival of Cannes is about to begin.

A police whistle shrills, then another and another. And down the shore boulevard—the Croisette—comes the first black limousine, fast. It brakes to a stop in front of the Festival Palace, a lackey flings open the door, and out steps Michèle Morgan. "Michèle! Michèle!" screams the crowd over the thunder and hiss of the sea. Flash bulbs flare under the canopy.

Comedian Danny Kaye calls on the Aga Khan.



Pablo Picasso, a Riviera resident, making the rounds.

The fans surge forward against their barricades and are shoved back by the police.

The limousine moves on, and another limousine swoops in to disgorge Kim Novak. "Keem! Keem!" yells the crowd in an anguish of love as Miss Novak rhythmically mounts the steps.

Another limousine arrives with Brigitte Bardot—"Brigitte! *Ah, chérie!*" Then another with Bella Darvi, another with Japan's curvaceous Yoko Tani, another with Russia's lovely Irena Skotzeva, with Egypt's Tahia Carioca, with dozens of others. Gowned to the heels, but only barely to the bosoms, made up and greasepainted and dyed, perfumed and gloved and furred and jeweled and escorted, star after star moves bravely up into the photographers' barrage of fire, flashes a twenty-second smile, hesitates, steps back for a better pose, flashes a forty-second smile, advances again, and somehow gets up the steps into the Festival Palace without tripping up the star in front of her.

Last to arrive, with the Marine Band from Toulon solemnly blaring out the Marseillaise and the army guard frozen at attention, is the Festival's official host, Monsieur François Mitterand, French Minister of Justice—chosen for the honor not because justice has anything to do with the film industry, but because he is the most photogenic of French ministers. Monsieur le Ministre Mitterand strides briskly in, followed by a posse of lesser officials. The great glass doors of the palace close behind him. Inside, the lights of the auditorium dim, the audience of producers, directors, exhibitors and stars settles back in its reclining gray-velvet armchairs. The first film, a Hungarian short on gypsy dances, comes on the screen.

And thus, in flash bulbs and fanfare, begin two and a half of the maddest weeks of the year on the already slightly mad Côte d'Azur. It is

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British: Belinda Lee poses aboard a speedboat and is photographed for posterity.

French: A local girl parades in The Battle of the Flowers. Altogether, 3000 to 4000 celebrities of the film world come to Cannes for the Festival.

the same as last year's extravaganza, and the year before and the year before that, except for new faces as old stars wane and new stars rise. I write about the 1956 Festival because it is the most recent, and typical.

Outside in the street, corralled like cattle within their barricades, the crowd of townies settles down for a three-hour wait. Behind them, up the sky crawls a round golden Hollywood moon, its path wide and sweeping on the water. But that isn't the kind of heavenly body they are waiting for. Three hours from now, they know, the glass doors of the palace will open again and they will get another glimpse of Michèle and Kim and Brigitte and Bella before they are whisked away to the mayor's 800-plate inaugural champagne supper in the crystal-and-gilt Ambassadeurs Restaurant of the Casino.

The townies aren't invited to that supper. Invited, to meet the stars and producers of the Festival, are what the mayor calls "*les personnalités régionales*"—the exiled royalty, the slightly tarnished nobility, the remnants of Cannes' once-glittering foreign colony. In immaculate evening dress, mauve chiffon and pearls, Lord and Lady This and the Count and Countess of That will totter across the floor, peer around for their table, call the *maître d'hôtel* by his first name—they knew him as a boy—and when the time comes for presentations, lay a limp but cultured hand in the hand of Miss Kim Novak, the little Polish girl from the West Side of Chicago.

The mayor is right. In an atmosphere like this, the presence of any of those healthy, enthusiastic young people now waiting behind the street barriers would be positively obscene. Also the mayor will leave too early to see Miss Novak, who loves to dance, finishing the evening at three (Continued on Page 50)

Swedish: Ingrid Bergman out for an evening with her Italian husband, Roberto Rossellini. During all the partying some films actually were shown—200 miles of them, in fact.

Russian: Irena Skotzeva lets her hair down at a cocktail party thrown by the Soviets. In general, Irena was far more wary of the press than were the Western actresses.

Photographs by Eugene Kammerman

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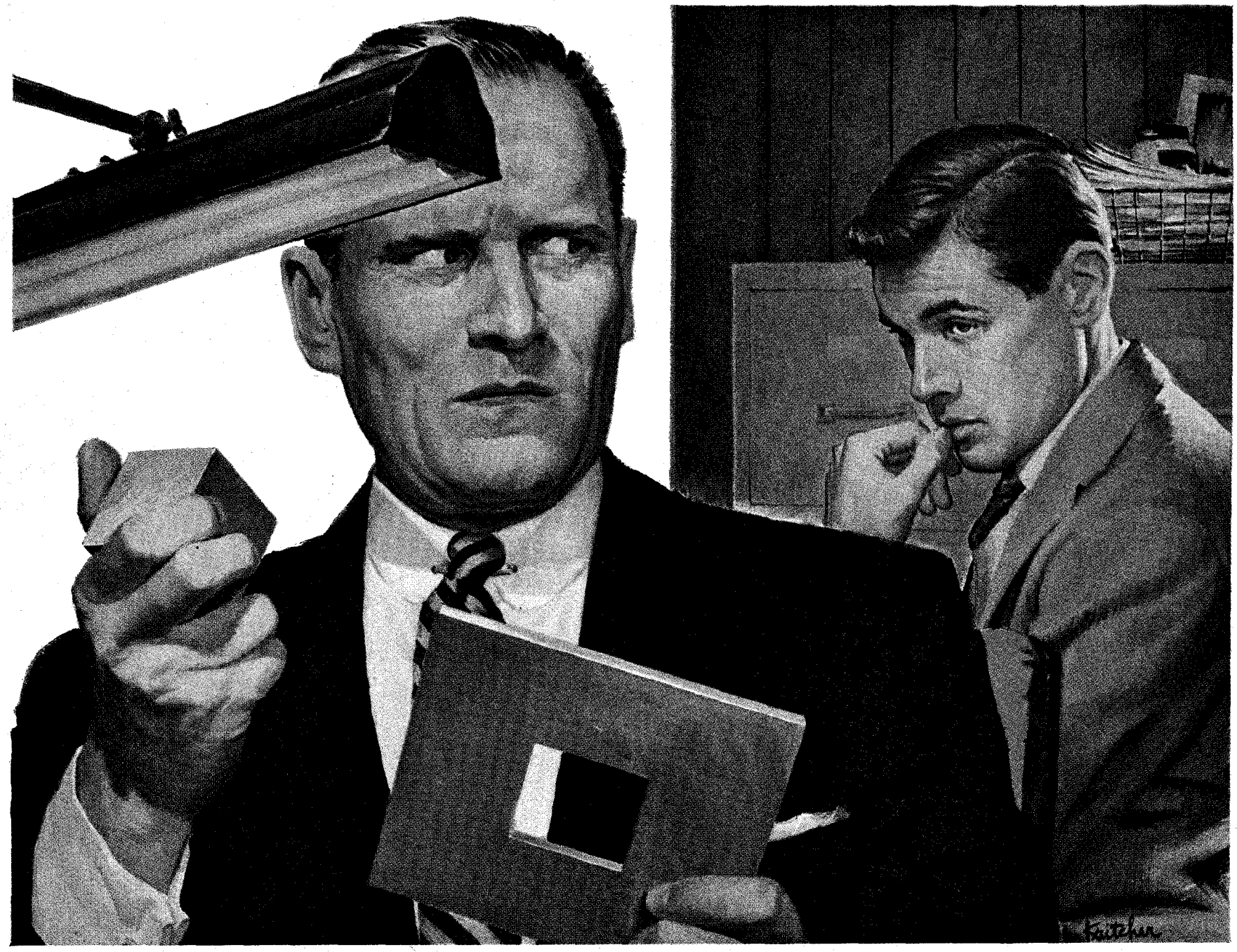

"What'll you do with the money I leave you when I'm dead?" Merle asked. He hit the word "dead" hard.

He built his life around the boy, and his reward was disappointment.

THIS SON OF MINE . . .

By KURT VONNEGUT, Jr.

The factory made the best centrifugal pumps in the world, and Merle Waggoner owned it. He'd started it. He'd just been offered two million dollars for it by the General Forge and Foundry Company. He didn't have any stockholders and he didn't owe a dime. He was fifty-one, a widower, and he had one heir—a son. The boy's name was Franklin. The boy was named after Benjamin Franklin.

One Friday afternoon father and son came out of Merle's office and into the factory. They went down a factory aisle to Rudy Linberg's lathe.

"Rudy," said Merle, "the boy here's home from college for three days, and I thought maybe you and him and your boy and me might go out to the farm and shoot some clay pigeons tomorrow."

Rudy turned his sky-blue eyes to Merle and young Franklin. He was Merle's age, and he had the deep and narrow dignity of a man who had learned his limitations early—who had never tried to go beyond them. His limitations were those of his tools, his flute and his shotgun.

"Might try crows," he said.

Rudy stood at attention, like the good soldier he was. And, like an old soldier, he did it without humility, managed to convey that he was the big winner in life after all. He had been Merle's first employee. He might have been a partner way back then for two thousand dollars. And Rudy'd had the cash. But the enterprise had looked chancy to him. He didn't seem at all sorry now.

"We could set up my owl," said Rudy. He had a stuffed owl to lure crows. He and his son, Karl, had made it.

"Need a rifle to get at the crows out there," said Merle. "They know all about that owl of yours and Karl's. Don't think we could get any closer to 'em than half a mile."

"Might be sport, trying to get at 'em with a scope," said Franklin softly. He was tall and thin in cashmere and gray flannel. He was almost goofy with (Continued on Page 74)

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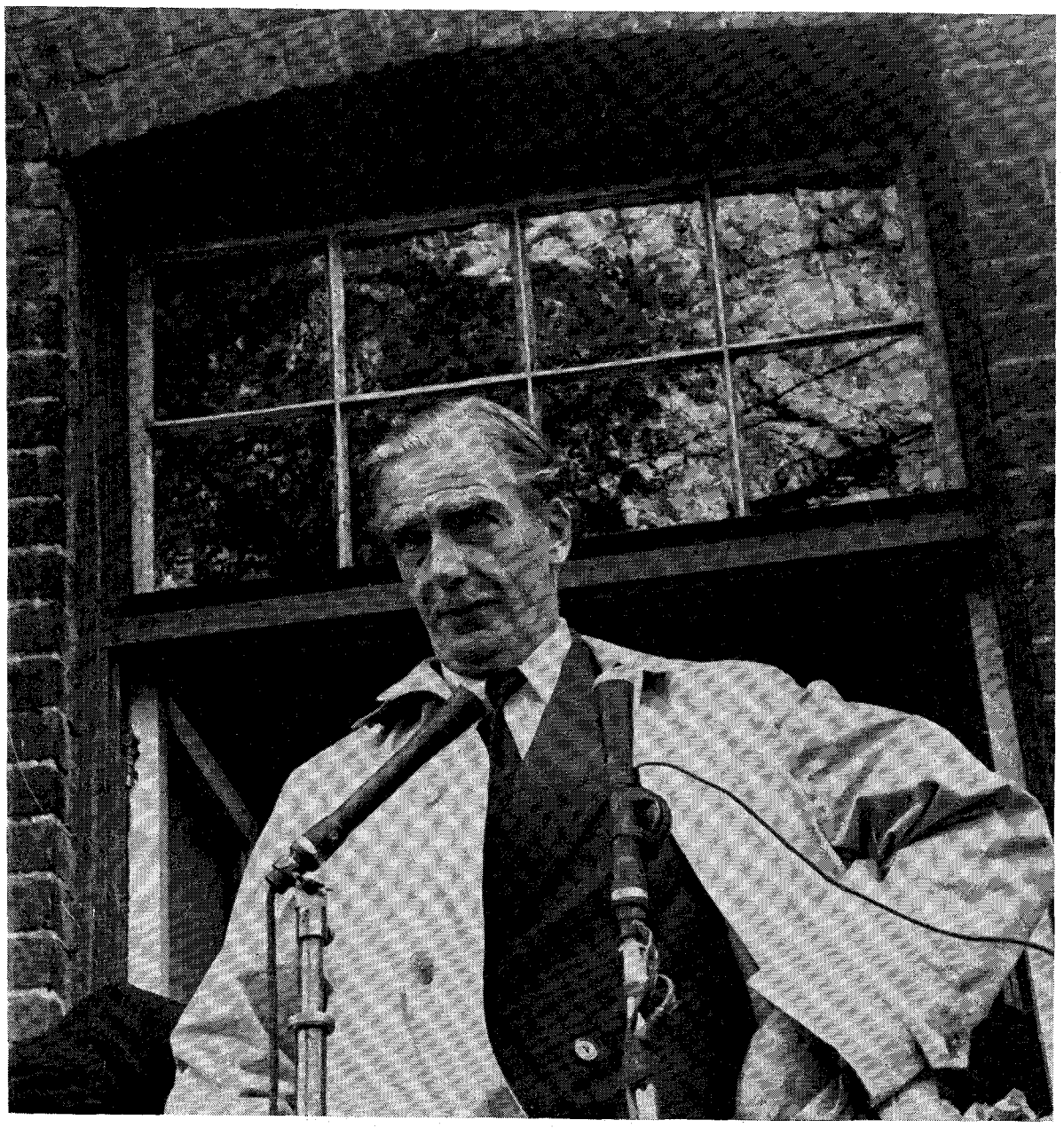
It's Tough to Follow Churchill

By JAMES P. O'DONNELL

Accustomed to Sir Winston's flamboyant ways, the British have become rudely impatient with Prime Minister Eden's plodding efforts to solve this troubled kingdom's sea of problems.

Anthony Eden at the master's feet, in 1950. Today Tory bulldogs growl, "Oh, for another Winston forty years younger, with real fire in his belly."



The son of a violent Englishman known as the Bloody Baronet, Sir Anthony has reacted by abhorring violence and tumult. As a result, he often appears colorless and has become the fall guy for some of Britain's sharpest satire.

LONDON.

Among the many bitter little anecdotes told today in London, where the political atmosphere seems more sultry than at any time since the war ended, one story concerns a secret wartime mission in the terrible spring of 1941. Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden was flying high in the skies somewhere between Athens and Ankara. In his party were Chief of the Combined Imperial Staff Sir John Dill, several Royal Air Force and other military brass hats, and some dispatch-box Foreign Office types. Eden decided to go up front and have a friendly chat with the pilot. A few minutes later the plane gave a violent lurch.

"Good heavens!" said Sir John. "We must be taking evasive action!"

"Oh, no," came the mocking voice of another member of the party. "I expect it's only the Foreign Secretary taking over."

Ever since Sir Anthony Eden took over from Sir Winston Churchill as British Prime Minister, just a year ago last spring, the mocking voices have been swelling to a steady chorus. Once again they seem to be coming from members of his own party. If there is an enigma to Sir Anthony Eden, a man who has been in politics more than a third of a century, it would seem to be his lofty, patrician ability to shrug off the slangings of his enemies, but to suffer intensely from the steady derision of his friends. Both Mussolini and Hitler had several goes at Eden as Lord Eyelashes and The Best Dressed Fool in Europe, and where are they today? The real paradox in Eden's career is that while seeming, in the world's eyes, to be moving jauntily from success to success, in England he has always been haunted and heckled by soft scoffing voices, usually from members of his own party, his own class, his own entourage. Here, the voices keep saying, is a Thoroughbred that won't run in the stretch. (Continued on Page 67)

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Mary was in the maternity ward. She wasn't worried—she was used to it. It was George who had trouble.

EXPECTANT FATHER

By WILLIAM FAY

George McShane, having broken his leg in two places, had it happily contained in one efficient cast. He felt no pain at all after the second day, and he was able to sleep, as was his custom, the deep and undistressed sleep of the saintly departed. It was a talent from which he took much comfort, but in which he owned no pride. Such a convenient door to oblivion appeared to him to be the refuge of a calloused or indifferent man, which, when he was awake, he prayerfully hoped he was not—and especially now, with Mary's time no more than a few short weeks away.

"George, darling," Mary said, "can't you come out of it?" And then, more insistently and nervously, "Please, George?"

But McShane slept on, as she had feared he would. She shook his heavy shoulders again, and it was like a woman's attempt to rock a stalled car out of a ditch. She sat there, pear-shaped in her practical and commodious nightgown, listening to the wild wind and the lashing weight of cold March rain that swept the house; then, as the minutes passed and her pains had become quite unmistakable, she put on a robe and did something more practical than trying to awaken George; managing well enough, for all the exaggerated temporary size of her, she walked into another room and called their oldest son.

"Joe?" she called softly. "Joe?"

The boy came quickly awake, pale and alert with understanding. He had known he might be called because his mother, only hours before, had explained to him that if by any chance "it" should occur ahead of schedule, he would have to drive the car.

"You and that trick junior license," she said, hoping by lightness to make it easier for Joe. "I think we have a job for you." And she could see his wide eyes search her, all the sleep gone out of them. He was only a kid and he tried to whistle with lips that were much too dry.

"Now, mom?"

Her next long pain was a disturbing one, an informing, doubt-dispelling one. She nodded to him, confirming its clear prophecy, still attempting to assure him it was a thing to expect, but not a thing to fear.

"You're all right, mom?"

"Why wouldn't I be all right?"

At least she was sufficiently all right to walk back to her own and George's room, where the treasured and slumbering bulk of him was still stretched undisturbed. Mary's lips moved in fervent, soundless petition as she reached for the telephone.

"This is Mrs. McShane, calling Doctor Frederics," she said. . . . "Yes, I'm sure the doctor's expecting me. . . . Well, not exactly this soon. . . . Oh?"

George McShane awakened to a risen household. He sat up with difficulty, dragging his cast-enclosed leg like a length of stone. The adventures of family life had dulled his capacity for being surprised, and yet, as the father of four daughters and a pair of sons, he wasn't prepared to find all but the youngest of them massed and alert at the foot of his bed in the obvious middle of the night.

"What's the matter?" he said. "Who's sick?"

"No one, George."

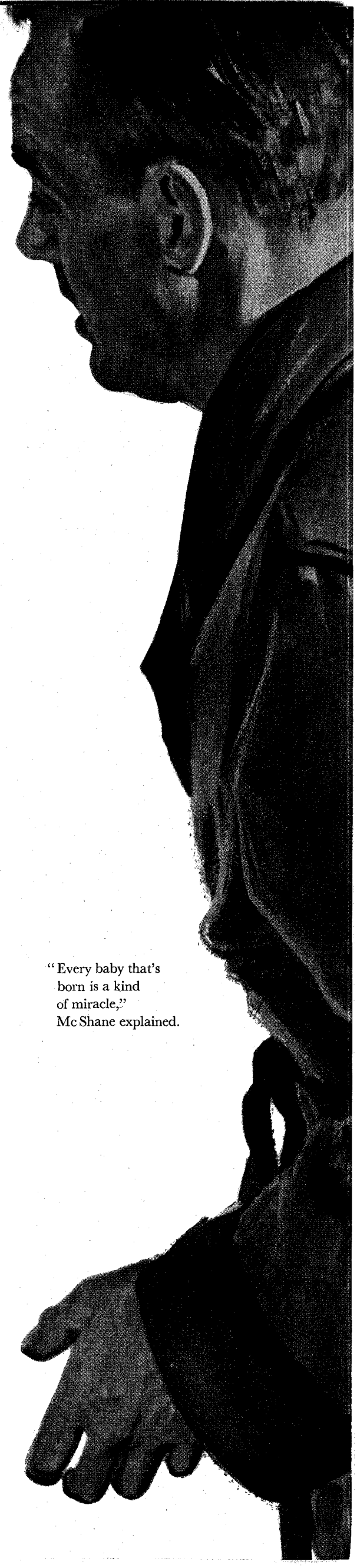
And now, for the first time, he turned to Mary, who was not in the bed. She stood at her vanity, arranging the contents of an overnight bag. She wore a two-piece print affair, with an expanding waistline which he knew, without examination, had few if any notches to spare. He would never be able to recall his exact reaction, except that, for some reason deeper than his wits could fetch, a feeling of guilt crept over him—uncourted, unwanted, unexplained, but as real as a new coat of skin.

"Don't get excited," Mary cautioned him.

"Well, my heavens! Don't get excited?" He struggled to get out of the bed. "With me in my condition? And you in yours?" He wanted to say something that would be tender and helpful, but he was controlled by that unreasonable need for self-defense that invariably made him talk too much. "Didn't you say it wouldn't be for another two weeks?" he demanded, as though in willful betrayal she had altered the calendar. "Isn't that what Marty Frederics said?"

"Doctors can be wrong, dear," Mary said softly. "I know how you feel, but there isn't one tiny blessed thing you can do."

(Continued on Page 62)



"Every baby that's born is a kind of miracle," McShane explained.

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

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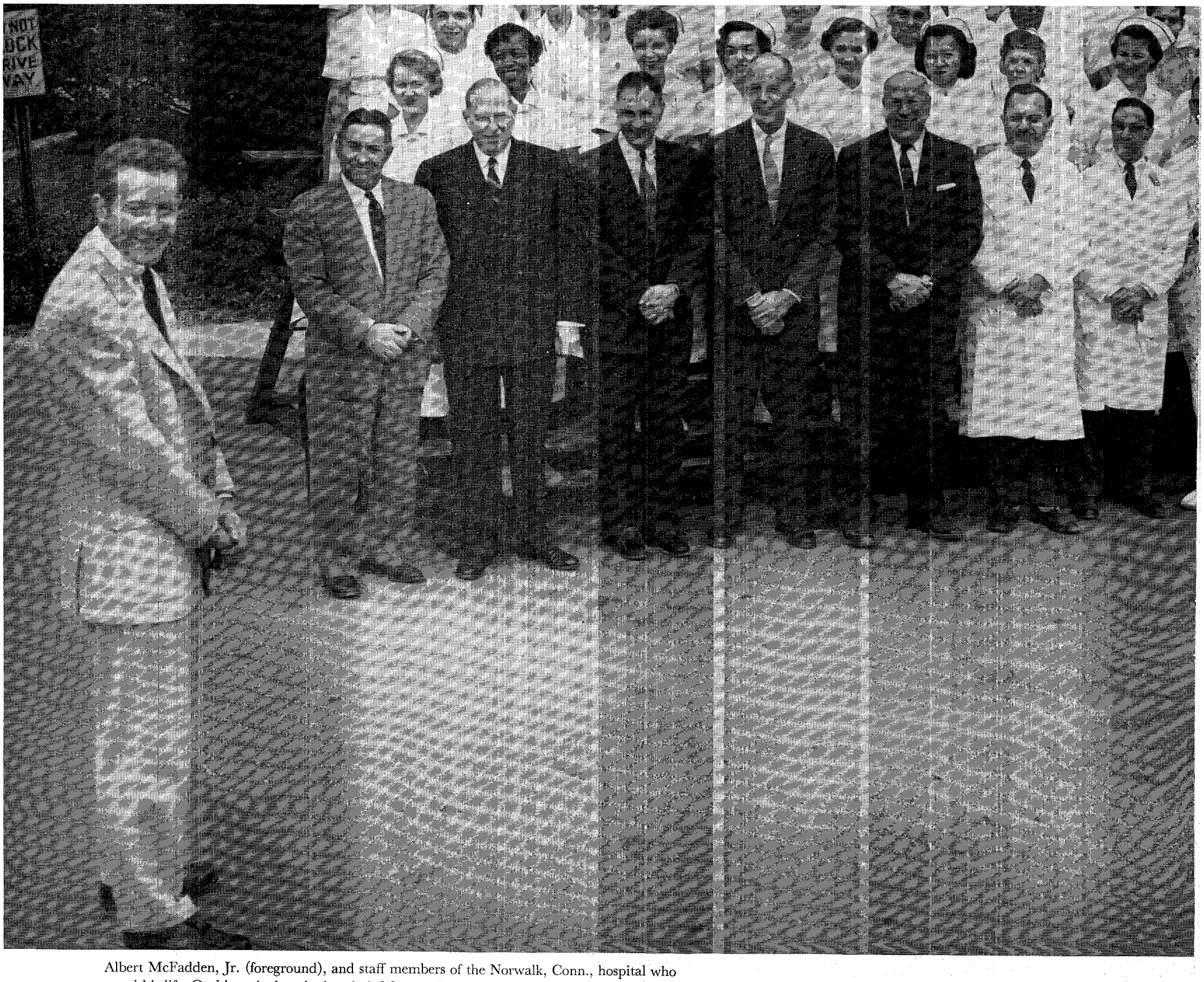

Albert McFadden, Jr. (foreground), and staff members of the Norwalk, Conn., hospital who saved his life. On his arrival at the hospital, Mac received the last rites of his church. Twelve days later he walked out of the hospital unassisted.

Why Mac Isn't Dead

After the accident his insides were so horribly mangled he seemed beyond hope. But fifty medical experts put him back together.

By JOHN KOBLER

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Car in which Mac, a front-seat passenger, crashed after the driver dozed off. As junk, it brought $150.

At 5:15 on the morning of December 18, 1955, Albert McFadden, Jr., twenty-two, a salesman for a furnace company, was carried into the Emergency Room of the Norwalk Hospital, in Norwalk, Connecticut, following an automobile accident. He was conscious, but disoriented and close to death. His injuries, as tests presently showed, involved his pelvis, kidneys, spleen, stomach, diaphragm, left lung and heart. Several of these organs, moreover, were found to have been uprooted and displaced in a way that none of the doctors who attended McFadden had ever encountered in their personal experience or read about.

The hospital's chief of staff, Dr. William H. McMahon, who also happens to be the Norwalk medical examiner—in some communities equivalent to coroner—considered the patient's condition so grave that he fully expected, the next time he saw him, it would be in his latter capacity, death certificate in hand. When McFadden, faintly responding to the questions of the Emergency Room supervisor, Mrs. Cecile Pogany, as she tried to complete a report of the accident, indicated he was a Catholic, she summoned Father Francis D. McKenna, from nearby St. Mary's Church, who performed the last rites.

Twelve days later Albert McFadden walked out of the Norwalk Hospital unassisted, and this spring he was back at his seasonal occupation, which, ironically, is that of an auto daredevil with the Ward Beam World Championship Show.

What took place during those twelve days was a notable, though by no means unique, example of how a modern American hospital, drawing upon improved resources of surgery, medicine, pharmaceutics and psychiatry, accomplishes seeming miracles of lifesaving. A number of the techniques resorted to in McFadden's case had been developed only within the last ten to twenty years. To apply them required the collaboration of fifty-two of the hospital's 400 staff members. They included four surgeons, two interns, a urologist, two radiologists, two X-ray technicians, an anesthetist, a pathologist, seven laboratory technicians, a surgical technician, a two-nurse blood-bank team, three pharmacists, ten dietitians, two orderlies and fourteen private and floor nurses.

But to reconstruct the accident: McFadden—"Mac" to his friends—left Bridgeport, Connecticut, at about 7:30 P.M. on December seventeenth for an evening's outing with five young Bridgeporters. A massive, long-armed, reddish-haired athlete, standing six feet two and a half inches tall and weighing 200 pounds, he had led a hazardous existence. During his first season with the Ward Beam outfit, four years earlier, in a stunt calling for two jalopies to crash head-on, he broke his pelvic bone and was immobilized for sixteen weeks. In March of last year, joy-riding through his home town of Bedford, Ohio, he hit a telephone pole; 113 stitches were sewn in his head and face. Between the two accidents he trained as a paratrooper with the 82nd Airborne Division at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, making twenty-six jumps.

Mac came to Bridgeport last fall to visit a twenty-year-old fellow stunt man on the Ward Beam show, Jimmy Randolph, who drives a warehouse truck during the winter. Mac's parents had been divorced when he was four. His father is an operator of heavy construction equipment. His mother manages an apartment building in Pittsburgh. Deciding to settle down for a while in Bridgeport, Mac landed a salesman's job with the Holland Furnace Company which paid him around seventy-five dollars a week.

The ill-fated party of December seventeenth consisted of Mac, Jimmy Randolph, Richard (Rich) Haggerty, twenty-three, another truck driver; Bill Mealey, twenty-three, a pump operator; Steve Gerald, twenty-four; and Bob Morton, twenty-five—the last two, machinists. The first four rode in Rich's car. Rich drove, Mac sat next to him, and Bill Mealey by the window. Steve and Bob followed in the latter's sedan. They stopped for a late bite at a bar-and-grill near White Plains, New York, forty miles from Bridgeport. They drank beer, none of them to excess. They started back shortly after three A.M. Jimmy, yielding to a lucky whim, (Continued on Page 71)

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King of the Car Thieves

By BEVERLY SMITH

It took the FBI and the police thirty years to crack Bla-Bla Vigorito's "foolproof system" for marketing hot cars. Here's how they did it.

(Conclusion)

Bla-Bla at age 29, in 1926. Even then he had auto stealing organized on a big-business basis.

Two U. S. marshals (left) march the Vigoritos and their henchmen off to jail. All nineteen members of the gang pleaded guilty.

Bla-Bla (at left, below) was defended in vain by twelve lawyers, including New York State Senator Harry Gittleson.

Gabriel (Bla-Bla the Black Man) Vigorito, recently recommitted to Leavenworth Prison for a long stay, is estimated by experts in such matters to have stolen more automobiles than any other man.

Last week's article traced Bla-Bla's career from its criminal beginnings in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, where he was first caught stealing cars in 1918, to his first sentence to Federal prison in 1933. By the mid-1920's he had put auto theft on a large-scale business basis. His gang was so organized, with compartmentation, secrecy and terror, that Bla-Bla personally seemed immune to the law.

By the early 1930's the cars stolen by the gang were estimated in the thousands. It was then, when he began shipping cars to other states and to many foreign countries, that he came under the jurisdiction of the FBI. We have told how the FBI men, working with police here and abroad, gathered the evidence on which Bla-Bla was convicted in 1933 and sentenced to ten years in Lewisburg Prison.

In 1940, with full allowance for "good behavior," Bla-Bla was released from Lewisburg. Smoothly voluble, he had talked a good repentance and spoken eloquently of his intention to go straight. He did not bother to add: "straight back into the auto-theft racket," nor to mention that he had quietly recruited, among his fellow convicts, useful future members for his gang. One of these was Albert J. (Big Al the Polack) Plakstis, whom Bla-Bla later developed into his most deft and dependable auto snatcher.

Back in Brooklyn, and sniffing again the free air of his native Greenpoint, Bla-Bla began quietly looking up certain old friends. Persons like James (Guinea Buck) Murray, who had been his

(Continued on Page 93)

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Get a grip on yourself,

Pete told himself.

After all, she's

ONLY A WOMAN

By GEORGE MORSE

Chum, it is all Laura's fault. Wholly. Completely. For who else would I fly an automobile ten feet above New York City's Sunday traffic? So help me, it's love.

It starts when I climb out of a shiny new sports car in front of a cottage in suburban Jersey. I take my B-4 bag and walk in with a loud hello. No answer, but there is noise in the garage, and it is there I find Willie and Timmy. It is a happy reunion.

"Brother flyboy!" Willie says gleefully. "Home from the War of Occupation! Did you bring us any *Fräuleins?*"

"For souvenirs?" Timmy says. He drapes a greasy arm over my uniform.

"Greetings," I say. "Do you have a bed free of strangers?" I look around. "I might have known I'd find you two up to your haircuts in parts and pieces. What's that?"

I am looking at a strange automobile standing in the middle of the garage floor. Then I am suddenly not looking at the automobile at all. I am looking at someone sitting on a bench beside it. I do not believe it; I gape.

She is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. Honey-blond hair, curled under in a soft roll. Long bronze limbs and a flaring white play suit. She is coming toward me, smiling, hand outstretched.

"Hello, Pete," she says. "Welcome home."

I seem to go into shock. "Yes," I gurgle. "Who ——"

"Laura Ingalls," Willie says helpfully. "Steve's daughter. He's a colonel now, and, incidentally, our commanding officer. Laura says she remembers you."

"Laura?" I say. Finally, it comes. Five, six years ago. Arizona. Thunderbird Field and Laura running around in saddle shoes and Steve teaching jet tactics.

(Continued on Page 79)

Laura came downstairs in something clinging and white.

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How to Rescue a City

By JOE ALEX MORRIS

What happened when a group of reluctant citizens decided to do something more than just bellyache about the problems that threatened to destroy their city.

The cleanup job still has a long way to go: This back yard is typical of Mill Creek Valley, 465 acres of slum near the heart of St. Louis. Area is to be cleared for a $400,000,000 industrial and commercial development.

A sample of what has been done: A sunlit apartment house and well-equipped playground stand on the former site of a slum as unsightly as the one above. Since 1952, St. Louis has spent $70,000,000 for such housing.

A few years ago one of the editors on the St. Louis Post-Dispatch assigned a reporter to write a Sunday article on the progress of the city during the first half of the twentieth century. The reporter worked for a week and turned in a dismal story. A second man was given the same task, and his story also was a flop. At this point, the harassed editor, Julius H. Klyman, stubbornly surveyed the facts—or lack of facts—that the reporters had collected and decided to start all over again on an entirely different tack.

Shortly thereafter, the Post-Dispatch took a deep breath and teed off on the backwardness of St. Louis in a series of vividly illustrated Sunday articles under the headline: PROGRESS OR DECAY? ST. LOUIS MUST CHOOSE! The record was ominous. Many commercial enterprises had moved out of the city. No new office building had been built in twenty-five years. Schools and hospitals were mostly old and overcrowded. Downtown traffic was an impossible daily snarl. The municipal airport was primitive. Slum areas infringed on the railroad station and business districts. An estimated 39 per cent of all blocks in the city were blighted or ripe for wrecking. In six years prior to 1952, the voters had turned down no less than five proposed bond issues for much-needed public improvements. Political and civic leadership had declined toward the vanishing point. Conservatism and complacency had engulfed a once-bustling business community.

"If St. Louis continues to jog along without aggressive action," the newspaper concluded, "it faces . . . decay, squalor, decline and a back seat among American cities."

It would be foolish to suggest that any series of newspaper articles could drastically change a city of almost a million population like St. Louis. But it would be even more foolish to ignore the fact that today the historic "Gateway to the West" has done a quick about-face and is now in a remarkable period of renaissance that has attracted the attention of experts from other ailing communities as far away as Australia. Such experts may not find any easy solution to the secret of municipal rejuvenation, but they undoubtedly will quickly discover that the major factors in the recovery of St. Louis have been the collaboration of a unique group of twenty businessmen known as Civic Progress, Inc., a mayor who combines political savvy with engineering skill, and two crusading newspapers—the Globe-Democrat and the Post-Dispatch.

The immediate result of the alarming articles in the Post-Dispatch was lots of talk but not much action. The then mayor, Joseph M. Darst, who had fathered public housing in St. Louis, initiated in 1952 the formation of Civic Progress, Inc., a group of eight prominent citizens, to promote "the well-being and

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Mayor Raymond Tucker (center) with Sidney Maestre and Powell McHaney, of Civic Progress, Inc., at the new municipal airport.

Photographs by Bill Shrout

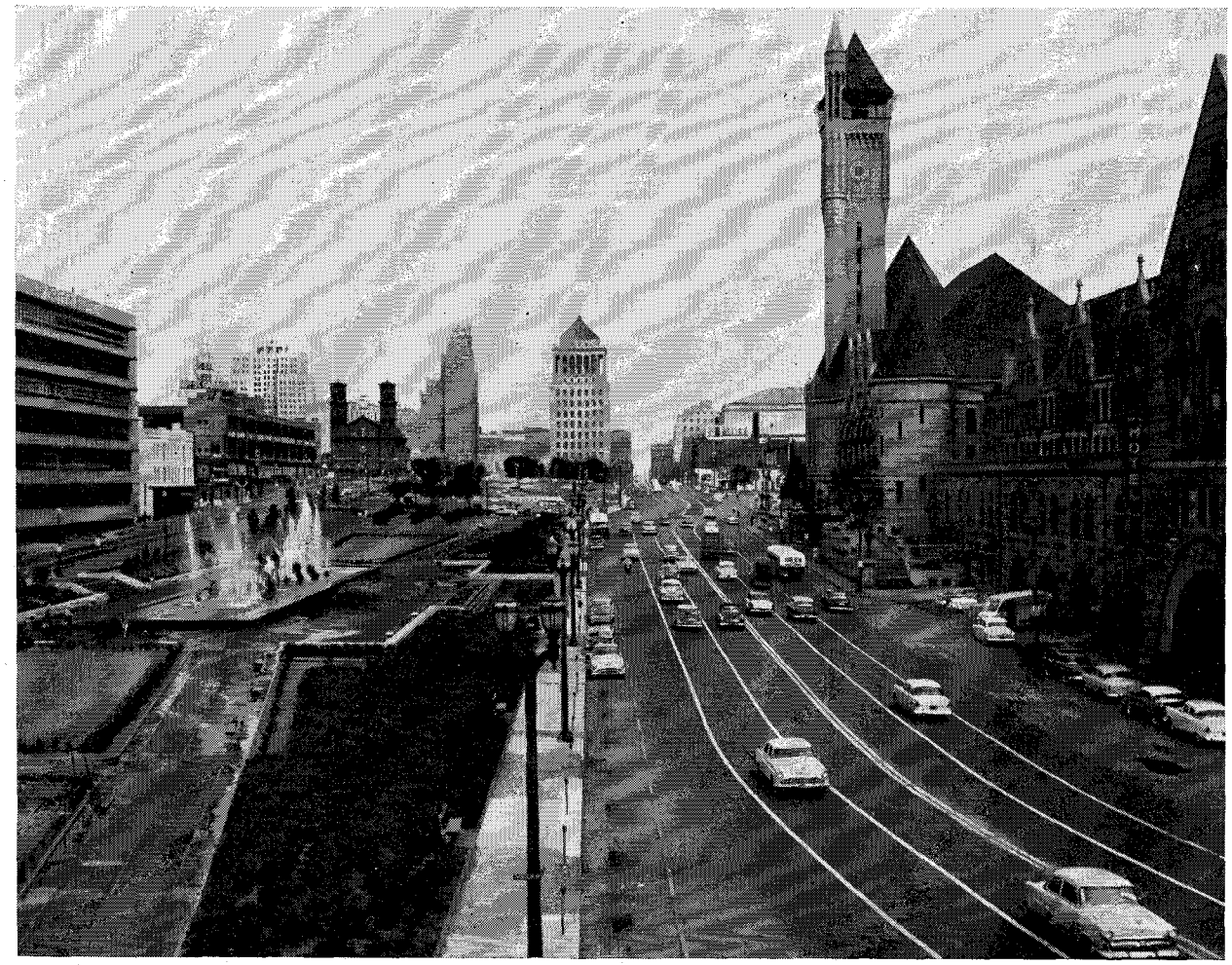
growth" of the community. However, Darst was ill at the time, a city election was in the offing and, after a few meetings, it seemed probable that the committee would simply fade away.

Yet the need for action was mounting steadily. Nobody could laugh off the facts that the newspapers continued to fling in the city's face. Decay and stagnation were fearsome words that could spur even complacent businessmen and property owners out of their lethargy. It was, perhaps, to be expected that they would look for action first in the easiest field—politics. Many other cities in trouble had done the same.

A new mayor was to be elected in 1953 and an insurance executive, Sidney Salomon, formerly treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, went out to the campus of Washington University in search of a candidate. The man he fingered for the job was Prof. Raymond R. Tucker, then chairman of the Department of Mechanical Engineering and the Civil Defense Director for St. Louis. A Democrat, Tucker had an excellent record as a former Director of Public Safety and as the man who, in the 1930's, put into effect a controversial but highly successful program for smoke abatement in St. Louis.

Tucker was willing to move into the mayor's chair, but at first it looked as if he and Salomon were about the only Democrats around who wanted an engineering professor in the begrimed and many-turreted City Hall. Tucker is an average-looking man, precise, smooth-faced, spectacled and with a softly reasonable way of speaking. Born in St. Louis in 1896, he has lived in the same house for almost half a century, has a married daughter and a son and is an enthusiastic golfer. It is said that he never granted anybody a political favor and his unemotional engineering approach to civic problems has long baffled City Hall politicians. When the city's Democratic leaders were asked to support his candidacy in 1953, they turned thumbs down on him in no less than twenty-three out of the twenty-eight wards.

Ordinarily, this would have made the outlook hopeless and sent the professor back to the campus to stay. But enough alarm had been created among businessmen to lead them to fight the party organization. The newspapers stirred up powerful public support for Tucker. A citizens' committee was organized to line up money and votes. And when the showdown came, many Republicans crossed party lines to vote in the Democratic primary for Tucker. Even so, he got the nomination by a narrow squeak, only 1500 votes. It was enough. He won the general election easily and took office in April of 1953.



Block after block of ugly blight used to greet travelers emerging from St. Louis' medieval-looking Union Station (right). Now, new buildings and a $20,000,000 park give visitors a better first impression of the city.

What had happened so far in St. Louis was no different from the pattern of action that had occurred in many other troubled cities in the past. In the same pattern, it is also probable that the citizenry, having expressed their will at the polls, expected to retire again to comfortable complacency and leave everything up to their new mayor-engineer. That had often happened elsewhere, and that had usually been the end of civic endeavor. Fortunately, Tucker was not that naïve. He could, and did, co-operate with the politically minded board of aldermen, but he knew that in every crisis he would be helpless without strong non-partisan support from the community leaders.

(Continued on Page 54)

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The silver car swung out too far and rocketed off the road. The Fox and Don Hamilton were alone.

Race of Death

By PEERCE PLATT

The winding up made Donald Hamilton's throat constrict. His heart came up in his throat and beat dully in its tightness. He sat stiffly in the green Jaguar, belted in, listening to the engines' cacophony, and felt blood pound faintly behind his eyes. The cars were in formation, three abreast, still, yet straining against their immobility like Thoroughbreds against a gate. The sound of whining engines was rolling thunder. Metallic screams ripped the fabric of consciousness.

His knuckles gleamed white on the steering wheel. Always, in the brief seconds of truth before the green flash of the starting flag, he knew nameless anxiety. Not that he might die. Not that he might lose, or even win. But an anonymous, heart-throbbing anxiety that always vanished when the flag dropped.

He wound up the Jag. The sound touched him, enveloped him, made an island of his anxiety in the blue sea of smoke and noise. Seconds now.

But those seconds were eternity. In the motion of the starter's arm raising the flag, there was time to see the ranks of cars, the pits, packed grandstands, heat shimmering off macadam. There was time to see the white Porsches and silver Mercedes-Benz 300SLR's, the bottle-green Jaguars and Allards and Frazer-Nashes, red Ferraris, red Siatas and Maseratis, blue Gordinis. Time to feel the Eifel Mountains pressing in, time almost to race in the mind's eye around the fourteen

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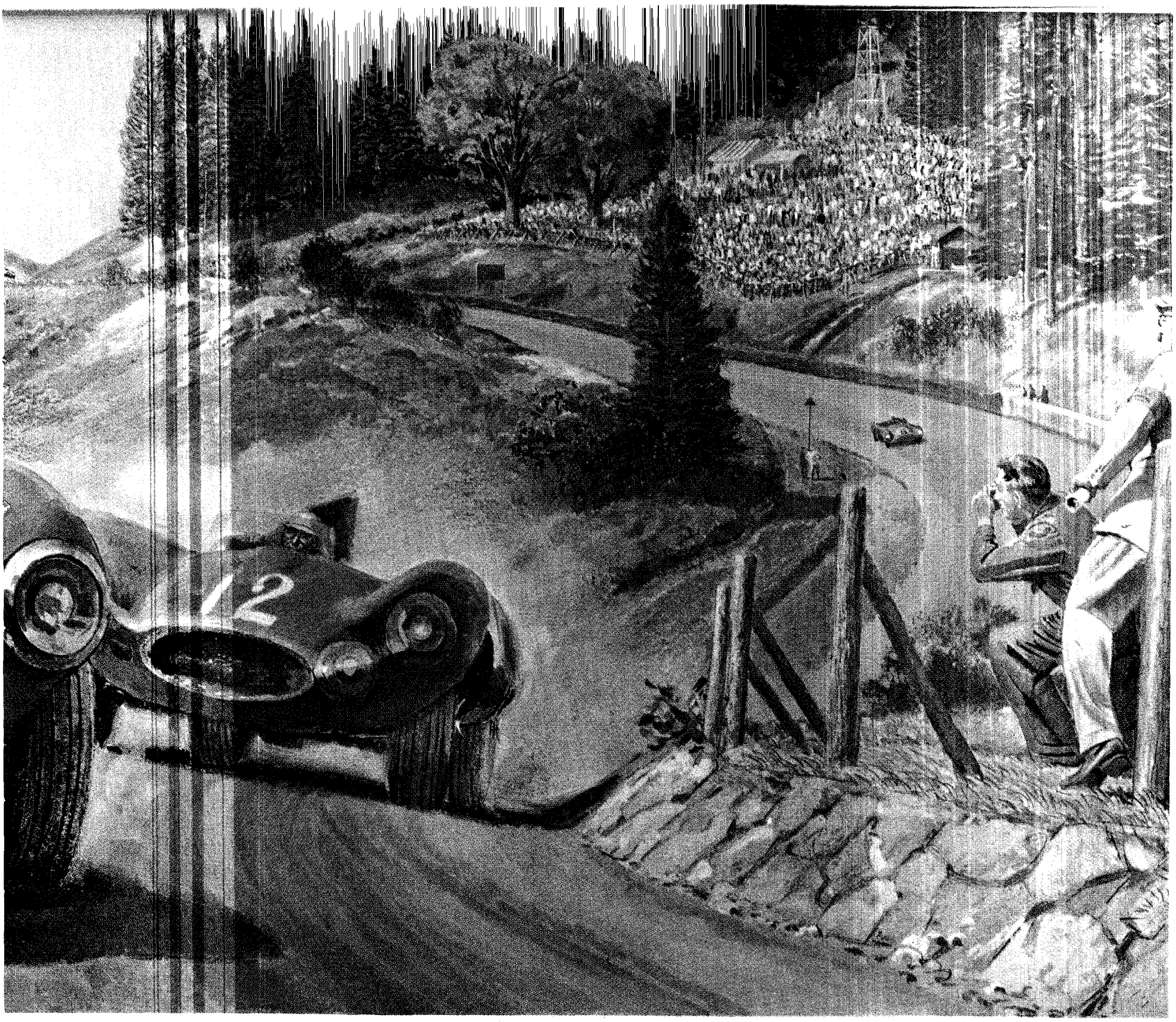

Other men had been killed trying to overtake the Fox. But the American thought, *If there is a time to die, it is now.*

miles of the Nürburgring, through the mountain passes, around the hundred and eighty curves of a single circuit. Unreeling like motion-picture film in the mind: Nürburg, Aremberg, Kallenhard, Bergwerk, Karussell, Schwalbenschwanz, Nürburg—one lap gone, forty-three to go.

The starter's arm was poised at the zenith of its sweep. But nothing happened. How could time stand still? Donald Hamilton wondered. Time was an engine wound up as tightly as it would go, roaring wind and the screaming of friction-tortured tires. But here, now, in the suspended split second of inaction, there was time to see, two rows ahead, the Fox, time to form a curse, time to hate the Fox. . . .

And then the Fox was moving in his bright, battered Maserati, Donald Hamilton was moving, the entire field accelerated in a violence of sound and fury. The massed cars whined up a short straightaway and jammed into the hairpin. Another short straight, a second hairpin. Road surface and cornering shocks jolted up through the steering column into Donald Hamilton's wrists. His large hands, manipulating the wheel like steel fastenings, welcomed the shocks. Later his wrists would ache miserably, his shoulders would be pain-racked. But now his arms fed the shocks to his body, upward through his neck into his cranium. His mind cleared, became crystal. As quickly as it had come, anxiety drained. The road, what was visible to him of the world's most challenging race circuit, became the world of his mind. As in trick photography, the road was superimposed upon a faint map in his mind of the entire course, a map on which he had penciled notations during prerace practice.

This turn, for instance. The map said: "F.O. to crest." F. O. meant full out. Foot pressed and he felt the weight of his back against the seat. Crest. "F. O. Right." He cornered full out right and the Jag held. Ahead: "Position left for a right"—a given situation, a given solution. If he was wrong, he would find out the quick way. "Crest F. O." His engine screamed.

It was wonderful the way his mind worked during a race. Memories, impressions, thoughts could patina his consciousness, but his racing mind remained inviolate.

The cars were well into the first lap, approaching Aremberg—"Very bad right turn, slippery, take wide," Two 300SLR's were in the lead and the field was stringing out. Ahead of him, several hundred meters, was the Fox. His silver helmet gleamed in the sunlight. Beneath the silver helmet (Continued on Page 58)

Illustrated by Peter Helck

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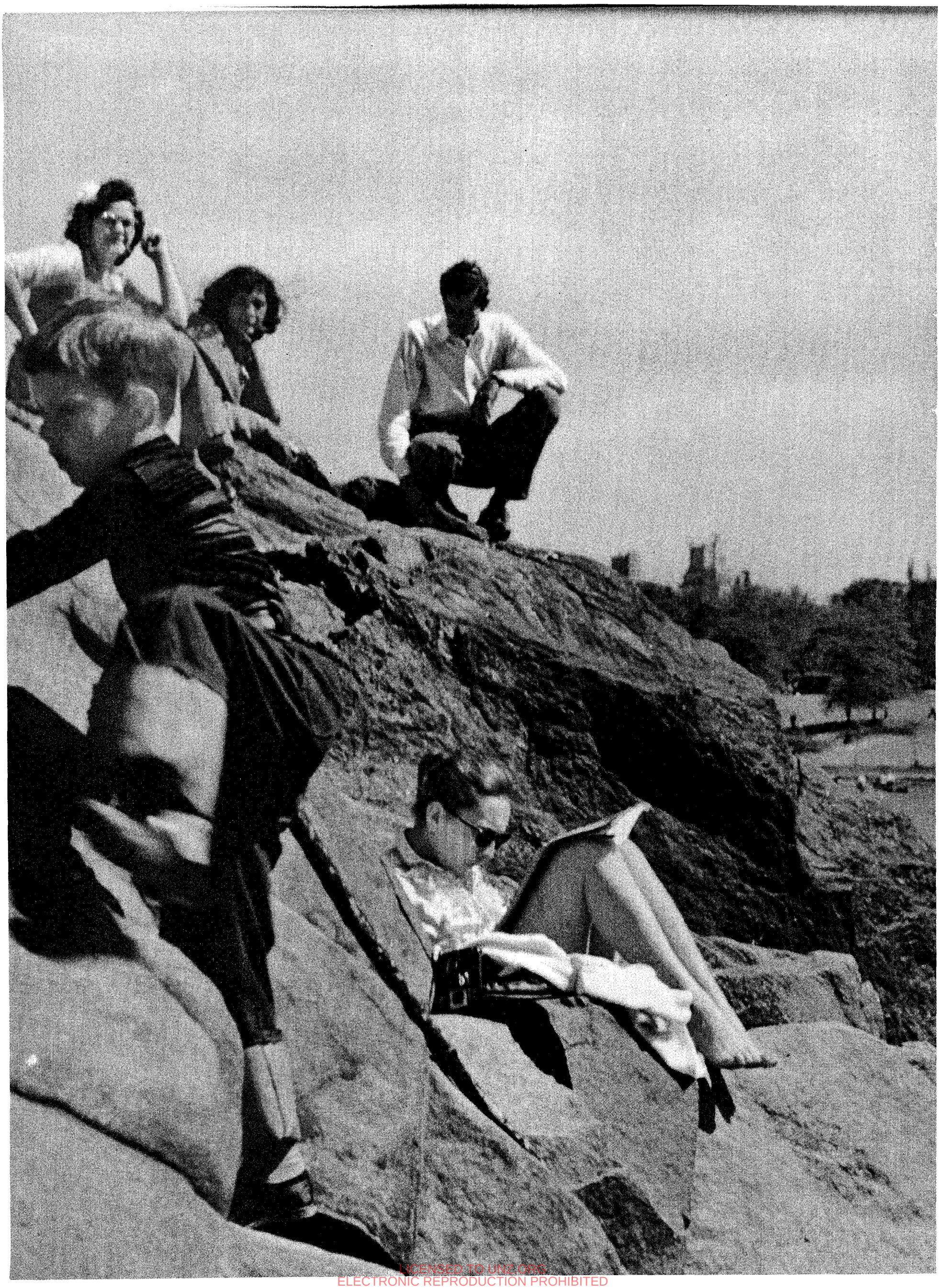

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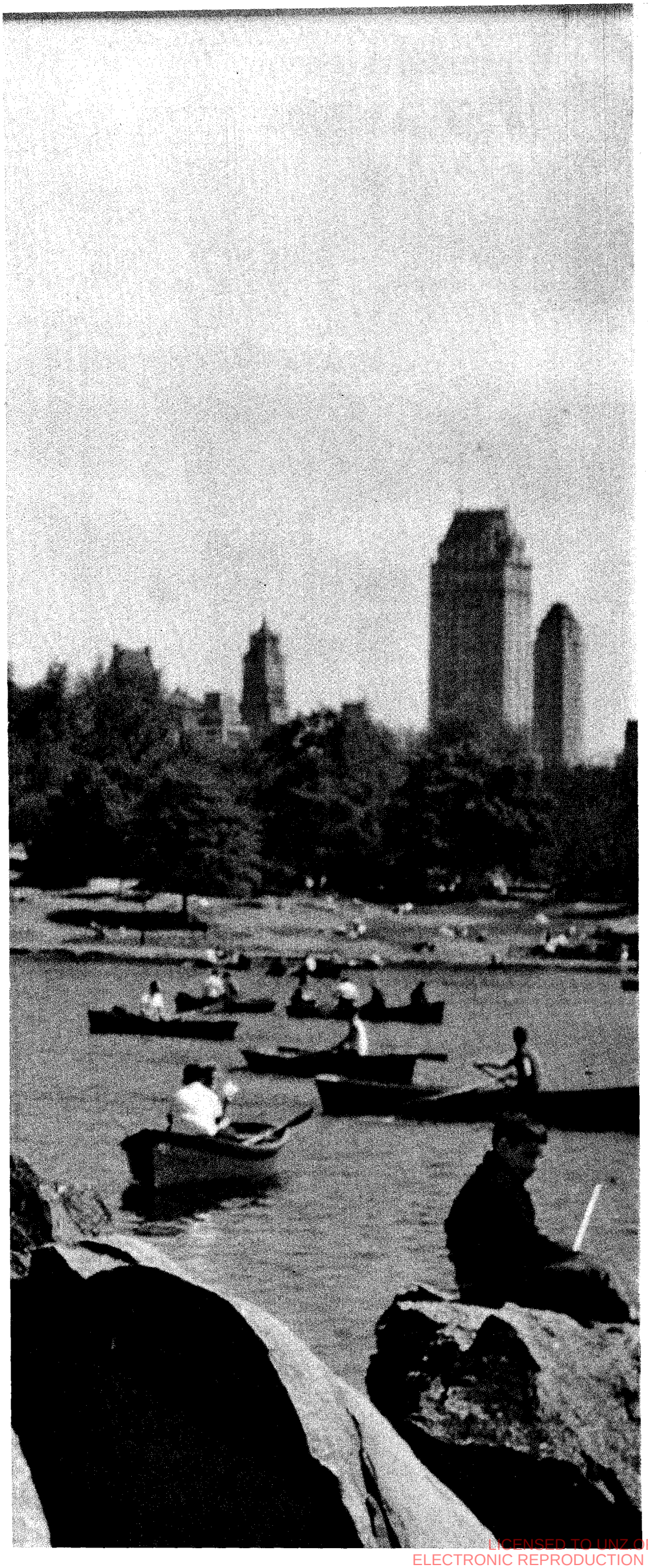

The Face of AMERICA

Oasis in Manhattan

Sunday afternoon in New York may mean cocktails on a penthouse terrace or gossip with neighbors on the tenement's front steps. It can also mean adventure in the far reaches of the park. This 840-acre domain sees many faces of the city: Along the eastern edge, luxurious apartments and private houses proceed northward in stately elegance. Ultimately they yield to jam-packed slums. The western side lies between a coliseum rivaling Rome's, and the world's largest Gothic cathedral. To the south loom Manhattan's mightiest skyscrapers; to the north stands Harlem. Within these disparate bounds stretches a vast terrain of glade and copse, lake and mere and rocky cliff. Here, where New Yorkers' goats and pigs used to forage, sprawls the city's celebrated big front yard. A girl like Maggie Dunn can sit barefoot on sun-splashed rocks and bring her Sunday paper to read where once Manahata savages roamed. The Indians sold this land to the white invader for a bargain price, and soon—in the early nineteenth century—real-estate values inflated enormously. It took the city ten years to find the money to buy the land for this natural preserve. Fortunately, farsighted men won out, and New York acquired the wonderful wilderness of Central Park, just one hundred years ago. ● Photograph by George Lichenor

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Reservation for Murder

Would this nightmare never end? "Help me!" the hotel guest begged the girl. "You must help me!"

By THOMAS WALSH

Francis Janisek leaned forward under the bedside lamp and inspected the gray, worn face of Bishop Paul Hruba. Janisek nodded in approval to Colonel Tedescu. Their plan was working perfectly. Bishop Hruba had recently escaped from his communist captors. At the time, Theodore Victor, an American newspaper owner, raised $293,000 from readers as a gift for the bishop. The clergyman was coming to New York to receive the money.

Janisek knew that the bishop had a cousin in America who looked exactly like the cleric. The cousin, Josef, was also a desperate alcoholic whom Janisek believed he could manipulate at will. Janisek planned to capture the bishop and use Josef as a pawn to grab the money.

Tedescu, the bishop's aide, had sold out to Janisek. When the bishop came to New York, he took a suite in the Hotel Imperial. There Tedescu administered a strong sedative to the bishop. He then admitted Janisek and his partner, Emil, to the room.

Earlier, Bishop Hruba had dictated to a public stenographer the speech he intended to give at the banquet in his honor. Janisek dispatched Emil to pick up the typed speech.

Emil and Janisek had aroused the suspicions of Ray Cassidy, the hotel detective. They gave Cassidy the slip, but he told his assistant, Charlie Mueller, to keep an eye out for the suspects.

Mueller spotted Emil in the stenographer's office. Emil killed Mueller when the detective tried to hold him for questioning. As he was leaving the office, Emil ran into the stenographer, Florence Savage. She summoned Cas-

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sidy and Hannegan, a police detective. Just as they arrived, Emil disappeared into an elevator.

II

There were about half a dozen steps between Cassidy and those elevator doors. He took two of them, but, of course, quite uselessly and instinctively, and then caught himself.

"What?" he barked at her. "Take your time, can't you? What is it? What were you trying to tell us about Charlie Mueller?"

"In the office," she whispered at them. "It's Charlie Mueller, Cassidy, and he's dead. I'd been downstairs to get a sandwich and a cup of coffee for myself, and when I got back ——"

"Hold it!" Hannegan said. "What about the elevator? Who was in there?"

"The man," she whispered. "The one who did it, Michael. I saw him leaving the office—almost running. He went down the front stairs, and now he just came up again in that elevator. Don't stand there. Do something about him."

But there was very little for Cassidy to do in such circumstances, or for Hannegan. The elevator had stopped at Six, Cassidy was telling himself; then at Thirteen; then at Seventeen; and now it made another and last stop at Twenty-three. But on which floor had the man got off? Where was he heading?

Cassidy could not seem to grasp the full extent of this information about Charlie Mueller. No, he thought numbly. Impossible! Why, just two or three minutes ago —— Again he caught himself. What floor, though? That was the essential thing. Six, first? Or Thirteen? Or one of the others?

"Who was it?" Hannegan said, spinning around to him. "Wake up, Ray! One of these prowlers you were talking about?"

"What?" Cassidy said.

It was nothing but a rhetorical interjection, however; what he wanted was enough time to fit in this idea with the information that Florence Savage had finally got over to them. Was the man responsible one of the two he had seen upstairs earlier? But what could they have expected to find lying around in a stenographer's office? A box of paper clips, a loose typewriter, a two-dollar fountain pen?

"Of course," the girl said, now wringing her hands desperately. "I knew I'd seen him before. On Twenty-two, Ray! Remember? The little fellow in the sports jacket. He's the one!"

But even then it seemed to Cassidy that they were all acting like absurd stage conspirators—whispering to each other, touching each other, exchanging quick, melodramatic glances, and looking up behind them at the indicator arrow.

"Where is it?" Hannegan demanded quietly. "Where's the office?"

"O.K.," Cassidy said, swinging Florence Savage around so that she faced the elevator on this end. "Stick here, and do what I tell you. Ring that bell, and keep ringing it until you get the operator for me on the way down. . . . Mickey! Come on. After me."

He darted back across the mezzanine corridor, Hannegan following him. *The two prowlers?* Cassidy was still asking himself. But what were they looking for down here?

Then Hannegan closed the office door after them, and Cassidy bent down beside Charlie Mueller. He did not touch him; nor did he seem to feel anything at all in regard to him—not then. Afterward he got up quickly, the blue eyes dark and hot looking, and his arms in his own way, not quite sensibly.

"You'd better call the precinct," he said. "We'll need men. He's in the building somewhere—right upstairs, Mickey. We'll have to cover the place."

There was a telephone on one of the desks. Hannegan grabbed at it; and Cassidy, with a sudden tightness around the heart, found himself abruptly and agonizingly conscious of the time element, and of the problem confronting them. The Lexington Avenue entrance, he told himself, the Park Avenue entrance, the taxicab runway, six west elevators and six east elevators, a guest stairway and two service ones—and how many other ways out of the Imperial at this moment? He swung suddenly, leaving Hannegan at the phone, and raced out again to the mezzanine corridor.

There he rammed into a group of credit men, did not apologize—was not conscious of them, even—and saw the elevator girl and Florence Savage waiting for him.

"I just asked her," Florence said, her voice shaking badly. "And it's all right, Cassidy. She remembers him—and she remembers the floor too. Seventeen."

Seventeen? Cassidy asked himself. Right. One of the stops. He turned again just as Hannegan appeared, sprinting. And Walter Duval—dark suit, striped tie, fresh boutonniere—crossed over from the ballroom entrance and made a properly commanding gesture.

"Here!" he said. "Cassidy! What's the row?"

But Cassidy, on his way then, was sweeping along with him Florence Savage and the elevator girl.

"Up!" he said. "Seventeen—and no stops." He pushed Duval back. "In the stenographer's office," he said. "But keep out of it! Just watch the door!"

On Seventeen there was a middle-aged floor clerk named Mae Miller, sitting over in her corner and reading a movie magazine, but she also remembered. Only a minute or two ago, she told Cassidy. Of course, 1756. A Mr. ——

But Cassidy was out in the corridor by that time; he wanted the man here, not the name. He ran ahead, a bit awkward about it because of that bad back of his, but feeling a savage tightness take over in him—around his chest, down his leg muscles and between his shoulders. Then he was the old Cassidy again, and without thinking about it; the uncomplicated Cassidy of that Harlem police car, who had his rightful place in the world, and the job he wanted—and, of course, the deep-down and unshakable conviction that what the individual did, the individual was primarily responsible for. And here there was no question at all as to what 1756 had done.

He rounded the turn with Hannegan, raced ahead and skidded noiselessly to a stop on the Imperial carpet. Room 1756 now—and what? From the outside, at least, nothing at all but polished dark (Continued on Page 82)

Illustrated by William A. Smith

Hannegan and another precinct man examined the body for some kind of identification.

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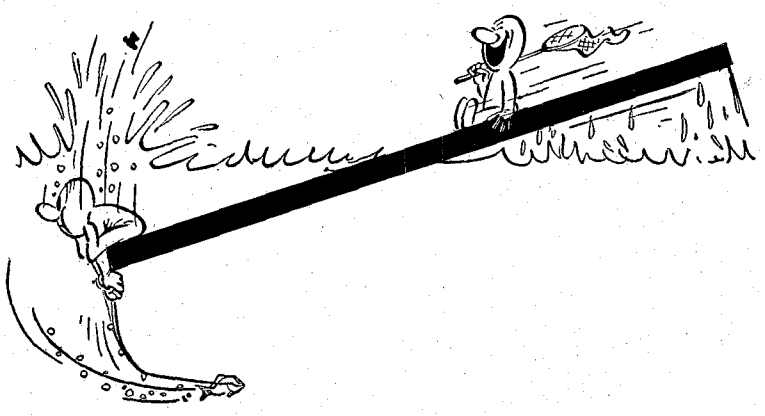
Post Scripts



Ranch-Type Home for Dudes

For those who love the outdoors, but can't afford the trip and rates at a real dude ranch, I offer my home as a substitute. It's in the suburbs, surrounded by fresh air and sunshine, with unlimited activities for the cramped, stifled city dweller. Schedule of daily events below:

7:00 A.M.—Reveille and first chow call.

8:00 A.M.—Assembly at tool crib for choice of morning activity. Both rotary- and reel-type mowers available, and a competent instructor will direct the novice. An expansive vegetable garden as well as numerous flower beds dot the premises for dudes eager to dig into the good earth.

10:00 A.M.—Crafts and hobbies. A small shoe-repair shop has been set up in the basement for those who want to learn a trade. The house itself is chock-full of broken furniture, worn-out toys, old alarm clocks—just about anything to occupy the hands and mind until ——

12:00 NOON—Second chow call. All meals are family style, and guests may feel free to help in preparation, as well as consumption. In fact, we encourage this.

1:00 P.M.—Free time. Do what you will, go where you please, but stay out of the refrigerator and the kids' wading pool.

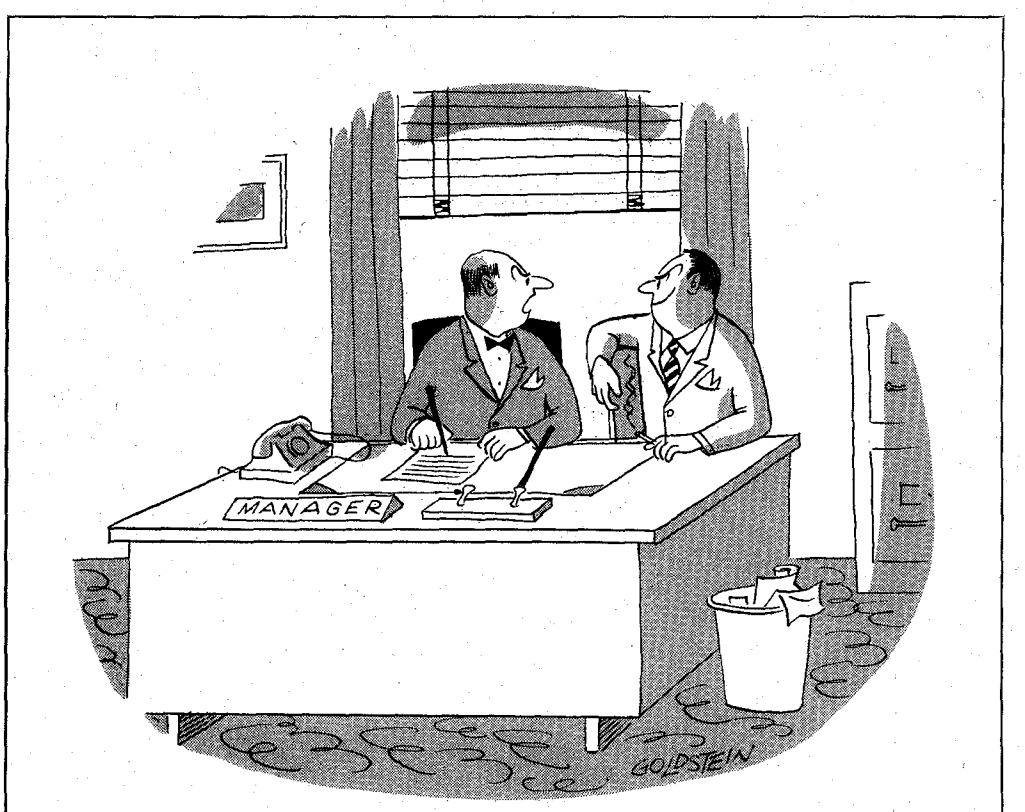
5:00 P.M.—Third and last chow call. Whether it's on the patio, which you helped to build, or gathered around the outdoor barbecue, we make this meal the climax of a day brimful of work and challenge. As dusk falls, we troop inside and clean up the mess we made.

9:00 P.M.—Taps and good night, for tomorrow is another day, and there's still the house to paint.

A. R. SWINNERTON

"Try thinning it out a little, dear."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"I get the feeling, Hadley, you're after my job."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Installment Buying

You pay a dollar or so each month,
For almost as long as time endures,
And by the time you're sick of the thing,
It's yours!

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

Wilbur at Yosemite National Park

". . . *Yosemite Valley is indeed the forest primeval*," quoted Wilbur, as we roared northward on Route 99, reading from a travel folder. "*The sublimity of the scene increases with* ——"

"What does the folder say about camping accommodations?"

"Let's see," said Wilbur. . . . "Here we are: *Accommodations: The Ahwahnee Hotel—American plan. Affords every accommodation that the most fastidious can desire. Lovely, airy rooms with de luxe private bath. De luxe dining room* ——"

"We're not interested in any hotels," I said. "I have already arranged to rent a tent from the Yosemite Park and Curry Company, we have a fresh trout that we'll cook over a campfire, and we shall rest on Nature's bosom, 'neath the murmuring pines and the hemlocks."

"In other words," said Wilbur, "we're going to sleep on the damp ground."

"I'm surprised that a twelve-year-old boy would forgo the chance to camp out," I said. "Doesn't something within you answer the call of Nature?"

"No," said Wilbur. "Something within me answers the call of the de luxe dining room."

"Before pitching camp," I said, "how would you like to stop at the Mariposa Grove?"

"What's that? A night club?"

"No. The Mariposa Grove is a group of giant sequoia trees."

A short time later we turned in at the loop road and wound our way among the majestic trees. We had the novel experience of driving entirely through one of the trees, by means of a tunnel eight feet wide and twenty-six feet long.

"Are you watching the road?" said Wilbur. "If it hadn't been for that hole, we would have hit that tree."

"That is the famous Wawona Tree, Wilbur."

"A peculiar place to plant a tree," said Wilbur. "Right in the middle of the road."

It was nearly dusk before we found a spot which my knowledge of woodcraft told me would make a suitable camp site. I had left the car to inspect the surroundings more closely and, turning back, I was alarmed to observe a bear between me and the car.

"Wilbur!" I shouted.

"Yes?"

"What does it say in the folder about animals?"

"Just a second."

"Hurry!"

"Here it is," called Wilbur. "*Animals: There are twenty-five varieties of reptiles to be found within the park.*"

"Bears!" I shouted.

"Oh, bears. . . . Here we are—*Bears:* it says, *Remain in the car.*"

"What else?"

"That's all. Maybe he'll go away if I give him our trout."

Wilbur flung the fish to the bear, who seized it in his jaws and lumbered off.

"That was quick-witted, Wilbur," I said, relieved.

"Wasn't it?" nodded Wilbur. "Shall we adjourn to the Ahwahnee Hotel for dinner?"

Wilbur had roast pork while I ordered the Salisbury steak. The dinner was good, but as I remarked to Wilbur, hardly the same thing as a trout cooked over a roaring campfire.

"Hardly," agreed Wilbur, spooning a mouthful of applesauce. "By the way, I have been making inquiries and the manager tells me that the hotel is bearproof. Shouldn't we engage one of their large, airy rooms?"

"Perhaps we should," I said, "in view of the bear situation."

"Good," said Wilbur. "Good. . . . May I trouble you for the salt?"

JOHN BAILEY

Fare Play

We've had three days of lavish ways,
Our meals have all been splendid.
We've eaten steak and fancy cake—
But now those days are ended.

No ifs or buts, it's cheaper cuts—
Ground round we eat, halfhearted.
The weekend guest whom we impressed,
You see, has now departed.

RICHARD ARMOUR

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Soup and a sandwich for a guy and his gal!

Somebody likes *his* sandwich big.

Somebody else likes *her* sandwich small!

And so they have a Soup-Plate Lunch—each with a different sandwich, but the same great soup — Campbell's Tomato Soup.

For there's just no disagreeing about Campbell's Tomato Soup. Who doesn't like soup with a sandwich! Like its color . . . that bright red glory-of-the garden color! Like its flavor . . . smooth, rich, glowing with the goodness of the soil and the sun!

There are vitamins, minerals and proteins in this soup. Add milk and you add all of milk's goodness.

And when you fill big comfortable mugs with piping-hot Tomato Soup — then you have something *souper-special!*

Why don't you have good hot soup and a sandwich often! There are 21 Campbell's Soups—and every single one makes a good sandwich taste better!

SOUP-AND-SANDWICH FAVORITES

TOMATO SOUP—ham and cheese and mayonnaise sandwich

CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP—egg-salad sandwich

VEGETABLE BEEF SOUP—peanut-butter sandwich

VEGETABLE SOUP—hamburger sandwich

Once a day . . . every day . . . SOUP!

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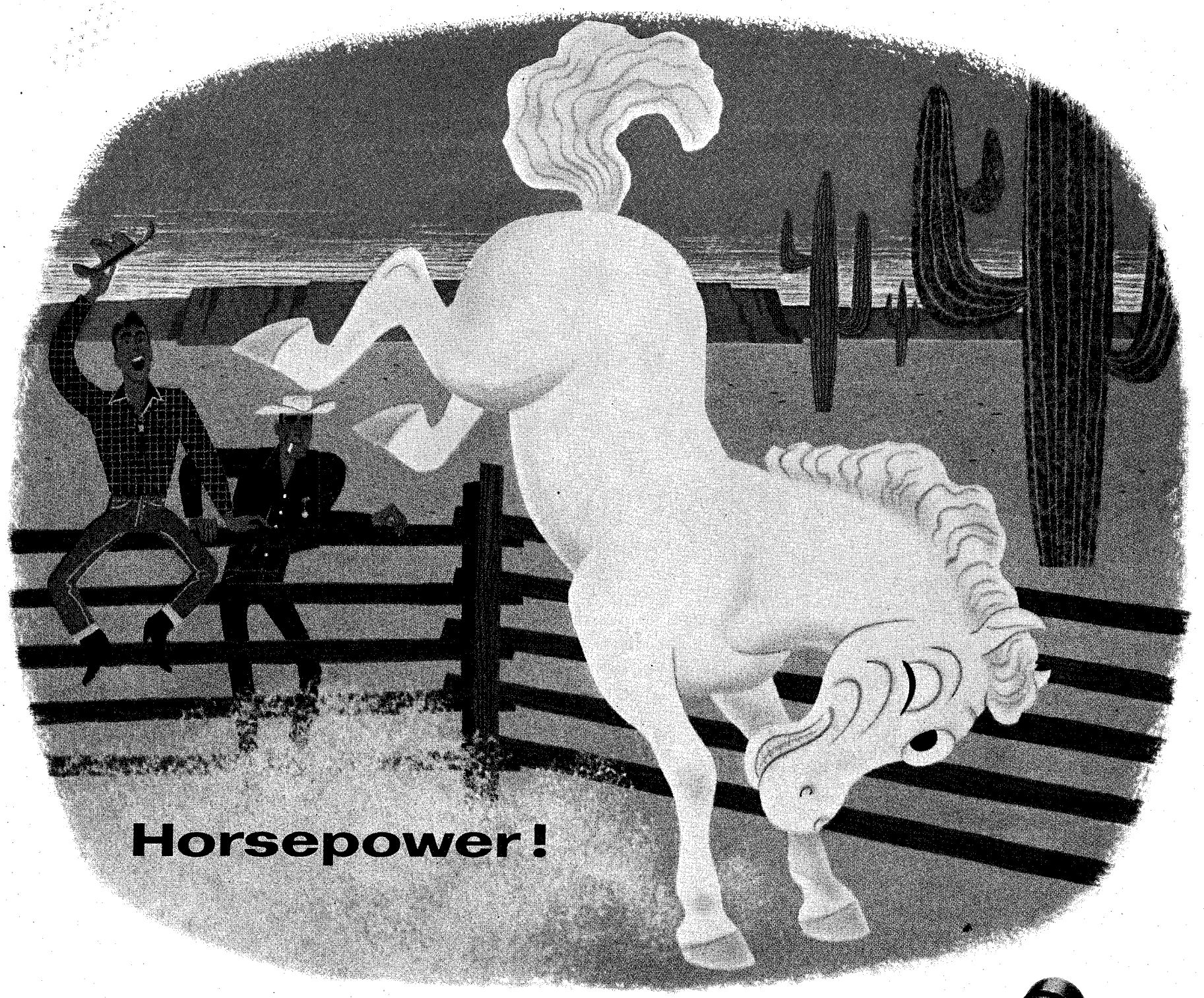


ENJOY FULL-POWER PERFORMANCE WITH AC HOT-TIP SPARK PLUGS!

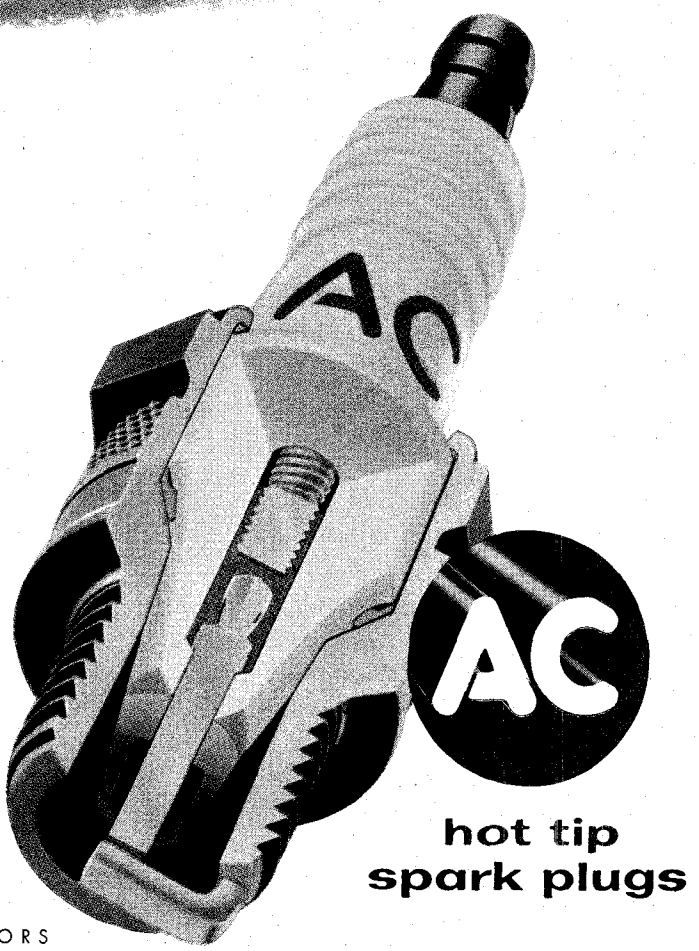
How about *your* car? Still got the zip and the zest and the zing that it used to have?

If not—if there's a soggy feel when you "step on it"—ask your AC dealer for a new set of AC Hot Tips. Then, watch that engine wake up!

You see, AC's long, deep-recessed insulator tips heat faster and hotter than thick-tip insulators can—yet they avoid the danger of pre-ignition because they cool faster, too. Carbon and oil literally burn away before depositing. These cleaner plugs assure positive firing of fuel—the full power that was built into your engine.

Your car needs a new set of lively AC Spark Plugs every 10,000 miles. Always ask for ACs.

Watch BIG TOWN on NBC-TV



hot tip spark plugs

AC SPARK PLUG THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

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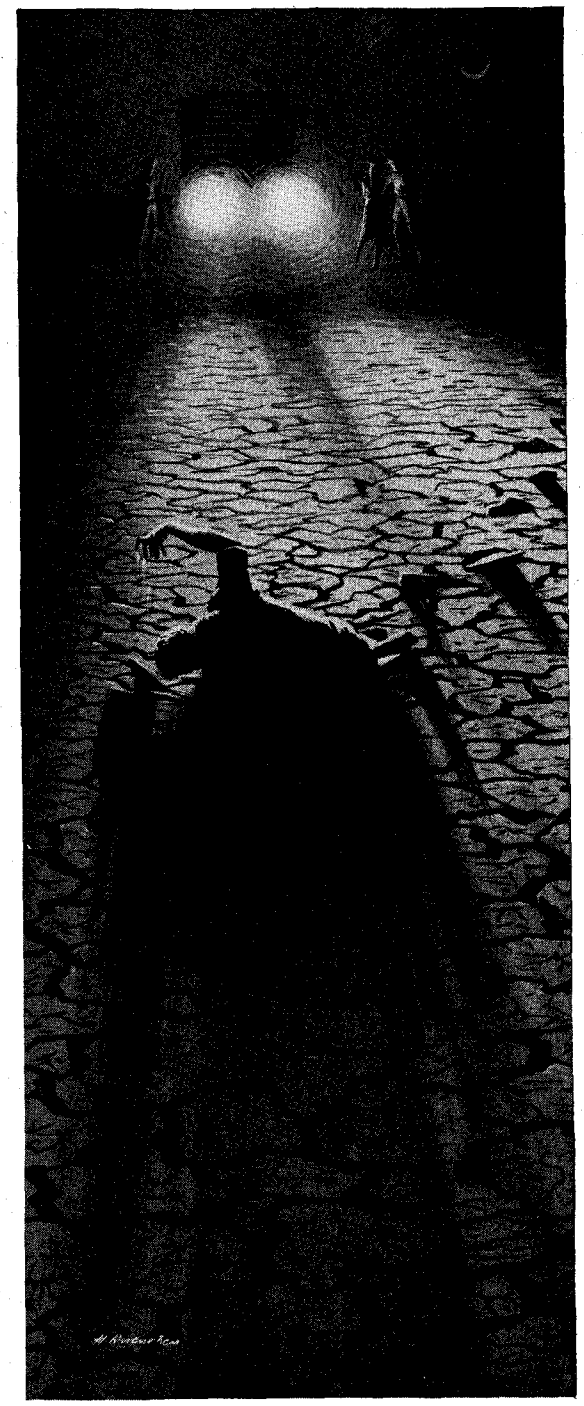
ESCAPE IN THE DESERT

By CHRISTOPHER LANDON

He had broken a law of the desert—

and this was his reward.



In the middle was something that moved . . . a black slug that raised an arm at slow intervals to paw the air.

As Nazi-armor units pressed nearer, the four escapees in the British ambulance contemplated two grim alternatives. The man in command, Capt. George Anson, was speaking: "Well, there it is. In my opinion, a certainty against Jerry; a chance against the marsh."

In the end, the decision fell to Anson, and he chose the marsh—that terrifying expanse of desert known as the Great Depression, which could swallow a man without leaving a trace, once its deceptively thin crust gave way.

The party was fleeing from Tobruk, through German-held territory, to Alexandria. They got as far as Qara, an oasis village, in fairly good shape. There they stored up on gasoline, water and food. But the most treacherous part of the journey lay ahead. And as Anson was the only one who knew the route, the others had to rely on him for navigation.

Captain Zimmerman, the strongest member of the party, was aware of the German plans for this part of Egypt, but to reveal them would be to reveal his own identity. Zimmerman was a German agent, masquerading as a stranded South African officer. His mission was to carry a new-type radio into British-held Cairo, and to join up with P9. Anson, Sgt. Maj. Tom Pugh and nurse Diana Murdoch suspected Zimmerman, but decided to take no action. Zimmerman's strength was of great value to them. And besides, he could do no harm in the middle of the desert—if he could be kept from transmitting his nightly radio messages.

Pugh and Zimmerman were on guard one night, when Zimmerman pretended to hear a strange noise. Tom went out to investigate, and when he returned, Zimmerman was gone.

V

Tom cursed softly, ran a few yards out from the car and went flat on his stomach, swinging his eyes round the level of the sky line. It was an old desert trick; there was always a little difference in the dark of ground and sky, and anything on the first would show up against the latter.

Over to the left. . . . Yes, there was something—a vague, humped bulk jutting from the ground. He stared until his eyes smarted. Was it imagination or was that thing beside it real—a thin dark line that was jerking up against the stars?

"So that's it," he breathed, and regardless of noise, got up and ran toward it.

Zimmerman was standing up again when he reached him, and it was too dark to see his face or note anything more than that his pack was slung loosely over one shoulder.

The big man was peering about him. "I heard something—I swear it. Out near here."

Tom played for time. "Would you like to scout round a bit and see, sir? As long as we don't get too far from the car."

He looked at his watch as he walked, never more than a few yards from Zimmerman. Nine o'clock—so it must have been about eight fifty-five. He must tell the captain that. They made a wide, aimless circle and then went back to the car. They sat on the step, huddled in their blankets, leaning back against the door, waiting. Soon there was a soft sound beside Tom, and he turned to see the big head nodding forward on the chest, the hands falling limp from where they had been folded across the pack. Captain Zimmerman was going to sleep.

He waited, almost holding his breath, for a minute, then reached out gently toward the dark square on the other's lap. In the same instant, there was a grunt, the head jerked up and the body stiffened, just as he pulled his hand back in time.

Zimmerman, yawning, said, "Mustn't do that, must I? Supposed to be on watch."

Tom said, "Yes, sir," and laughed.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing. I was only thinking of something."

He couldn't tell him that it was about the certainty that neither could go to sleep, for the fear of what the other might do. Only, it was going to be an awful long time before the dawn.

Zimmerman lay on his back, staring at the white ceiling above the bunk, feeling the gentle sway of the ambulance as it moved, hearing the creak of the body, the steady soft snores from the sergeant major opposite. He was lucky to be able to sleep; Zimmerman could not. They had been two hours on the road; it was starting to heat up already, but there was no let-up, no peace for him. He lay there, dead tired, yet wide awake, sweating—and thinking.

Were they very clever—or complete stupid fools? His mind dodged back over every incident: how they had reacted; how his own varying moods of contempt and wariness had pulled him this way and that, like a straw in the wind.

Last night. Had that been deliberate or an accident—when the sergeant major had come blundering at him out of the dark, before he had even got the aerial right up and had had no chance to transmit? Was it coincidence that it was the only time there had been anything to transmit—that Siwa was undefended? And what had he been thinking the rest of the night, as they both struggled to keep awake, so correct, speaking only when spoken to, but even then with a barrier of reserve he could never penetrate?

(Continued on Page 87)

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He's Never Out of Trouble

(Continued from Page 20)

through a hotel waiter in Philadelphia. The waiter said Martin had been signing his meal chits, but not touching his food. For three days he had consumed nothing but a few glasses of hot lemonade.

Mauch and several players bodily lifted Martin onto the scales. Normally, he weighs around 163. The needle stopped at 132, a loss of thirty-one pounds in less than four weeks.

That was a prelude to Martin's involvement with sleeping pills. He ended up the 1952 campaign as something of a hero. His eleventh-inning, two-run single against the Athletics clinched the pennant-deciding game two days before the close of the season, and his epic diving catch of Jackie Robinson's wind-blown pop fly was the crucial play in the Yankees' World Series victory over Brooklyn. But in 1953 he slowly slid into a state of extreme depression. He found that making daily trips to worship at St. Patrick's Church in New York was about all that could stave off a mental breakdown. Leaving Mass early one morning, he was halted by a parishioner on the steps. The national wave of Yankeephobia then was at its peak, much of it centering on Billy Martin, who had figured in numerous fights. "I know who you are!" the man shouted. "If you're a member of this parish, I quit!"

An old sacroiliac injury was kicking Martin around, too, and his wife's lawyers were pressing for the divorce. At this point he became a nerve-pill addict. "I was on them almost all season—two a night," he says. "I took over three hundred goof balls. Even then, most nights I'd be walking the floor until daylight."

When a seemingly miraculous performance by Martin then followed in the 1953 World Series, the newspapers had a pat answer. The accepted idea was that Billy (The Kid) Martin, who'd batted only .257 on the season, was "relaxed" during the classic. Actually, he was in a walking trance. Martin, a Catholic, believes that God held his bat as he tied the all-time Series mark of twelve base hits and broke Babe Ruth's six-game Series record for total bases, with twenty-three.

Billy was a popular celebrity, for once. But he was so unsettled by shifting fortune, ill health and his failing marriage that he turned down $14,000 in testimonial and TV offers, in order to return to his Berkeley home. There he spent a week in bed.

The olive-skinned Martin is of Portuguese-Italian descent, but he recognizes only the Italian of his mother's side. His father, a Portuguese crop hand from the Hawaiian island of Kauai, abandoned his mother when Billy was eight months old. In Berkeley, the person closest to his background is Father Dennis Moore, of St. Ambrose's Church. The priest offers supporting evidence for the theory that Billy never was well equipped for life in the big-league squirrel cage.

"He was born here, not far from the church," says Father Moore. "I first saw him at age eight or nine. He was a solemn little fellow. Billy would sweep out the church in exchange for food packages for his mother and younger sister. I believe he was able to attend one summer camp as a boy. He scrubbed floors and washed walls at the Y.M.C.A. to get that trip, since he had no money. The family was very poor. When he was ten, they ate some tainted meat and it was thought Billy would die. The church even made plans to bury him."

Boyhood poverty is nothing new among ballplayers. In this instance, loss of a father's guidance was added. At fifteen, growing up in a congested near slum on 7th Street, six blocks from the Berkeley docks, Billy developed into a street fighter—a ruddy terror, by all accounts—and a problem boy at school. Berkeley High School authorities are reluctant to admit it, but twice he was thrown off the baseball and basketball teams for beating up opponents.

"When Billy went into professional baseball," Father Moore says, "I prayed he would get some wise counseling. Life had made him most vulnerable."

Skipping ahead to the present, the cleric's words have a challenging ring.

Just how good a job have the Yankees done with their second baseman? Here opinion splits like a souvenir bat. Since a youth's basic personality takes shape even before he begins shaving, the Yankees hardly could have reconstructed Billy when he joined them from the Oakland Oaks in 1950—at the age of twenty-two. Minor problems of spirit and ego can be cured by a manager or wise old coach. But the deep anxieties and set drives usually are beyond reach.

As some of his best friends see it, anxiety begets such typical Martin displays as swearing at his own teammates, relying on sleeping potions and swinging a rolled-up bath towel at imaginary pitches in his hotel room. All this is interpreted as reflecting the insecurity of an ex-poor boy who clutches at good fortune, while doubting that it can last.

On the other hand, some critics feel that the Yankees have given Billy too much rope and aggravated his natural edginess. "They've encouraged a jittery kid to play the tough little mug," charges Frank Lane, now general manager of the Cardinals, but for years an American Leaguer. "You can see why Martin's the Rocky Graziano of baseball. It's colorful and it helps keep the other clubs' spikes honest. But it won't add any years to his playing time. What they should have done, for everybody's benefit, was tone him 'way down."

A full review of Billy's bumpsy-daisy career indicates that no one factor—past environment, the Yanks in particular or big-time pressure generally—should get blanket blame. All have had a part.

One thing is definite: the Yankees were made aware very early that Martin was the problem type. As a rookie, he attracted attention immediately. On opening day of 1950 in Boston he hit a double and a single in the same inning, setting an American League record for a player appearing in his first big-league game. A bit later, he touched Sam Zoldak, of Cleveland, for a three-run home run. Everyone agreed that he had shown enough to stay with the Bombers. But because Jerry Coleman and Snuffy Stirnweiss were on hand at second base, it was necessary to farm him to Kansas City temporarily.

Martin's bags were packed when he suddenly turned on general manager George Weiss. "I'll make you pay for abusing me like this!" he cried. "I'll get even!" He made the threat explicit by predicting he'd be a real star before long, and would charge his employers plenty of money by way of recompense.

Weiss let the outburst pass and, indeed, recalled Martin from Kansas City after only twenty-nine games. As a utility infielder, Billy batted .250 with the Yankees that year and played in just thirty-four games. Yet he was the noisiest man on the bench. Some insiders watched uneasily as manager Casey Stengel, who had directed Billy in the minors at Oakland in 1948 and developed a paternal fondness for him, slapped his knee in glee at each new Martin brain storm. Stengel indulgently referred to him as "that fresh kid who's always sassing everybody and getting away with it."

If Weiss and Stengel didn't see fit to spank, a California court moved sternly the next winter. When Billy collided with another motorist, the man accused him and two comrades of assault and battery during the ensuing argument. It cost the ballplayer a $2658 damage judgment.

In 1951, Martin averaged .259 and figured in but fifty-one games. None of this deterred him when Joe DiMaggio retired and left an empty locker. Breezily, Kid Martin moved his equipment into the stall which other Yanks felt should be no less than a shrine.

Billy tangled in 1952 with Clint Courtney, of St. Louis—now of Washington—Jimmy Piersall, of Boston, and Matt Batts, of Detroit. The Courtney affair now is held up as Yankee policy at its most dubious. To discourage the husky catcher from overfree use of his spikes, a clubhouse meeting was held. Martin testifies that he was nominated team "policeman." He has since reflected, "I guess I was expendable."

But it was Courtney who was physically hurt, as Martin slapped the ball into his mouth on a tag-out at second. There erupted a Yankee-Brownie free-for-all, following which Billy paid $150 of a total of $850 in fines, the largest in league history. He became known as "Kayo" and "The Agitator." Around his neck he wore a pair of miniature boxing gloves.

One of baseball's most pathetic sights was a Martin-Piersall bare-knuckles battle under the stands in June of 1952. The Red Sox outfielder was gravely ill at the time. Within two months Piersall was hospitalized and under psychiatric treatment.

"I'm ashamed of that," Billy comments. "I didn't know Piersall was on the verge of cracking up. My only excuse is that I was only a jump away from the guys in the white coats, myself."

Martin's fan mail—running to 700 letters a month, better than 90 per cent unfavorable—has included the usual threats of assassination by high-powered rifle, explosives, poison and hit-run automobile. At close range, he has taken a worse beating. At Comiskey Park, in Chicago, a box-seat claque had read an untrue news report that Billy's wife was suffering financial hardship at home. A baby's bottle hit the turf at Martin's feet. "Go home and feed your babies, you no-good!" the fans chorused.

Martin rides out the attacks with a surface "Who Cares?" attitude. As long as baserunners and head-dusting pitchers single him out as a target, he'll retaliate, he insists. When he really lets down his hair, however, he confesses that there's no more lonesome feeling than to step to bat and hear a growl swelling into a massed "Boo-oo-oo!"

Another unhappy by-product is the small amount of praise his real skills have attracted. Most great second basemen have been more than fancy fielders. They have had imaginative flair. Short-legged but long-armed, Kid Martin has the ideal build for making quick, spinning plays and whipping the ball to first. In 1952 he helped set a team record of 199 double plays. And he scores high in imagination. One typical stunt is to "walk up" on the pitcher, or take a quick two-step forward at the peak of the wind-up. He did it in the seventh game of the World Series last fall. Johnny Podres was rattled and threw a cripple pitch which went for a line-drive single. Preacher Roe likewise was surprised in the '53 Series. Martin briskly walked up and hit a home run off Roe.

Where he also shines unseen is at guessing his opponent's intent. "There was the time Andy Pafko was the runner on third for Brooklyn. A run would tie the game," says Gil McDougald, the Yank shortstop. "Charley Dressen was doing a crazy dance in the coaching box and nobody had a clue to the sign. Three years earlier, in the minors, Billy had played under Dressen. He remembered the squeeze-play sign they used then was hidden in the dance. But Dressen had made some changes. The sign was different now. At the last second, Billy glanced at Joe Black, the hitter. From Black's bug-eyed look, he was sure the squeeze was on. He hollered a warning to our pitcher. I've always figured that was a $70,000 yell."

Allie Reynolds threw a pitchout to catcher Yogi Berra, who had Pafko trapped cold by fifteen feet as he tried to steal home. That one piece of mind reading turned the tide in a 1952 Series game. It was in the seventh and final game of this same Series that Martin shot from nowhere to make a finger-tip catch of the Jackie Robinson pop-up that nearly fell safe with the bases loaded. The two plays undoubtedly were worth the $70,000 McDougald mentions—the difference between the winning and losing team shares.

Martin doesn't often strike out and strand runners. He is a full-cutting right-handed hitter who rates low in power—75 per cent of his hits are singles. It's unlikely he'll ever average .300 for a full season. But under pinch conditions he's always dangerous. In his last complete year of 1953, he drove in more runs—seventy-five—than any of the other Yanks except Yogi Berra, Mickey Mantle and Gil McDougald. Another surprising figure is this: after Home Run Baker and Lou Gehrig, the stringy-looking Martin has the

(Continued on Page 46)

Rendezvous

By Ethel Jacobson

Cat at the pane,
You press and stare,
Each sinew taut,
Each nerve aware
Of the hillside gleaming
In silver-gilt
Where the tipsy moon
Has stumbled and spilt
Its brimming bucket,
Of stars that dance
On the soaring tips
Of each pine-tree lance,
And of shadows like pools
Of indigo ink
Where something moves,
And wild eyes blink.

You paw till we lift
The casement latch,
Then softly you bound
Toward the alder patch
Where the deepest, dark-furred
Shadow falls—
Where night awaits,
And moonlight calls.

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Is it getting louder—*night after night?*

In the stillness of the night you lie there . . . it's been this way for hours. You've been asleep—yet you *haven't.*

You can't exactly say *why* you can't relax. You keep telling yourself that nothing is wrong. BUT, as you are about to doze off, there's that squeak *again*—like someone trying to open the door . . . someone tiptoeing across the floorboards.

You've had these restless nights before. Too many.

As you lie there, all tense and rigid—listening to squeaks and noises made by an *imaginary* intruder—you try not to fret about the problems and tasks that you must face come morning. And when the morning light does appear, you wish with all your heart that you didn't have to get up. But somehow you do.

Some of your days are just as trying, and perhaps when you're alone, you sometimes find yourself brooding or even sobbing quietly.

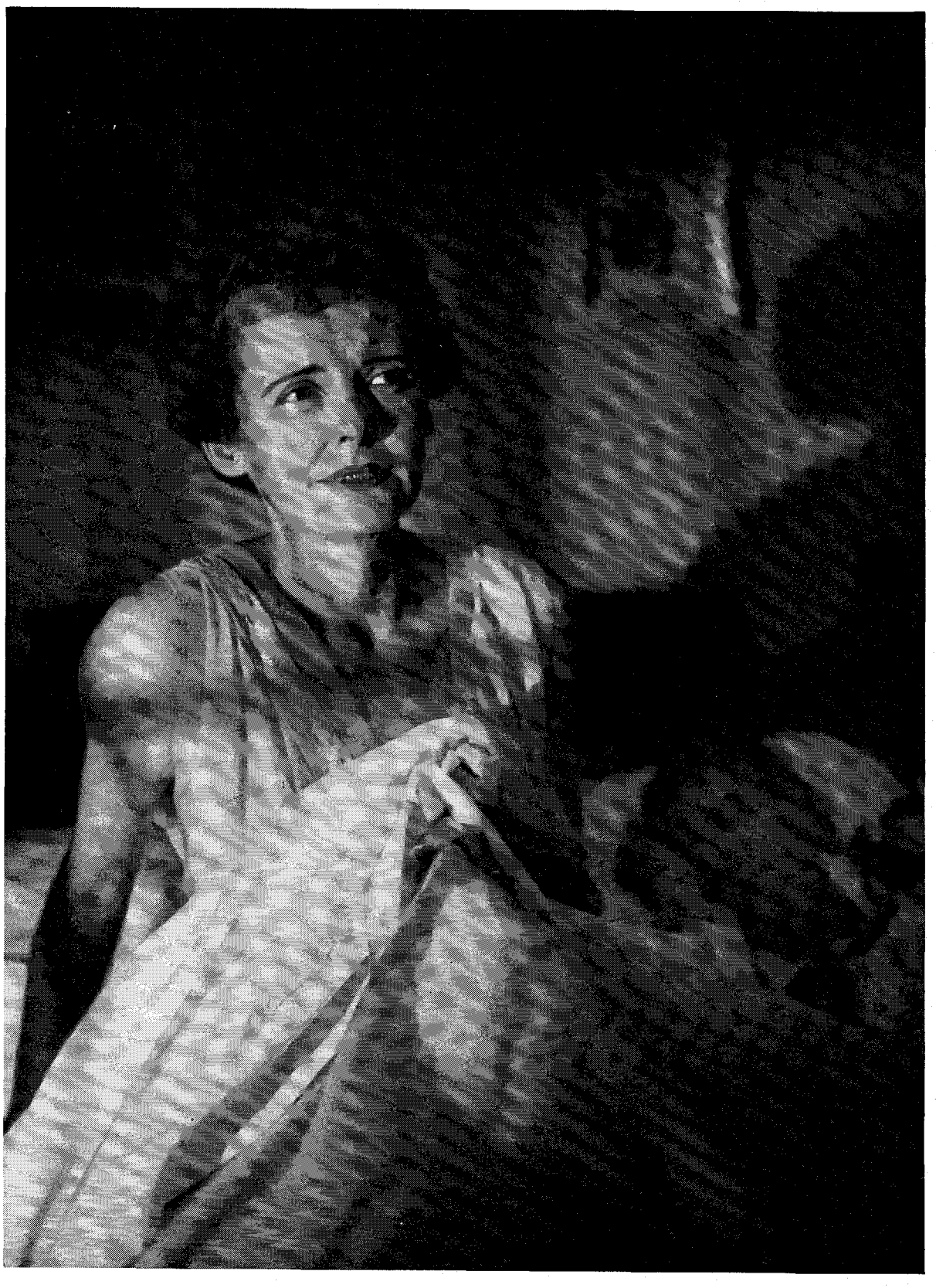
What woman doesn't have troubles!

"Oh, bosh!" you say, "I've had bad spells from time to time, but what woman doesn't? *After all, caring for a husband and family is no picnic.* It's only normal that I concern myself with troubles every woman has."

You may be able to convince yourself that these excuses are reasonable at times, but let's look at the problem coldly, sensibly. *Certainly it is NOT normal for a woman to feel tense, irritable day after day.*

What's *happened* to your easygoing nature? Why *are* you so easily upset, so tense?

Well, if you've been bothered by nerves, indigestion or headaches . . . perhaps you've been the victim of a seemingly innocent habit . . . the habit of relying on the caffein in coffee or tea for a quick pick-up.



Your doctor would tell you . . .

Your doctor would be the first to tell you that, for some people, one of the worst offenders against the human nervous system is caffein.

The use of this strong stimulant day after day, week after week, may make you jumpy, nervous, irritable, hard to live with. However, if you're addicted to this habit, there's no reason in the world why you can't get yourself in tune again, begin to feel as you'd like to.

You replace a *bad* habit with a *good* one.

You switch from caffein-heavy drinks to a wonderful hot beverage—*Instant Postum.*

There isn't a taut nerve, a sleepless hour or a headache in Postum. It can't make you nervous, irritable. It can't keep you awake at night because there isn't a single grain, speck or fleck of caffein in it.

New! Tastes like coffee

Now available for the first time is a new, delicious Instant Postum—Imitation Coffee Flavor.

What a rich aroma this new beverage has! And it tastes so full-bodied, so satisfying.

You make Postum instantly, right in the cup. Just add boiling water and stir. You can enjoy it straight or with cream and sugar, all day long, without fear.

Your grocer has both new Imitation Coffee Flavor Instant Postum and regular Instant Postum with a distinctive flavor that millions have enjoyed for years.

You owe it to yourself and to your family to try this satisfying, caffein-free beverage not just once, but for 30 consecutive days. After all, you can't expect to free yourself from the accumulated effect of a habit of years in two or three days or even a week.

Costs half as much as most coffees

Whether you choose new Imitation Coffee Flavor Instant Postum (red label) or regular Instant Postum (blue label), you'll get up to 100 cups from the 8-oz. jar and up to 50 cups from the 4-oz. jar—*for less than a cent a cup!* Both are so low-priced, compared with ground, instant or decaffeinated coffees. Cup for cup, Postum costs only *half as much.*

So, try Instant Postum for at least 30 days—take this one step that may make a real difference in your life . . . give you zest to renew friendships . . . make *every* day so very worth while!

Don't let another day go by without giving caffein-free Postum a fair trial. Start the 30-day test *today.* See if you don't feel better! Act better! Look better! Postum is a registered trade-mark of General Foods.

Frostiest, most refreshing drink you'll taste all summer! It's the Postum milk shake—made with cold milk and Instant Postum. See easy directions on jars. You'll enjoy iced Instant Postum, too—and Instant Postum is always delicious hot. Have some today—*any* way!

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(*Continued from Page 44*) third-highest World Series lifetime batting mark—.347—among players who have appeared in twenty or more Series games.

Veteran Cleveland pitcher Bob Lemon puts Billy at the top of American League second basemen. Ty Cobb has been pleased to compare The Kid with his old-time self. Still, Martin never has made an all-league team, and has generally been far down in the annual All-Star Game voting. He had the reverse distinction of being selected as the "unhappiest" and "most conceited" Yankee in a 1954 poll of baseball writers.

"I'll tell you this," says Jackie Jensen, of the Red Sox, who grew up on the same California sand lots as Martin. "I admire Billy tremendously. He's held onto his pride under some pretty hard circumstances. Back home, nobody thought he had a chance to go up to the majors—he had so many strikes against him."

Billy was born May 16, 1928, the second eldest of four children. His mother, the former Joan Salvini, of San Francisco's Italian colony, remarried after her husband disappeared. The infant Billy never saw his own father.

Since Billy's divorce, he has come home and now lives during the wintertime in the same second-story room where he was born. In addition to his mother and his stepfather, Jack Downey, the household includes his young brother, Jackie, twenty-three, and his sister, Joan, fifteen. A sixty-year-old relic, the house is in one of Berkeley's most unfashionable districts. There are sentimental memories, though, and $5000 of Martin's earnings have gone into remodeling it inside and installing a freezer, refrigerator and electric dishwasher.

His stepdad, asthmatic for years, is unemployable. Billy has been the family's chief support since he was nineteen. During some of his teen-age years, a WPA job held by Jack Downey and vacation work as a steel-mill roustabout by Billy brought in the family's total income—twenty-two dollars a week.

A shaping influence in his life was "Nona," a remarkable grandmother. This non-English-speaking Italian woman raised fifteen children herself, then four children of a widowed daughter's family, plus Billy. Until he was thirteen, he shared his grandmother's bed. She boxed his ears, patched his clothes and saw that he graduated from high school.

By accident, she also gave him the name he uses in baseball. To Nona, he was "Bello," or, roughly translated from Italian, "cute." The 7th Street gang in Berkeley thought she meant "Billy," and adopted it.

Nona died in 1946. Billy was badly shaken. "I never felt equal to people," is his description of his adolescent days. "Sports was one way I could even up."

At Berkeley High School, he was a scrappy basketball forward and a small but clever shortstop. His prep coach, Fred Moffett, remembers him as extremely team-spirited, but quick to explode. Provoking Billy by calling him "Pinocchio"—for his oversized nose—became a favorite City League pastime.

"Some games he would ride it out, in others he'd go wild," states Moffett. "In his senior year he had a .470 average and a chance for the league batting title. Some Hayward High rooters got on him. He went in swinging. And he did a lot of damage. Because he was also having trouble in the classroom, school authorities dropped him from the squad."

Says Babe Van Heuit, one of his teammates, "I've never seen anyone so broken up. Billy would hang around the practice field like a lost soul."

Augie Galan, who had sixteen years in the big leagues as an outfielder and infielder, extended a helping hand to Martin. Galan encouraged Billy to play with his James Kenney Playfield sand-lotters, even while the youngster was working a full summertime shift at a steel mill. It impressed Galan that Billy took all his earnings home and played with a frayed glove and twenty-five-cent cap. At seventeen, Billy stood five-five and weighed 125 pounds, but already he had mastered many of the baseball arts.

The next step was a Galan-to-Red Adams maneuver. Presently, Billy was playing a sparkling game of shortstop for Adams' Junior Oaks at the Oakland park, which led to a talk with Brick Laws, owner of the Coast League Oaks. Laws can vouch that loyalty, if not logic, always has been a strong point with Martin. The owner urged Billy to break off association with his 7th Street pals, an underprivileged bunch of rowdies.

"Mr. Laws," said Billy steadily, "if I have to do that, I don't want to play ball for you. I'll quit first."

Billy was seventeen when the Oaks signed him to a $200-a-month contract and added a $300 wardrobe. As the busher is bent, so the major-league timber grows, to twist an adage, and Martin's minor-league years certainly weren't spent under managers who taught the steady, tactical game. He was assigned to Phoenix in 1947, where his boss was Arky Biggs. A firebrand, Biggs played second base to Martin's third base. The team—known as the Junior Gas House Gang—had as its war cry, "Knock 'em down!"

"Right away I found out how lousy baseball can get," says Martin. "One night at Bisbee, Clint Courtney—the same guy I later tangled with in the majors—almost cut off Biggs' legs with his spikes. Biggs was through for the season. He had to move me to second and I made fifty-five errors—which cost us the pennant."

A .392 average and 174 runs batted in, both of which led the Arizona-Texas League, advanced Billy to Oakland in 1948. The story goes that he learned the fine points of his trade under Oakland managers Casey Stengel and Charley Dressen the next two years. Another viewpoint is that his aggressiveness was encouraged by two men eager to gain major-league positions. Both did succeed in moving up, while Billy became one of the most colorful imps in Coast League history.

He was spiked in the knee and chest and injured in the neck. One clawing match with Lou Stringer, of Hollywood—with Stengel joining in what became a battle royal—left Martin with a sore knee and stiff neck. Big-league scouts had been very high on him, according to an Oakland front-office source. They were thinking in terms of $50,000. After he was hurt, he was no price at all. The Yankees picked him up as a throw-in on the Jackie Jensen deal.

Jensen was paid a $65,000 bonus for signing. Nothing was paid Martin, who, in fact, took a cut from his $9000-a-season pay at Oakland to $7500 with the Yankees. Martin makes it clear that he still is bitter about the way the Yanks obtained him.

Since then, circumstances have had a way of clouding his brightest moments. For instance, he won the Babe Ruth Memorial Trophy as the outstanding player of the 1953 World Series, but did not formally receive it until last September before 63,000 fans in Yankee Stadium. The presentation had been delayed while he served a controversial hitch in the Army.

He was called up early in 1954. Because of his five dependents, he protested his Berkeley draft board's right to take him. One San Francisco newspaper received 300-odd caustic letters—with Billy on the catching end. Low-salaried men in the service felt no sympathy for Martin, then earning $15,000 per season plus about $7000 per World Series.

In his defense, it is on record that in 1951 he served five Army months. When a Red Cross investigation turned up financial distress at home, he was dependency-discharged. "If that applied then," he hotly protested three years later, "it still does." But a bad press compounds itself. Even his home-town papers were coldly critical.

Martin now claims he was persecuted by Army brass hats at Fort Ord, California, to the point where he almost struck a major. He condensed his complaints in a letter to Congressman William E. Hess, of Ohio, the chairman of a committee to investigate reported "coddling" of athletes in service. If he was coddled, Martin wrote Hess, so was Wainwright after Corregidor.

Release of the letter brought Billy some of the more resounding slaps he's taken. Hess looked into the plight of Private Martin, but with inconclusive results. Mickey Mantle was concerned enough over his pal's bad press to fly to Camp Carson, Colorado—Billy's new station—and advise a period of complete silence.

Those near and those dear to Billy wish it made clear—and they are right—that there is much more to him than generally is publicized. Some sterling qualities enter into his make-up. At Camp Carson he became a model and popular soldier. He was promoted to corporal. Upon discharge, he was given an honor-guard send-off by his platoon.

When two automobiles were awarded him by booster groups for his big 1953 season, he gave one of them, worth $5000, to Father Moore, of St. Ambrose's. An attractive home for his former wife is maintained by Martin. He has started a college-education fund for his four-year-old daughter, Kelly Ann. He provides substantially for his mother and stepdad and his teen-age sister, Joanie.

"I don't see how anyone can ever criticize Billy," Joanie says with puzzlement. She soon will enter college at her brother's expense. She may select any school she wishes.

"I hope it's one of the expensive Eastern schools," remarks Martin. "Nobody in my family ever went to college. The day Joanie graduates, I'll figure my baseball has really paid off."

Friends feel that Billy's relationship with Mantle has been a timely brace for him—despite the gossip that the pair don't always observe the team curfew. Once it was rumored that the Yanks were about to separate the roommates. Martin quipped to reporters, "Why bother? We'll just keep two other guys out late."

Seriously, Martin contends that their "night life" has consisted of watching TV fights and drinking a few beers at their favorite New York hangout.

Both are movie buffs. "We sit with an empty seat between us," reports Mantle. "I get excited and swing my arms, and Bill spills messy chocolate on my clothes."

Mantle feels that his friend's complete dedication to baseball needs leavening. He argues for other interests. Lately, Martin has started reading books and magazines on history and world affairs. Off season, he visits the Mr. and Mrs. Mickey Mantle home at Commerce, Oklahoma. A fine quail shot, country-boy Mantle has taught city-boy Martin how to shoot, ride and rope.

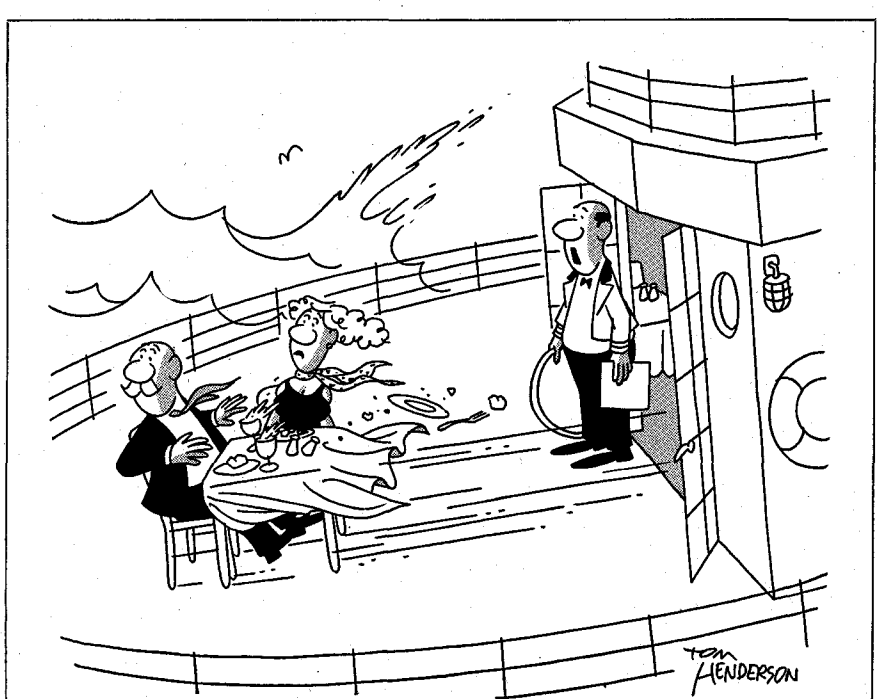
Another heartening development is the obvious sign of growing maturity in the second baseman's face. The first worry wrinkles are appearing. Early this season—the Lasorda affair at Kansas City excepted—he was much less explosive than usual. Martin is but halfway to the goal of becoming a ten-year man in the majors. A serious injury to legs already scarred could take away his livelihood.

"I don't have much saved," he says, "and I don't expect I'll be asked to manage a team. If I'd opened a little pizza-and-scallopini restuarant or a used-car lot when I was eighteen, I'd have more than I have now to show for ten years' work."

Caution may have caught up, and perspective too. He says, "They keep telling me I'm a key man of the Yankees. It's always 'What Martin can do to fire up the team.' Well, I'll go on doing it the best I can. But I'm remembering my mistakes. From now on, I'm also looking out for yours sincerely, who hasn't played it so smart."

Those who place personal values on a par with pennants flying over the stadium hope he keeps this resolve. In the meantime, parents of precocious young ballplayers might well take Martin's case to heart. A boy may have all the physical attributes and be bursting with ambition. The question is: When he gets up there, can he cope with the rest of it?

THE END



"Aren't you folks staying for dessert?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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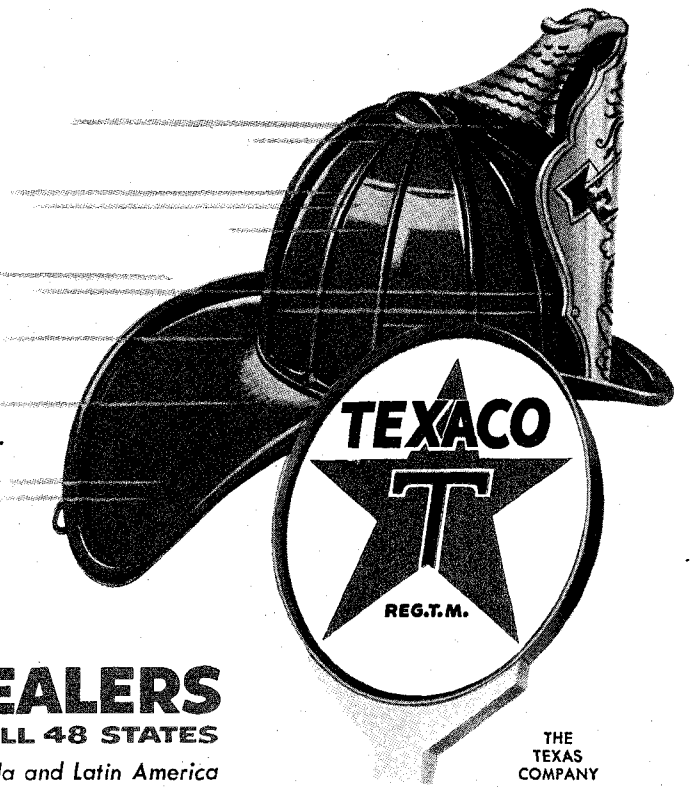

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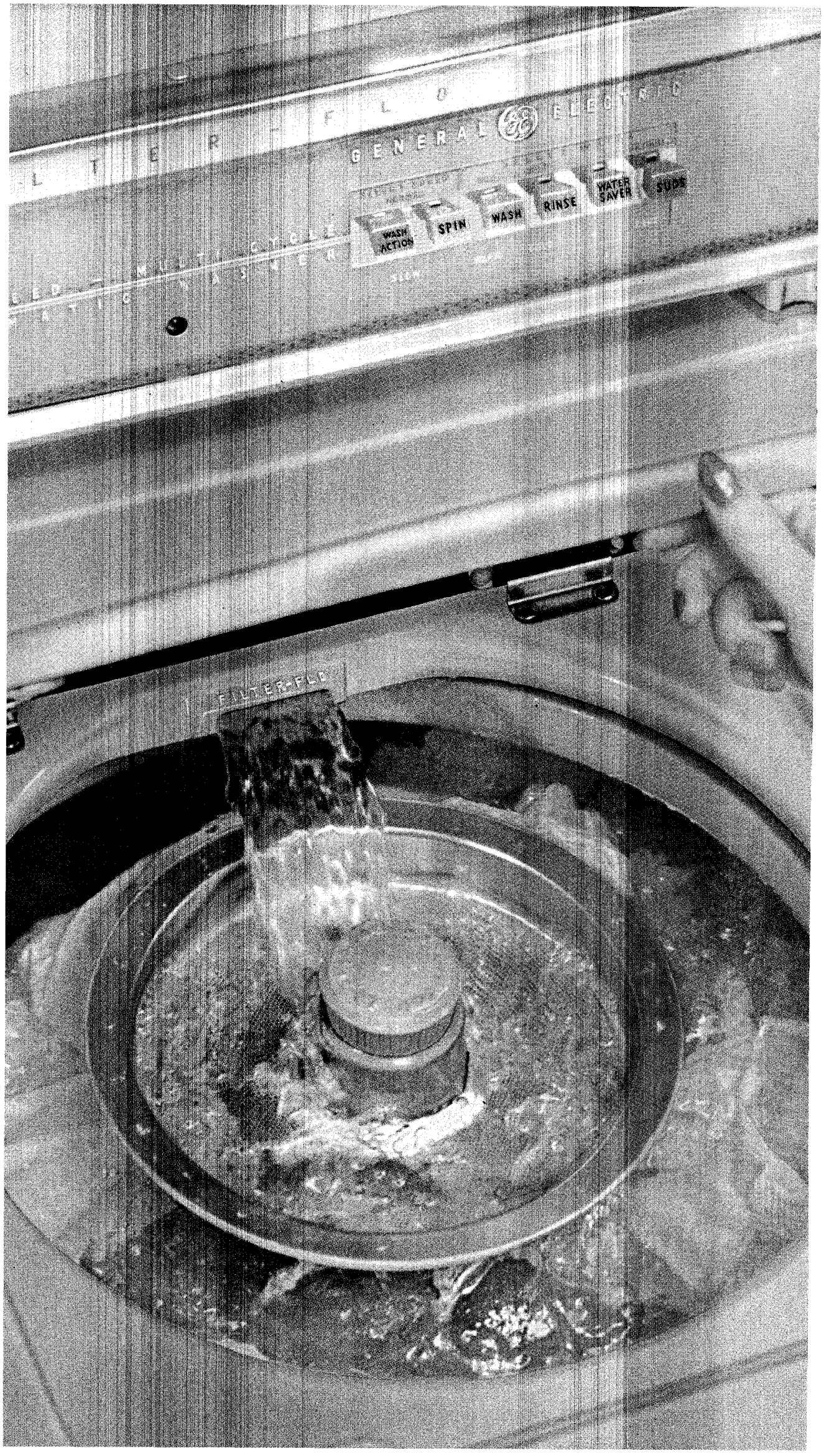

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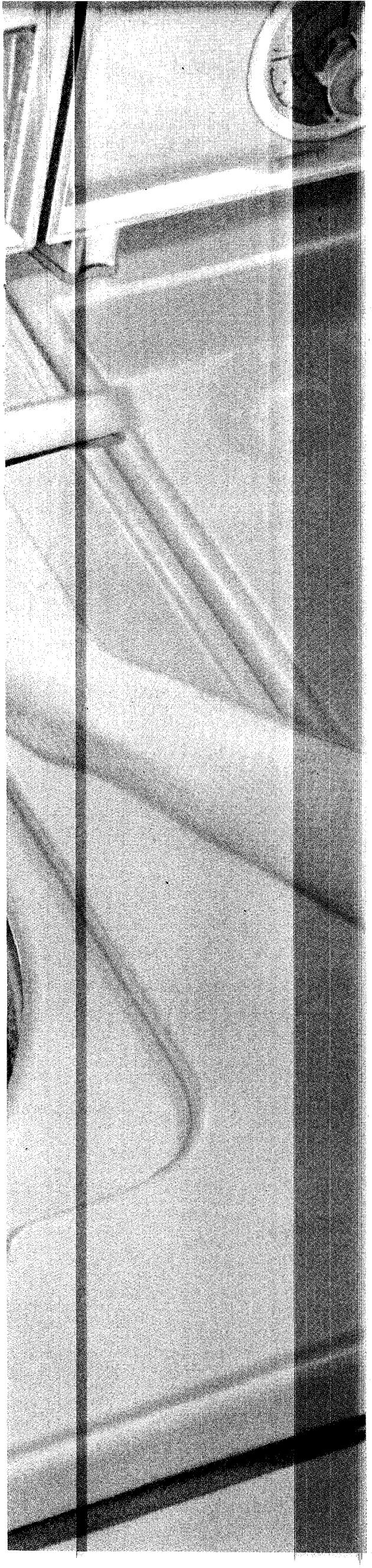

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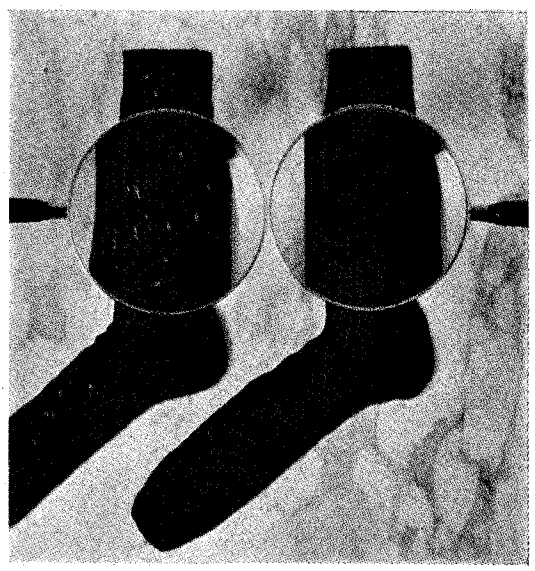
1957 General Electric Filter-Flo® Washer

with 2 wash speeds—2 spin speeds to suit all types of fabrics

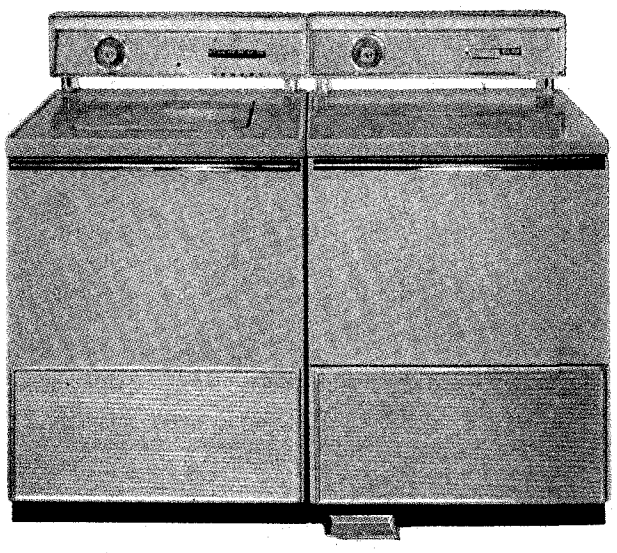
No lint fuzz on clothes! General Electric's new Filter-Flo Washer cleans and recleans wash water to give you cleaner clothes. As you wash, lint is caught in the filter instead of on socks, linens, cottons. Sand and soap scum are removed automatically.

Two wash speeds . . . two spin speeds! Now you can simply set any combination you wish to give every fabric "exactly right" washing care. The 1957 Filter-Flo lets you choose either Normal or Slow Wash Action Speed . . . and Normal or Slow Spin Speed. Wash nylon shirts without setting wrinkles. Wash "fragiles" without frays. End hand washing.

Three ways to save hot water! *Water Saver Control* saves over 20 gallons on small loads. *Choice of Warm or Cold Water Rinses* saves extra hot water. And new *Automatic Suds Return System* (optional) sets aside hot sudsy *filtered* water for a second wash if you wish.



Proof! Sock at left after 7 washings in an ordinary washer is dulled by hard-to-brush-off lint fuzz. Sock at right after 7 washings with an identical load in a G-E Filter-Flo shows *practically no lint.* The filter is removable.



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Whingding of the Movie Queens

(Continued from Page 23)

in the morning dancing with the photographers, who are at least under eighty.

Actually, the townspeople of Cannes are not invited to anything connected with the Festival, not to any of the hundreds of official or unofficial cocktail parties or receptions, not to any of the flower-decked luncheons or champagne-sprinkled dinners, not even to any of the film showings. Even armed with 1000 francs—$2.85—which is the legal price of admittance to the Festival showings, not more than one or two local citizens with exceptional stamina and patience can get in. For although the palace holds 1569, only 100 seats are put on sale to the public, and are so quickly scalped up for the black market that the Sold Out sign invariably goes up before the ticket window opens. The mayor's "*personnalités régionales*" do a bit better; 250 of the best seats in the house are reserved for them.

The good townsfolk of Cannes might be astounded to know who is picking up the tab for all this tantalizing but untouchable glamour. It may be a disservice to tell them. For the answer is: They are. The annual Film Festival of Cannes costs 50,000,000 francs to put on. Half of this is subsidized by the state, and thus comes out of the federal taxes of every Frenchman, including the Cannois. The other 25,000,000 is subsidized by the city of Cannes itself and its mother department, the Alpès-Maritimes, through local taxes. This means that the so-called "natives" shoved behind the wooden fences of the Croisette are footing the greater part of the bill for all the celestial monkeyshines that Hollywood, Paris, London and Tokyo see fit to put on here. In addition, the city of Cannes tosses in free use of its Festival Palace, which is off bounds to its own citizens, pays for the installation of the special lighting throughout the city, and at midpoint in the Festival throws an expensive Battle of Flowers to amuse its guests. For the average Cannois, this is like paying the check in a night club without getting to see the floor show.

There are, of course, compensations, most incalculable of which is the honor of entertaining the stars of the film world at all. For the merchants of the city, there is the increased trade in perfumes, flowers, post cards and trinkets; for the Casino, higher gambling receipts. Restaurant operators and hotelkeepers of the region can live for months on the aura of enchantment that clings after a luncheon or cocktail party given in their establishment for Ingrid Bergman or Danny Kaye, and can justify an immediate leap in the price of *sole meunière*. Butchers and bakers can decorate their windows with three-foot photos of the stars peeking through piles of bread or sides of beef. By day, the Cannes school kids can hang around the doors of the Carlton Hotel or race up and down the Croisette after Ginger Rogers' convertible or Diana Dors' turquoise Cadillac screaming, "Signature! Signature!" and perhaps get an autograph, and perhaps sell it later to some less athletic pal for as much as 500 francs.

But by far the greatest local beneficiaries of this annual Visit of the Movie Magi are the mummies and daddies. And what they get for their tax money is hope—hope for a pretty *jeune-fille* daughter or a precocious child, hope that one day one of these omnipotent star makers will look up from his dry Martini and notice, and rub his eyes, and clap his hands for a contract and a fountain pen. This year the hope of the mummies and daddies has hit new highs, as first Otto Preminger and then Roberto Rossellini announced he was looking for a young unknown—young, beautiful, innocent, unspoiled, yet an accomplished and sensitive actress—to play the lead in his next picture. As a result, if there was anything this year more in abundance than stars, it was aspiring stars, what the French call "pin-ups"—pronounced "peen-oops."

A pin-up in France is a little teen-age charmer, usually accompanied by her mother or an older, uglier sister, who somehow manages to keep herself very much in evidence throughout the entire Festival, playing on the beach or sauntering the Croisette or draped over a chair on the Carlton Terrace. She is usually clad in the absolute minimum of clothing allowed by law, and that, in France, is two tiny wisps of fabric known as a Bikini. Last year, taking a page from Audrey Hepburn, the Cannes hopeful played the waif, grubby but appealing. This year she is sultry. She is as heavily made up and eyelashed and dyed as a courtesan, and her walk, which she has practiced for months, is the apotheosis of adolescent insinuation. There is nothing ingénue about her but her figure, which is rounded and childish; her eagerness; and her naïve belief that she looks American because she has lipsticked her mouth into a pout and let her hair grow to below her shoulders. With *maman* beaming encouragement, she throws herself in front of every bald-headed man she sees, because, as several of them told me gravely, "the bald ones are the producers."

She will also do almost anything to get herself photographed. She will enter every contest, submit to every indignity, drape herself around anything from an outsize champagne bottle to a sailor from the port. When the Festival cameramen have nothing much else for their lenses to do, they vie with one another in inventing absurd and indelicate poses for these willing young contortionists to get themselves into, and the under-the-counter sales of the results remain brisk long after the Festival has folded its tents and moved on. When a local night club advertised a beauty contest to select "Miss Festival 1956," it was, of course, a local pin-up of seventeen who won the coveted but dubious honor. Hours after the contest was over, at two in the morning, this poor child was still clutching her withered bouquet and arranging herself in voluptuous poses in the near nude on the hood of a parked car for the benefit of the last, indefatigable photographers.

But aside from the large derivative benefits it heaps on the local citizenry, what is the Cannes Film Festival and what does it do? The answer to what it is is simple. It is the annual convention of the world movie industry. There are other film festivals, to be sure—in Venice, Berlin, Locarno, Dublin, Punta del Este in Uruguay, and behind the iron curtain at Karlovy Vary in Czechoslovakia—but the Festival of Cannes is the most important from every point of view—in attendance, publicity, number of films shown and amount of business transacted. Like any other convention, the Festival mirrors its parent industry. The ballyhoo is terrific.

The answer to what it does is more difficult, since what it does, it does over and over, in such a wild and noisy whirl that even the most sanguine observer gets dizzy. For every feature film shown there is a cocktail party to introduce the stars, a luncheon or champagne supper party to introduce the directors and the stars, a reception to introduce everyone to everyone, and at least one press conference to explain what the directors and stars are going to do next. Each reception is a rerun of every other reception, the same

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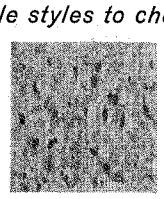

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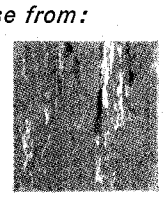

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tired faces, the same dimly lit salons, the same loud dialogue. The only way to tell whose party you've stumbled into is by the refreshments served—champagne and bourbon (American), champagne and Scotch (British), champagne and vodka (Russian or Polish), champagne and schnapps (Austrian). The Germans walked out of the Festival this year in too much of a huff to give a reception. Otherwise we should surely have had champagne and beer.

Invitations to these national clambakes are fiercely coveted, and gate crashers do much to enliven the scene. When the French gave their big blowout at the fabulous sea-washed Eden Roc on the Cap d'Antibes, the wailing and arguing at the door was loud enough to drown out the press agents inside, until a truck pulled up to unload and deliver a grand piano. Immediately a dozen gate crashers whipped off their coats, put a helpful hand under the piano and marched cheerfully in past the guards. Since photographers are the elite of the Festival and are welcomed everywhere, a good ploy is to borrow a camera and, looking harassed and irritable, push through. At the 2800-guest American reception in the Casino, one enterprising crasher copped the honors and won a bet by going in and out four times with a towel over his arm and an empty champagne bottle in his hand.

But to take the average Festival day: Through the golden fumes of his champagne hang-over, the festivalian faces the morning. For several minutes he toys with the idea of walking up to the Festival Palace to see the early film. But since he is a little tired from last night's revelry, he decides instead to sit quietly on his hotel terrace and watch the "Battle of the Bosoms" taking place on the beach below. This is not so much a battle as a series of skirmishes, in which stars and starlets tilt and joust before the cameras for the honor of carrying and exposing the most. It was clearly and decisively won last year by a disarming starlet who, understandably impatient with this slow point-to-point combat, cleared the field altogether by stripping to the waist and tossing her brassière to the nearest cameraman. This year it is a bit more modest. There are also skin-tight slacks and shorts, and those stars who are weak in the frontal section can win on the flanks by following the deadpan advice printed in the Festival daily gazette: "Above all, girls, do not make the mistake of buying your own size, but always one size too small. Wriggle in like an earthworm and thus clad, hop into your bath. Allow time to shrink and dry before serving in the sunlight at noon on the Carlton Terrace." Our Festival-goer has, you can see, much to distract his eye.

This innocent morning frolicking over, the Festival conventioneer has his luncheon to go to—a protocol luncheon for anywhere from 20 to 100 guests, where "the usual" means cold lobster, roast chicken, salads and fruits and pastries, and more champagne. If this is a landlocked lunch, he joins a convoy of ice-cream-colored American cars and underslung foreign runabouts rushing stars, producers, press agents and photographers to one of the flowered restaurants of the area. If it's an island show, he grabs a speedboat and joins a fleet of motor launches and yachts rushing their human cargo to the islands in the bay.

The luncheon lasts until four in the afternoon. After that, unless our festivalian insists on seeing the afternoon movie, the champagne round starts all over again and continues until dawn, when the Casino closes. This grueling grind is so unvarying that after two weeks of it a journalist, hearing someone mention that night's film showing, clutched the nearest shoulder and said, "Good Lord! Are they still showing movies here?"

Ostensibly, the 3000 to 4000 people who come to Cannes for the Festival are here to see films. And, in addition to the sixteen-man film jury whose job it is to hand out the awards, many of them do. During the eighteen days that the Festival lasts, over 200 miles of film are shown—

The Perfect Squelch

Freddie, if not the world's worst golfer, often came close to being the worst-tempered one. Pros, partners and caddies suffered when he had a bad day. This time, his hapless caddie bore the brunt of it. Freddie pointed out loudly and repeatedly that the youngster wasn't worth his pay, much less a tip.

On the eighth tee, in front of a long par-three water hole, Freddie studied the hole, eyed his assorted clubs, then snapped at the caddie, "Boy, what should I use on this hole?"

"An old ball, sir," the caddie said.

Charles F. Adams

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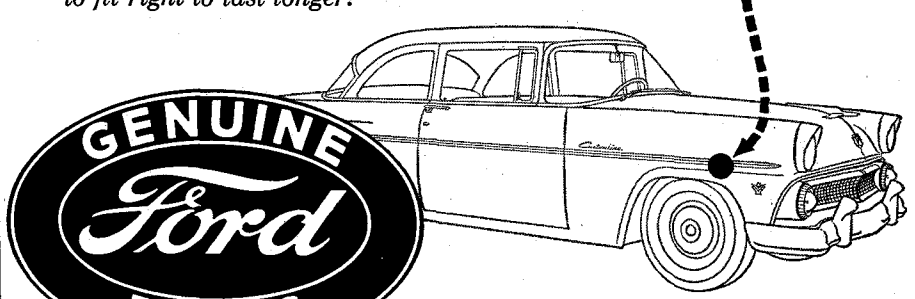

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more than ninety films officially in the Festival Palace, and at least another forty in the little movie theaters in the back streets. Yet for every buyer or distributor or critic who actually watches and considers and judges the merits and marketability of a film, there are nine other festivalians to whom the viewing of films is decidedly for the birds. This majority is here not to take in the movies, but to take in one another. Some of them are here, frankly, for the infighting, for getting back at one another for being in the same profession. Their heavy artillery is publicity, their light artillery simple gossip.

What you get out of the Festival seems to depend, as Lola would say, on what you came for. Thus, for the independent producers from countries like Japan, Argentina, Spain, Egypt, India, Rumania, who are making a sincere attempt to make better films and sell more of them, the Festival is "a world market place for films." For independent movie exhibitors from every country—and there were 550 of them present at this Festival—it is an opportunity to see and select and buy "off-beat stuff"—foreign films of exceptional interest that their customers would not otherwise get a chance to see. But although a justifiable amount of business is transacted between these two groups of independents—$11,500,000 is this year's estimate—for all the other groups represented here, the Festival is primarily publicity, with all the subtle shadings that word can take on.

In this, it must be admitted, the Anglo-Americans clearly lead the field. Having their production-distribution systems already arranged for many countries, the big film companies of England and America are less preoccupied with selling their pictures, and so can give themselves more wholeheartedly to the pleasures of promotion. This year these two big competitive cyclones whirled around the figures, literally, of America's Kim Novak and Britain's Diana Dors. Miss Novak's specialty is the plastered-on gown, Miss Dors' the perpetually plunging neckline, but what Miss Novak gains in subtlety, Miss Dors makes up in sheer weight.

These two have much in common besides the amazing ability to look underdressed and overdressed at the same time. Both are white-blond—by a singular coincidence, the same shade—and both have been touted as bombacious rivals to Miss Marilyn Monroe. There is nothing petite about either of them. They are big, healthy women, with no hint of an inferiority complex or lack of energy.

They are both, according to their studios, "sweet simple girls" who happen also to be extremely cultured—as, since Miss Monroe read the Modern Library, was only to be expected. Miss Novak's official biography says she is a fervent reader of Baudelaire and Rimbaud and that her favorite composers are Poulenc and Satie. She is also studying French and has got as far as "*merci*" (pronounced macy) and "*J'espère*." This is pretty good, but Diana Dors, in addition to all her reading, writes. And she has half a dozen newspaper columns and a photo of herself in shorts and décolleté sweater before a typewriter to prove it.

It is just as well for the organizers of the Festival that the visits of Miss Novak and Miss Dors did not coincide, but that Kim took the first ten days and Diana the second. There was enough warfare as it was. Miss Novak fixed herself with the other stars on opening night, when, instead of standing in line on stage and bowing with the others, she popped out of place with a wave and a "Hi!" and slithered back and forth in front of the audience. Miss Dors fixed herself with her fellow British stars even before leaving London by announcing in headlines: "I'M GOING TO CANNES TO BOOST BRITISH SEX APPEAL!"

On her second night out, Miss Novak, coming down the palace steps in a gown like sprayed firehouse paint, fortuitously broke one shoulder strap with fifty photographers fortuitously looking and clicking on. Miss Dors, who appeared last year at the Venice Festival in a mink Bikini, appeared on her balcony at the Carlton with her blouse casually open to the waist and then leaned over to throw carnations, one by one, to the crowd below.

Miss Novak went up to visit the Aga Khan's sumptuous villa in an off-the-shoulder white dress. Miss Dors went up in an even more off-the-shoulder white dress. Kim found the aged, wheelchair-ridden Aga Khan "sweet." Said Diana, in her London Daily Sketch column, "To me, he's just a sweet boy." She added, "Leaving the Festival Palace, I caught a glimpse of Prince Aly Khan and his girl friend Bettina driving off to dine and dance . . . and I was sorry the cameramen would not pay any attention to them." And after ten days of strutting through the Festival in a jewel-studded turquoise gown, a sequined turquoise swimsuit and a turquoise Cadillac convertible, Miss Dors leaped into a speedboat and dashed out to the islands for a sulk and threatened to walk out on the Festival altogether because of its "sordid penny-pinching on glamour." But as justice will always triumph in the world, good sense triumphed at Cannes and both stars managed to get out of town with neither cuts nor abrasions.

The Cannes Festival thrives on disputes, some of them a deal more serious than that between Dors and Novak. As a matter of fact, the Festival was born of a dispute—the second World War—and was just beginning to wean itself away from that one when it found it had inherited some new ones from the Cold War. Like any child of a divided home, the Festival has become a little neurotic about it all, not realizing that without the disputes it wouldn't be the Festival.

Its origins go back to 1938, when several of the anti-Hitler anti-Mussolini nations, especially France, realized that the Biennial Film Festival of Venice was becoming a propaganda mill for the Axis. Two Frenchmen, Jean Zay and Tony Ricou, both of whom were to die in German prison camps some years later, decided to set up a "free" film festival in Cannes, and the date of inauguration was announced—September 1, 1939. By late August a galaxy of Allied stars and personalities had come down to Cannes for the new Festival, including Norma Shearer, Merle Oberon, Alexander Korda and Paul Reynaud, but on the day set for the opening German troops crossed the Polish border and World War II was on. Stars, producers, directors and press agents were scattered like leaves before the wind, and it was not until 1946, well after the end of the war, that Cannes again proposed its free, nonpolitical festival of films.

But the wounds of war, psychological and material, had not yet begun to heal, and the first year the Germans, Japanese and Spanish were barred. The second year, as if to show the winds of diplomacy what a real storm was, a tornado hit Cannes in the middle of the Festival, marooning a party of stars out on the islands, caving in the roof of the still-unfinished Festival Palace and flooding the audience out. By this time the Germans, Argentines and Spanish had been invited, so the Russians walked out.

They walked out several times in the years following for reasons of this and that—a Red Chinese Army film refused, a Swiss film on the four-power occupation of Vienna accepted, a suspected American influence on the jury—but since 1953 have been faithful, if uncommunicative, guests. One might conclude that they have discovered what an excellent sounding board to the West the Cannes Festival can be. This year, while the United States was engaged in exposing its own national faults in a spectacular celluloid *auto-critique*—I'll Cry Tomorrow (alcoholism), The Harder They Fall (brutality and racketeering), and The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit (adultery and the almighty buck in exurbia)—the Russians kept faithfully to Bolshevik hearts and flowers in Sovcolor. Then Bulgaria showed a Stakhanovite labor-training film in which a loose bolt unhinged an entire economy, and Hungary showed a local Pearl White pursued by a wicked capitalist bent on thwarting proletarian love. Czechoslovakia presented The Creation of the World, an animated cartoon in which God the Father accomplished the first five-year plan in six days. And there was Picasso, who drew a dove.

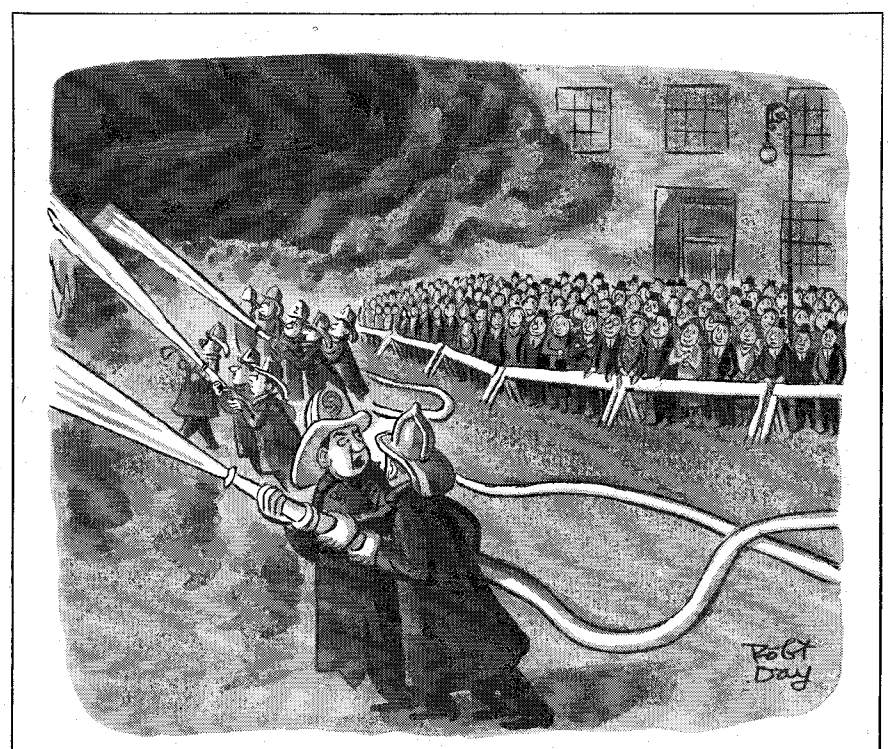
This year, with the People's Democracies and Mother Russia being as good, and obdurate, as gold, it was the others who began to act up, submitting films more or less calculated to cause trouble. France insisted on presenting a film on German concentration camps, Finland a film on the Soviet-Finnish War of 1940. Britain submitted a film depicting Japanese atrocities in Malaya, Poland a film on the burning of the Warsaw ghetto by the Germans, and Germany a film on the East-West trek of refugees from the Russian zone of Germany. True to its origins and its charter, the Festival rejected all five out of hand, and then sat back to listen to the howling.

It was good. It was up to Festival tradition. And it made everyone feel a great deal better. What had threatened to become a banal Olympian picnic was now back to normal. The gods were at war again, all was right with the cinema world. Since no one can do anything at this Festival without a hundred others immediately figuring out the "publicity angle" of it, within days everyone was agreed that France, Finland, Britain, Poland and Germany had stolen a march on everyone else. Not the grand-prize winners, but the five "forbidden" films would be the biggest box office of the coming year.

But these are only films. Meanwhile, a British television writer who had rented a car from a local garage discovered that he'd made a mistake and for days had been driving around in somebody else's car. Bella Darvi, having tried on a $50,000 diamond bracelet just for size and the photographers, had to have it sawed off on the beach by a frock-coated jeweler. Someone hit Martine Carol in the eye with a bouquet during the Battle of Flowers. Three American producers got drunk in the old port and amused themselves flagging down passing cars and trying to bum a lift to the Casino. Someone planted the story that Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia was coming in incognito with a woman, Susan Hayward retired to her hotel room in a fit of nervous exhaustion, and a nut got into the Russian reception and started screaming obscenities—in French! Invited up to the Aga Khan's in the wake of Novak and Dors, Danny Kaye took off his shoe and solemnly explained to the Aga how his feet were killing him. It was discovered that one of the pinups with a particularly nice mother had rented the mother by the day, and the Festival was incensed. Invitations flooded in for a Tahitian cocktail party aboard a boat anchored in the harbor, but it turned out to be only another publicity stunt for a picture filmed in Tahiti, and there was nothing much to drink anyway.

And then finally, inevitably, the Festival was over. Like a traveling circus, the film carnival packed up and vanished. The pinups, whether given a glance by Darryl Zanuck or no, scrubbed their faces and got ready to go back to school or to serving table in the local restaurants. The guards and ticket takers in their shiny dinner jackets climbed onto their bicycles and pedaled back up to their farms or *pensions* in the hills. The thirty-four flags on the palace roof came down and were put in mothballs, and the streets and gardens were swept clean of used confetti and trampled flowers. Once more an ordinary tourist or resident could find a parking space on the Croisette. It was an old moon now that hung over the port, a tired moon, a little cockeyed. And now on the surface of the quiet sea the *lamparo* fishers came out to seine for sardines with their tiny moving lights.

THE END



"Ever get a mad desire to suddenly whirl and let them have it?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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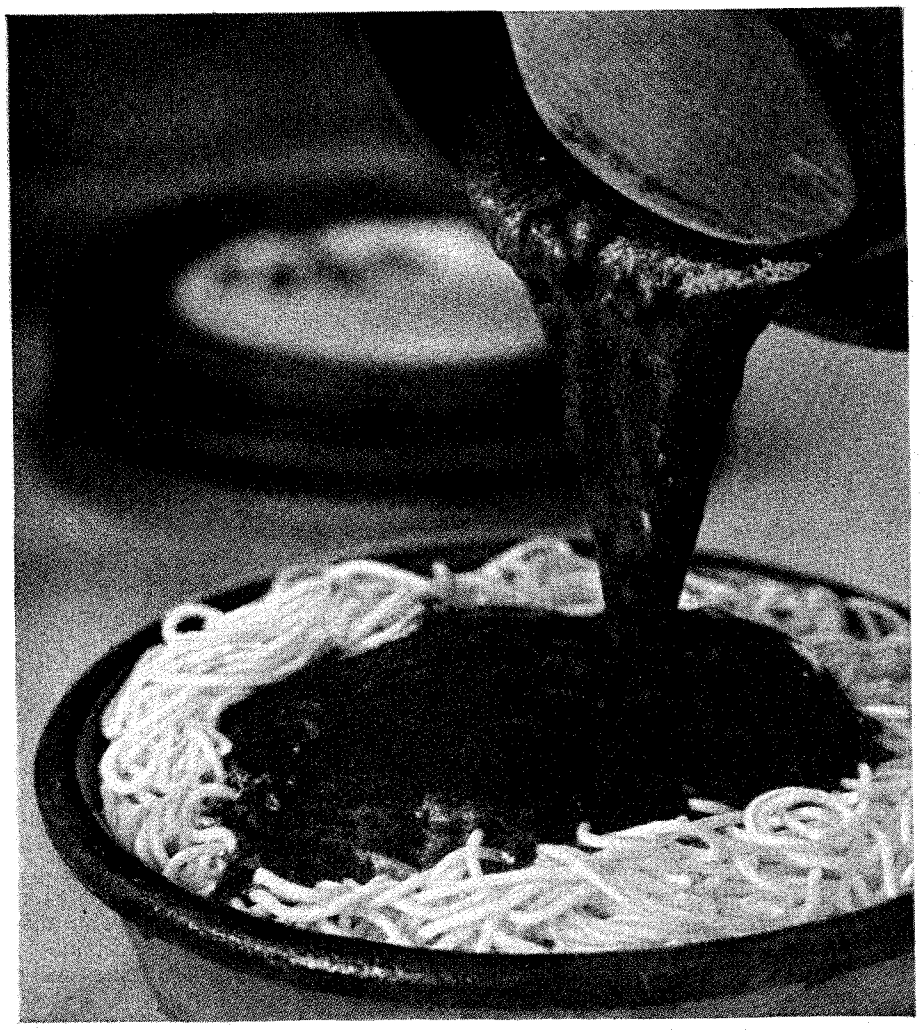

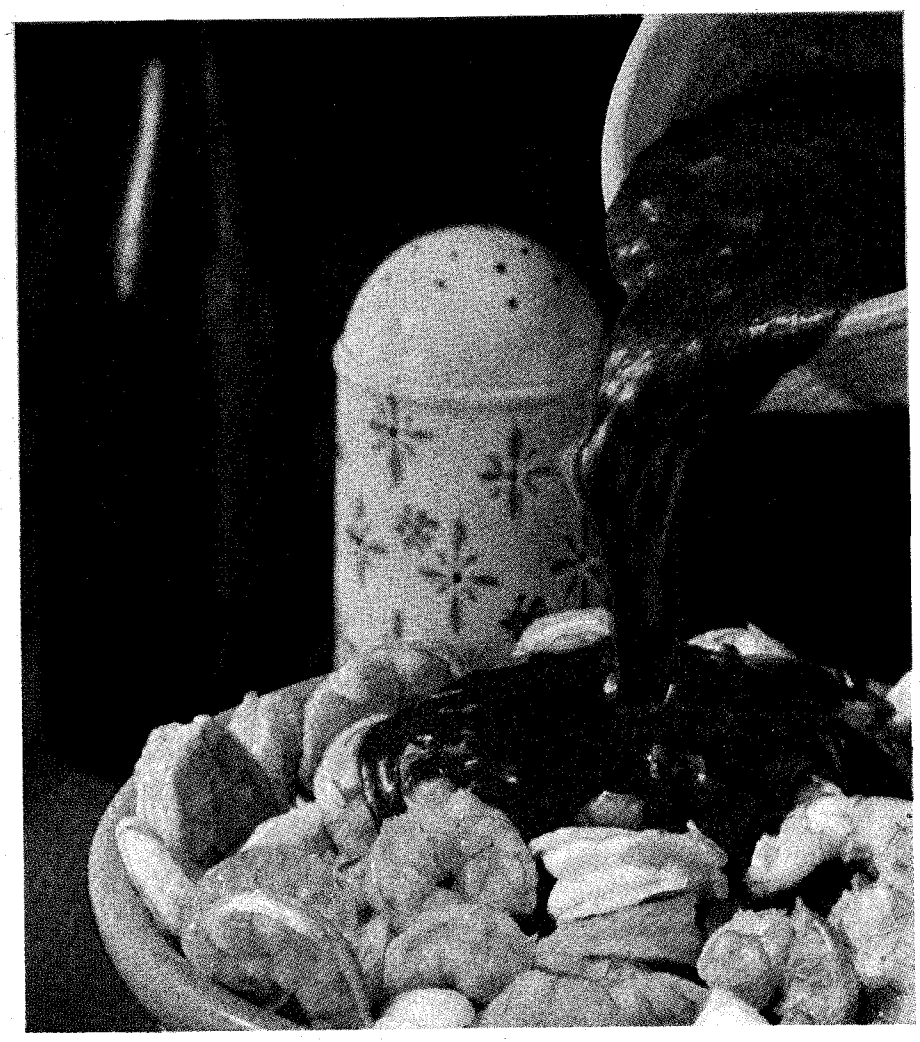

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How to Rescue a City

(Continued from Page 33)

So, before their enthusiasm could cool, he put them to work again, ignoring such groans as arose. The committee of businessmen called Civic Progress, Inc., had been bumbling along, not sure whether to live or expire. Tucker revived them in the early summer of 1953 by suggesting that they increase their membership and live up to their purpose of "furnishing civic leadership" by getting busy on outstanding problems. They reorganized with Powell B. McHaney, president of the General American Life Insurance Company, as president; August A. Busch, Jr., president of Anheuser-Busch, Inc., as chairman of the board; and Edgar M. Queeny, chairman of the Monsanto Chemical Company, as vice-chairman.

The new mayor then looked around for the citizen who had been making the most noise about the decay of St. Louis. He found his man without much trouble in a handsome business suite atop one of the city's tallest buildings—Edwin M. Clark, president of the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company. Clark, who would later be president of Civic Progress, Inc., had come to St. Louis from Pennsylvania in 1950. An ex-football player, he is a big, dynamic, outspoken man whose trumpetlike calls for action in a hurry soon earned him the friendly nickname of Boom-boom.

"I can't get into politics," Clark boomed when Tucker approached him.

"I'm not asking you to," the mayor replied. "If I tried to play politics now, they would murder me in every ward. But you've been saying that St. Louis is decadent; that it has an inferiority complex. Well, I've got a civic program, and now I want to see you do some pitching. Politics can go hang!"

Clark couldn't find any appropriate response except a mild and out-of-character "O.K." Tucker then handed him one of the city's king-size headaches—the traffic tangle. Clark went at it as almost a full-time job. He rallied experts, he studied traffic reform in other cities, he brought businessmen and aldermen together for the first time at a dinner to discuss a civic problem. His one-way streets and his no-parking signs angered a lot of people, particularly some owners of big stores, but he played no favorites. Clark stuck by his guns and Tucker backed him up. They probably did as well as possible at the time in smoothing the flow of traffic. And perhaps more important was the fact that the mayor was beginning to get results from capable business leaders whose civic activity normally was limited to griping about the inefficiency of City Hall.

The barometer of civic pride began to rise and, in September, the voters reconsidered and approved a $1,500,000 bond issue—it had been defeated in March—for clearing and developing a slum area adjacent to City Hall Plaza. Tucker's next and far more difficult move was to balance the city budget, which was $4,000,000 in the red. He made budgetary cuts designed to eliminate the deficit, but, meanwhile, the state legislature dealt St. Louis a body blow by refusing to renew permission for the city's one-half of 1 per cent tax on net earnings of individuals and corporations, which annually yielded around $8,000,000. This was enough to wreck the $48,000,000 city budget, unless the legislature's position could be reversed.

Tucker's approach to the problem was unusual. First, he made it a civic rather than a political crisis by enlisting the aid of former Republican mayor Aloys P. Kaufmann, president of the Chamber of Commerce and a member of Civic Progress, Inc. Then, over a period of months, the two men made a well-publicized "pilgrimage" into the towns and hamlets of Missouri to talk to 85 per cent of the legislators about the St. Louis financial crisis. This bipartisan venture stirred, and pained, the people of St. Louis. Tucker's prestige mounted because he had the courage to take hat in hand and go out "to the sticks" in behalf of the city. But citizens also were chagrined that the mayor of the state's largest city humbly had to beg for aid to avoid municipal bankruptcy.

And, in the end, it appeared that Tucker and Kaufmann had succeeded in winning only a fatal compromise. The legislature agreed to extend the earnings tax for one year, but only on condition that it then be submitted to the voters to be dropped or accepted permanently. That, the politicians agreed, would kill the whole proposition, because the people would not vote to tax themselves indefinitely. Thus the outlook was as uncertain as ever.

While all this was going on, the organization known as Civic Progress, Inc., might well have evaporated. But McHaney had labored earnestly to keep things going, and the city's financial plight now made skillful civic leadership even more essential. The group had considered increasing the membership to 200 and had put up $50,000 to hire a staff, but finally decided that about a score of men could work together more effectively and that the only staff they needed was Harry Wilson, a public-relations expert who acts as secretary. This was probably a key decision in development of Civic Progress, Inc., because it avoided the danger of misunderstandings, division and disintegration that is inherent in large, unwieldy groups.

In addition, the organization wisely set up some rigid rules for the busiest and most influential businessmen in the city. They must meet once a month, and any member who did not attend regularly, unless he was ill or out of town, would be dropped. The sessions were business-like but informal. One meeting, in fact, was in the private box of August Busch, owner of the St. Louis Cardinals, high up behind home plate at the baseball park. The box, known as the Red Bird's Roost, has seats overlooking the diamond, but is connected with a comfortable office and lounge where members conducted business prior to rooting for Stan Musial to hit a home run.

Among other things, Civic Progress, Inc., studied what had been done in the way of "face-lifting" in other cities such as Pittsburgh, and sent members to investigate the methods employed. They devoted one evening to the woes of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, which urgently needed $60,000 to stay alive. Only a couple of members had ever attended a concert, but they all put their business brains to work on the problem. "Look," one man summed up, "we know it's a good thing for the city. We ought to keep it going. After all, we just lost the city's professional basketball team. We can't afford to lose the Symphony too."

Edwin J. Spiegel, chairman of the Gaylord Container Corporation, was nominated as trouble shooter for the Symphony. He then set a precedent that has been of great importance in the success of Civic Progress, Inc. "I will do it," he said, "if you will support my decisions and guarantee the sixty thousand dollars." He looked around the table. Heads nodded. The $60,000 was in the bank. At the time, not all of the members seemed to realize that they were delegating one of their colleagues to a civic problem with a promise to give him all reasonable financial and personal assistance, but, later, this proved to be a touchstone to success of the organization. Spiegel, incidentally, was elected president of the Symphony board. He organized the whole setup, persuaded business houses to buy blocks of tickets to sell cheaply or give to employees, and, with attendance up, soon had the Symphony in sound financial shape for the first time in seventy years.

At other meetings and in various ways, Civic Progress, Inc., slowly defined its own area of operation—it could not get into politics as an organization, for instance—and achieved a good deal without actually attracting much public attention. "Too often in civic affairs there is much talk and little work," one member said recently. "We soon discovered that a small, well-run group can overcome this handicap. It is surprising how hard a member will work on an assignment if he knows that he has to report back to the other nineteen members. It becomes a point of honor and of pride to do a good job."

This was emphasized once when a member was called on to report on an assignment he had neglected. "Well, I've been very busy at the plant," he began. But then he took another look at his nineteen colleagues, whose affairs were just as important as his own, and sat down, embarrassed and chagrined.

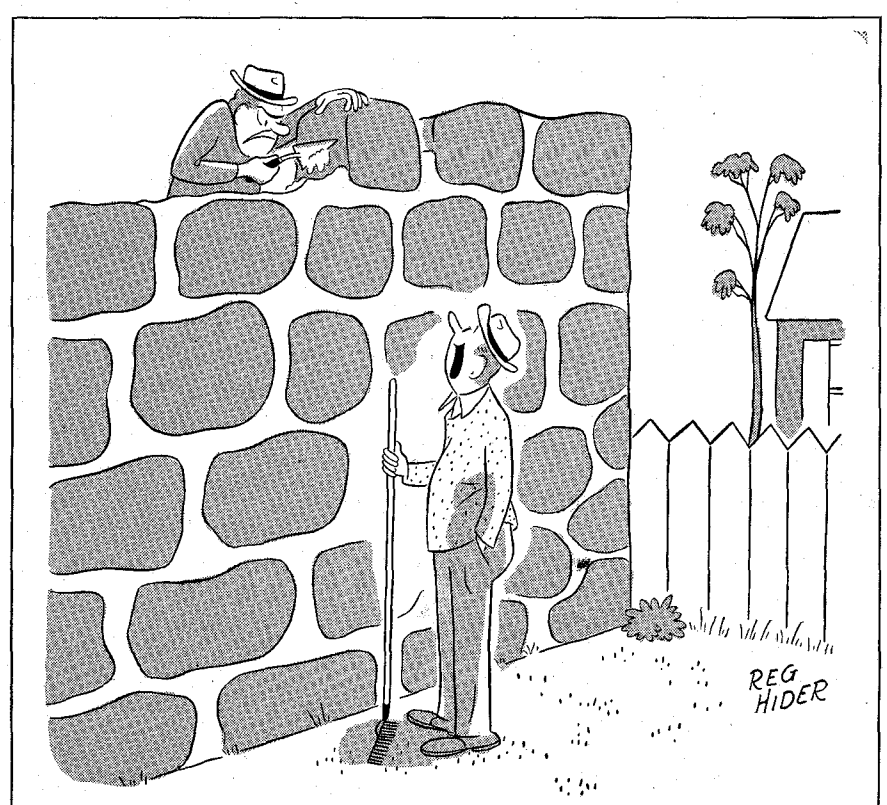
"That happened only once that I recall," a member said. "But I recall many times when members went to extremes to do a good job. For instance, if one of them needs help on some Civic Progress, Inc., project, he usually calls on the best men in his firm—even for tasks an office boy might do. One member had to sign three hundred letters in connection with our work. He decided he could do it faster if somebody handed him each letter and somebody else removed it and blotted his signature. But did he call for a couple of typists to help? He did not! When I walked into his office he had his executive vice-president at his right elbow with a stack of letters, and at his left elbow was the firm's comptroller with a blotter. All I'm trying to point out is that members have come to regard anything they do for Civic Progress, Inc., as important, and they want important help for such jobs."

On another occasion, a handsomely dressed young executive who looked as if he had made a career of giving orders arrived in the office of a member of Civic Progress, Inc., with an exceedingly red face. His embarrassment arose from the fact that his boss had delegated him as a messenger boy to deliver a letter regarding the organization's affairs. During one civic campaign backed by Civic Progress, Inc., a whole battalion of general managers were out ringing doorbells half the night, and department executives were visiting cheap bars to talk persuasively with ward heelers because they knew their bosses were interested in making it a success.

In this way, Civic Progress, Inc., began to get things done. They launched a study of local building costs, came to the aid of educational television, decided that an ice-skating rink in Forest Park would be too close to a hospital, put up $20,000 for a survey of parking, transportation and other problems in the downtown area and used their influence in suburban St. Louis County, where most of them have homes, to co-ordinate facilities of the city and county in a long-overdue Metropolitan Sewer District.

These things represented sturdy progress, but the truth was that, once they got their minds together on an objective, it was all comparatively easy. They were highly influential men; and a word here, a telephone call there, a little planning and a little financing from such a group could accomplish a great deal. By the spring of 1954, Civic Progress, Inc., had learned how to operate, but actually it had not even worked up a good sweat against any major problem. Then Mayor Tucker, who is an ex-officio member of the group, gently nudged them into big-league competition.

There was a special election coming up, he reminded them, on the earnings tax. The political parties were afraid of it. The voters would be reluctant to tax themselves. The odds were heavy that it would be defeated. But unless the tax was approved and the city's finances stabilized, the whole program for the rejuvenation of St. Louis would collapse. Tucker asked (*Continued on Page 56*)



"Howdy, neighbor."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Back so soon? (He's got The Hertz Idea)

Who's *he*? He's a smart businessman. Leaves his car at home, takes a plane or train, rents a Hertz car at his destination.

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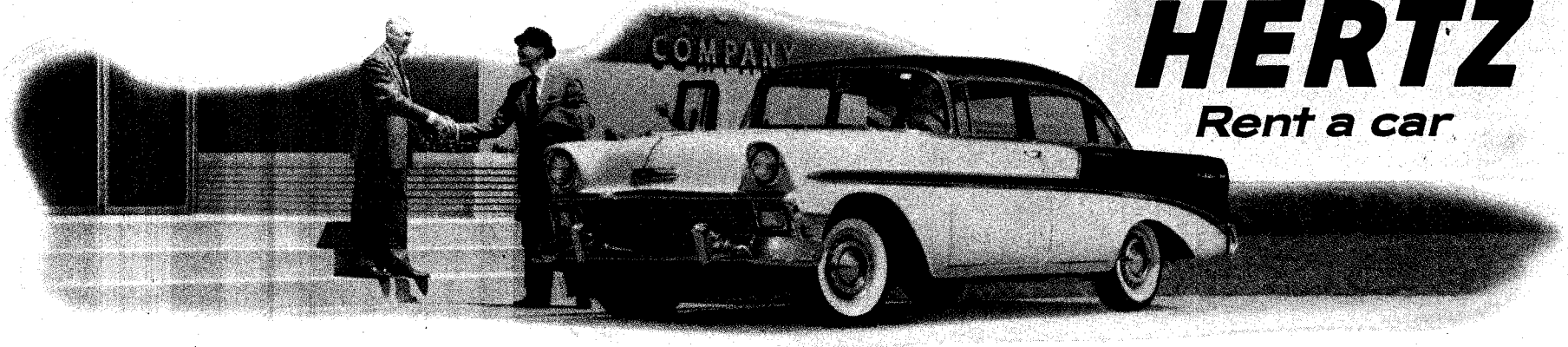

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HERTZ

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(*Continued from Page 54*) McHaney to head a campaign to put across the earnings tax.

This was the first real test of whether the organization could furnish civic leadership. McHaney said he would take the job if all members supported him, regardless of their personal attitude toward the tax. They agreed. It also was agreed that Civic Progress, Inc., as an organization, would not get into the campaign, but its members, as individuals, would participate. They had no difficulty in encouraging the formation of a citizens' committee under McHaney to do the job. The city's best advertising talent eagerly rallied around the men who controlled the biggest accounts in town. There was a host of volunteer clerical help from big firms. In the same way, $60,000 was quickly raised for expenses; and donations of billboard space, radio and television time and motion-picture assistance totaled at least another $60,000.

Members of Civic Progress, Inc., took an active part in the campaign and some of them, incidentally, struck up interesting acquaintances with certain members of their community whom they had long known unfavorably by reputation only. One businessman who had a standing grudge against unions in general was required to negotiate with a labor leader who had once ordered a strike in his plant. They met in a beer parlor without enthusiasm, but after a couple of hours they had consumed a good deal of malt and were talking frankly and almost admiringly to each other. They have remained friendly acquaintances, if not pals, ever since.

Throughout the summer the campaign gained new talent and new momentum. A planning committee, with Mrs. Edward Harrington, a civic-minded housewife, as a volunteer spark plug, operated from City Hall. Newspapers hammered on the tax issue in daily front-page articles, and their editors complained bitterly if McHaney's committee failed to produce a couple of new angles a day. Business houses devoted full-page newspaper advertisements to appeals for the earnings tax. The League of Women Voters built up a regiment of volunteers to telephone voters. Pastors at some churches handed out protax leaflets. In the end, even the regular political organizations co-operated and precinct workers were on the job to see that no stone was left unturned. The vote was the largest ever in a special election and the tax was approved by a margin of 6 to 1.

The victory was a critical one for Civic Progress, Inc., and it left no doubt that something important had happened in St. Louis. Citizens who had been apathetic for years had volunteered by the hundreds to make the campaign a success. Business leaders who, in many instances, had held aloof from the hurly-burly of elections had rolled up their sleeves and got results. Success was a cement that held members of Civic Progress, Inc., together in a potent sense of loyalty. Nor was there a post-victory letdown. The campaign had ended with a deficit that members of Civic Progress, Inc., might easily have made up, but, after talking it over, they decided it was a better long-run policy to spread civic responsibility as widely as possible. So they again went to work soliciting—some people said they were so persistent that they often "nagged"—businessmen to contribute funds, and they kept at it until the deficit was erased.

Since then Civic Progress, Inc., has been a continuous, aggressive factor in civic affairs, although the organization itself has not been widely publicized, and not until the summer of 1955 was there even a comprehensive article about it in the local newspapers. Acting through its individual members, however, it has tackled several major problems and a large number of other headaches, such as formation of a United Fund—William A. McDonnell, president of the First National Bank, directed the campaign—to reduce the number of separate charity appeals in the city.

Most important of the group's interests probably was a 1955 bond issue for public improvements. At that time the city was so far behind in public works that when Mayor Tucker asked departmental heads and civic organizations what needed to be done, they gave him a long list of proposals that ran to a staggering $240,000,000.

The list obviously had to be cut down, and here again, at the mayor's request, Civic Progress, Inc., moved in to give a helping hand. Sidney Maestre, chairman of the Mercantile Trust Company, headed a citizens' screening committee that eventually totaled 300 persons, drawn from every ward and every walk of life. This committee, after intensive study and many public hearings, selected twenty-three public projects, ranging from building expressways into the heart of the city, through such things as street improvements, new hospitals and correctional institutions, parks and playgrounds, flood control and assistance to the art museum and the zoo. Many compromises had to be made before the committee reached agreement and proposed a total bond issue of $110,639,000, which, on the basis of the mayor's financing plan, would cost the average homeowner not more than two dollars a year in additional taxes.

The mayor and members of Civic Progress, Inc., had, as usual, agreed in advance to support the committee's decision, but an unexpected hitch developed when it was proposed that the campaign to put across the bond issue be headed by David R. Calhoun, Jr., president of the huge St. Louis Union Trust Company. In a quiet way, Calhoun may be the most influential man in St. Louis. He is also a figure of great social prestige. He comes from a distinguished family. He belongs to the best clubs and he has often been described as the city's best-dressed man. But, in the winter of 1955, he had never been in the glare of public affairs and he probably had never shaken hands with an alderman in his life. He didn't feel equipped to run the campaign and he didn't want the job—in fact, he resisted vigorously. But it is a basic fact that, if an organization like Civic Progress, Inc., is to survive, its influence must bear just as strongly on its own membership as on others. Now the heat was on Calhoun.

"You've been willing enough to nominate other members for various jobs," one man remarked. "Now it's your turn."

Calhoun hardly spoke to the man for the next week, but he took the job, and once he was in it, had no intention of failing. The campaign he ran was even hotter than the earnings-tax drive, and Calhoun quickly found himself knee-deep in ward politicians. His concise speeches surprised everybody by their pungency, and the roar of applause that usually greeted him may have surprised and pleased him. He entertained political workers and volunteers at his home, and perhaps the most unexpected photograph of the year was of Calhoun with his arms around the shoulders of a couple of aldermen, everybody wreathed in smiles. The huge bond issue was approved on election day by 8 to 1.

"It showed," one corporation executive remarked, "what you could do by working instead of sitting in your club and bellyaching."

Special elections alone, of course, don't solve a city's problems, but approval of the bond issue began at last to mesh the gears of action in St. Louis. Enthusiasm even carried over into St. Louis County, where a $39,000,000 bond issue for public works was voted late in 1955, despite previous defeat of such proposals. (St. Louis and St. Louis County adjoin, but are separate governmental entities.)

Today the change in St. Louis is evident not only in the attitude of the people generally toward civic problems but in many physical improvements—some of which were planned prior to 1952. There is now a strikingly modernistic new terminal building with parabolic domes at the municipal airport, part of a $7,700,000 project to give air travelers a pleasant first impression of the community. There is an eight-block area between City Hall and the railroad station that has been cleared of unsightly slums to make way for a new "front door" to St. Louis in the form of a $20,000,000 park and private-apartment-house development. There is the first section of three projected expressways which will encircle and bisect the city to cut the Gordian knot of tangled traffic.

"Just the groceries, Wilson."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Seven former slum areas have been cleared for 6150 units, completed or under construction, of unusually attractive public-housing apartments costing $70,000,000, and another 3000 units costing $43,000,000 are planned. The run-down 465-acre Mill Creek Valley area near the heart of the city is being surveyed for a projected $400,000,000 commercial and industrial development. A $4,000,000 campaign has been started and is already effective in two pilot areas for neighborhood rehabilitation of 67,000 homes in blighted blocks, with the city paying for improvement of parks, playgrounds, streets and schools while homeowners co-operate by refurbishing old but still sturdy houses. In all, bond issues totaling approximately $128,000,000, including $16,000,000 for school buildings, have been approved since 1952, and the city is spending at the rate of $12,000,000 a year in addition to still-larger Federal and state grants for public improvements.

In 1956, Civic Progress, Inc., tackled perhaps its toughest project—revision of the 1914 city charter. At Tucker's request, Tom K. Smith, chairman of the famous old Boatmen's National Bank, took charge of the preliminary phase of the campaign to streamline the city government. The battle over revision may be prolonged because it involves fears of local political organizations that they will lose control of several hundred patronage and elective offices, and the final outcome may not be known until 1957. In the first phase of the contest, however, Mayor Tucker and Chairman Smith, of the Citizens' Charter Committee, won an outstanding victory by the election, in May, of all thirteen of their candidates as members of a board of freeholders which will study the charter problem and make recommendations. The newspapers described the result as a "crushing blow" to both the Democratic and the Republican political-organization leaders.

So far, Tucker and Civic Progress, Inc., have gone hand in hand, each depending on and making use of the other. The mayor is popular outside the Democratic organization and probably can be re-elected in 1957. But whether any organization like Civic Progress, Inc., could be successful without close co-operation of City Hall is questionable. There is also a question whether such a closely knit, influential group might, under certain circumstances, become a kind of "shadow government" running the city by remote control, but responsible to no one. In St. Louis there is no present concern on that point. The mayor is not a man to be pushed around. The labor unions are strong and the newspapers alert.

"We would be through," one member said, "if we ever endorsed a political candidate or forgot to act in the interest of the city as a whole. Anyway, we operate on the idea that management is the art of getting things done through others—in this case through other widely representative civic groups or organizations."

This thought may come in handy in other cities suffering a decline in civic enthusiasm. A few years ago, civic pride in St. Louis was so low that a prominent businessman, appointed by the mayor to promote a World's Fair on the 150th anniversary of the Louisiana Purchase, found it impossible to stir up either money or enthusiasm among local merchants. This year another prominent businessman was appointed to raise funds for a Mid-America Jubilee to be held next September. In no time at all local merchants had pledged $400,000 and thirty committees were at work preparing for a month-long industrial, scientific and agricultural exposition on the banks of the Mississippi to celebrate the "rebirth of St. Louis." THE END

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Race of Death (Continued from Page 35)

was silver hair. Ubaldo Albergheti, the Fox, was fifty-two years old. He was one of the most perfect racing machines in the sport's history.

For a moment Don Hamilton forgot to hate the Fox. The Maestro, as he was also called, could do more with his 2.5 liter Maserati than nine out of ten drivers could do with a 4.5 Ferrari. The Fox's bloodstream seemed to run through his red car. He knew its exact limits, the outermost boundaries of its drift on any curve. He made a practice of never tracking straight through a corner; his rear end was always set out from the front, drifting within two inches of where the Fox intended it to be. To say that the Fox was an admirable driver was like saying Lollobrigida would do in a pinch.

But then Don Hamilton remembered Carla, and he remembered to hate the Fox. He remembered to hate the wizened face, the silver hair, the jet-black eyes that burned with points of fire. He hated the little man's narrow chest and the lungs inside that had been cooked by over thirty years of engine fumes and the blood that trickled down the brown chin in the last hours of a race. Most of all he hated the way the Fox had regarded him when he asked if he could have Carla, the old man's daughter.

"You cannot be serious," the Fox had said, after an incredulous silence.

"I love her," Don Hamilton said.

"Hah!" said the Fox mirthlessly.

"What's wrong with that?"

"Do you think your love is so great?" the Fox said with derision. "Do you think you alone love my Carla? You are a child. Come back when you are an adult. Come back when you are a great racing driver and when you stop acting like an American. Hah!"

That was two seasons ago. Don Hamilton could still feel the Fox's scorn.

Kallenhard approached at what seemed to be the speed of sound. A red Ferrari rode close on Hamilton's tail. *Great driver,* he thought, *great driver. We'll see who's great.*

He screamed wide into the Kallenhard turn, corrected in the Fox's style and saw the Ferrari drop behind. A blind left followed. He pumped swiftly on the brake twice, shifted down, kept one foot on the brake and the other on the accelerator. Engine and gear speeds synchronized instantly. Emerging, he clipped the hedge on the left, as planned, squealed through a series of rights and shaved a bridge. Fourth, third, second, third, second, third—gears meshed like clockwork. "Come into the Bergwerk corner at last moment, very wide entry." He cut off at two hundred meters, pumped and shifted, repeated, corrected, slammed back up through the gearbox. The Ferrari was a hundred meters behind.

Exhilaration sang in him. He laughed out loud, pounding the side of the Jaguar. Then he stopped pounding because the Fox was famous for that. The Fox wore out the sides of cars, pounding them.

The Fox pounded people as he pounded the sides of his cars. He pounded Don Hamilton. He pounded Carla. He pounded the press until they hated his guts, and to the spectators the Fox's two-fingered gesture of contempt was as famous as his driving ability.

In the straight past Bergwerk, one of the very few on the course, Hamilton watched his speed climb over a hundred and thirty miles an hour. He passed a Gordini. Ahead he saw the Fox accelerate out of a turn, pounding the side of his car, the red Maserati a streak of blood smeared on German soil.

Then the two 300SLR's, the Fox and, seconds later, Don Hamilton were in the torture of Karussell, a mind-and-body-consuming nightmare of hairpin turns, tightening curves, expanding curves, uphill, downhill, right and left. Agonized tires screamed protest, brakes heated linings, and drivers put every possible ounce of strength into their hands and wrists.

The Fox drifted through the Karussell like machine work. Don Hamilton followed, losing. Ahead of them the two 300SLR's, cars that had been destroying competition all season, faltered. The Nürburgring was a drivers' race. Cars mattered less.

Schwalbenschwanz next. Don Hamilton read the faint map in his mind, arrowed his Jag straight for the sign over the crest, and remembered, unaccountably, the first words he had heard the Fox speak, words in reply to a novice reporter's mistake of asking, "To what does the Maestro attribute his success?"

"Nobody can catch me," the Fox said.

"Yes, but ——"

"Ah, you want my secret. You want to know why I am the greatest, the ultimate?"

The reporter's pencil trembled in anticipation. He thought of his editor, of his readers.

"Because," the Fox said, "I smoke black cigars, I never eat breakfast and I get stinking drunk. I am a great debaucher."

The Fox walked away, the reporter blanched and Don Hamilton lay down on the ground at Le Mans and laughed. But that was before Carla.

Trees, mountains and clouds merged in blurred unreality as the road wound into Nürburg. The only reality was the road, life's swift ribbon bridging a gulf of death. Memories surged and paled; the road remained. And the sound. And time ticking off miles into indices.

Hamilton flashed past the grandstand, between the massed banks of frenzied spectators, aware of them only as seething seas of color. But to the spectators, he was a green Jaguar and a white helmet. Under the helmet, unseen, was a face that might have been a cross between that of a prizefighter and a poet. It was a dark, sensitive, wild face, the kind that appears to blossom outward to humanity. His eyes were large and set deep under shaggy brows, his nose faintly aquiline and a little too large, his mouth wide, masculine. When he smiled, wrinkles radiated from his eyes all over his face. Despite his best efforts, his hair stood out in illogical shocks all over his head. His hands, wrists and shoulders were powerful, too large for his body.

"You are so ugly," Carla had said. "But so beautiful. Are all Americans so ugly-beautiful?"

"Only cowboys."

"Then I love ugly-beautiful cowboys."

The pits slid by, lap cards flashed. One lap was gone. Fourteen miles had been subtracted from six hundred and sixteen, a few moments from hours. Now, for ten or twelve laps, began the refinements.

And then, when the hundred and eighty curves in the circuit had been figured for their maximum speeds, the grind would begin.

Where was Carla now? At Lugano, he knew, but what was she doing at this instant? Sunning herself on a float in the lake or hiking the heights of Monte San Salvatore? Perhaps on the small steamer to Porlezza with a wicker basket filled with wine and bread and cheese and white linen napkins. Who was she with? Who shared her in the sun-washed town of white buildings and poplars?

She was vivid in his mind. He saw ringlets of her dark, long hair on white skin, eyes full-lashed and filled with night, her mouth a living red blossom, untouched by cosmetic. His mind felt her flowering body. He smelled her cleanness mixed with the fragrance of flowers in her hair. Nearly a year now since he had seen her, held her, since the Fox, jealously safeguarding his most precious possession, had sent her to her aunt in Lugano.

"But, why, why?" he had cried. "What is wrong with me? Why won't you stay with me?"

"You must understand," she said. "'Baldo is my poppa. I love him too. I am expected to obey him."

"What are his wishes measured against my love for you and yours for me?"

"Donee, understand. I am all my father has. My mother died bearing me. In those twenty years I have been the only thing to him that had meaning—the only thing outside of the cars. I have wiped the blood away that comes out of his mouth a thousand times. I have held his hand and held his head while he slept, gathering strength for the next day. I have been his only friend, his only love. How can I say 'no' to him?"

"So you dedicate your life to nursing and spinsterhood, to emptiness, and finally 'Baldo dies and you are alone and too old to find life again. Is that what you want? Is that what 'Baldo planned for his daughter? I offer you a lifetime of love—a lifetime."

"He is so frail," she said. "So small to be so hard and such a man." Her hands spread against his chest and moved up to his shoulders. "Not like you, Donee. He is old and needs me."

"He needs no one," Don said bitterly. "Ask the drivers he has forced off the road. Ask the men who have made the mistake of thinking his friendship extended to the track. Ask anybody in the sport if the Fox needs someone. They'll tell you that he needs people only as objects of his contempt; he needs only their fear, and if not fear, their blood. Why can't he be on a factory team? He's the best driver in the business, but they won't touch him because he's too ruthless; they couldn't stand the publicity."

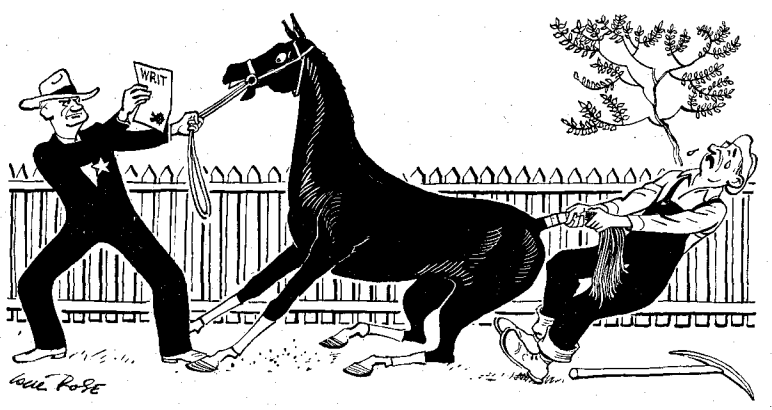
"Donee, stop. You know only the racing part of him. It is all the rest that I can't deny."

"Yes, all the rest, like his destruction of our love, his condemning you to a life of—of nothing. Carla, I want you. Stay."

Tears fell from her lashes. "No," she said, "not now. Someday, perhaps, but not now. Not while he needs me." And she went to her aunt in Lugano.

Aremberg, Kallenhard, Bergwerk, Karussell, Schwalbenschwanz, Nürburg—the laps reeled on, time passed in a roar of sound and wind. Five laps, ten laps, twelve. The Jaguar ran smoothly and powerfully, a thousand lubricated steel parts operating at the limits of their endurance.

The race was more than two hours old, nearly a third over. Fatigue began to settle in Don Hamilton's arms and shoulders. The (*Continued on Page 60*)



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Steve, a pick-and-shovel laborer, saved until he achieved his ambition to own a race horse. He trained his filly, Fanny, so well that she occasionally won enough to augment his slim earnings. But presently Steve found himself heavily in debt. His creditors attached his only asset, his horse, and the sheriff seized her. Steve indignantly sued to get her back under a state law which exempted from debt claims any horse "by the use of which a laborer earns his living."

"As I am a laborer and get at least part of my income from Fanny," Steve argued, "I am entitled to the protection of the law. Kindly return Fanny."

"Preposterous!" counsel for the creditors countered. "That law was intended to protect work horses, not race horses. Fanny was just a side line of Steve's and not essential to his regular work."

If you were the judge, would you let Steve recover his horse?

• •

Steve lost. The court ruled that if he were allowed to regain Fanny, it would create a loophole by which any person in debt might "invest what money he had in a valuable race horse, claim the exemption and thus cheat and defraud his creditors."

Based upon a 1938 California decision.

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Best because they're fresh

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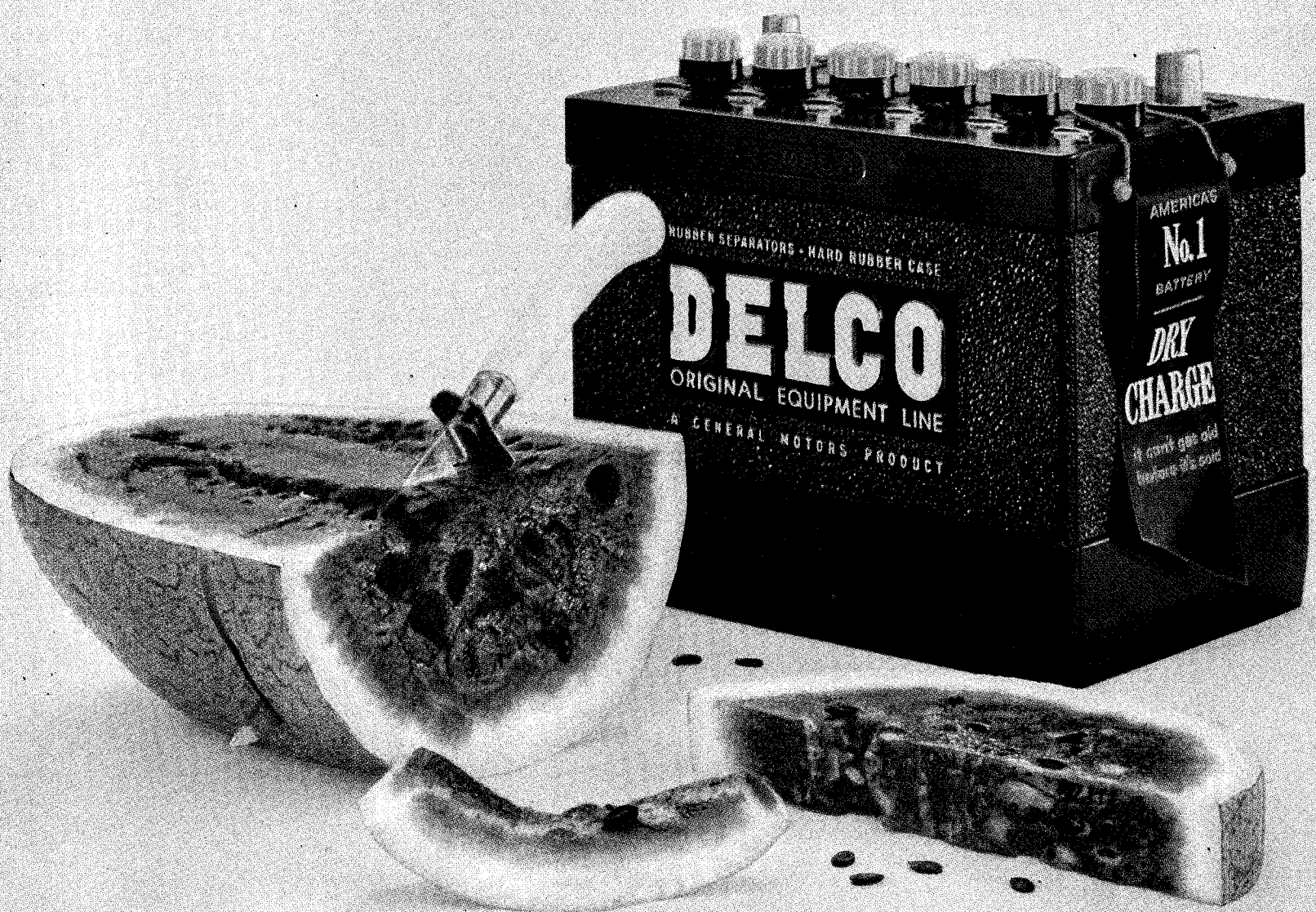

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(*Continued from Page 58*) first knives of pain began to shoot through his hips.

The silver German cars still led. Behind them, slowly gaining, whined the Fox's red Maserati. Three hundred meters behind, Don Hamilton's bottle-green Jaguar desperately holding with the Fox. Hamilton began to exceed his estimates of the curves, taking them faster than he should and not being sure, at times, whether the Jag would hold. One of the blue Gordinis lay crumpled upside down in a field near Aremberg. A pile of black smoke marked another crash, hidden under an embankment in the Karussell. Hamilton ran faster, admitting to himself the possibility of joining the two wrecks. But it mattered more that he stay with the Fox. Anything to catch the Fox!

It had been that way ever since Carla left. When he was in a race with the Fox he overdrove, trying with all the skills he had acquired to beat the old man. Three times he had been successful. But two of those times the Fox had had mechanical trouble; the third was a fluke in which an oil patch had removed the Fox from the road long enough for Don to get by. The other times the Fox simply didn't let Don catch him.

Meanwhile he piled up points in other races, already a top driver and still improving. He now drove point for Jaguar. He would show the Fox who was great. Anyone who drove point for the Jaguar team had to be good. Especially if he was an American.

After the war he had stayed in France to study languages at the Sorbonne. Those years marked the renaissance of Grand Prix competition in Europe. He discovered the world of cars at Le Mans and, after seeing his first race, pawned every possession he had to buy a car.

Then he borrowed money and went to the Swiss school, where they told him he had been born into automobiles, even though he left the road within a hundred yards the first time he let out a Ferrari's clutch. They let him go early; they could teach him no more. He entered races and became known. The factories began to look at him. They saw him in the Targa Florio, the Belgien Grand Prix, the Monte Carlo G.P., at Le Mans. One day after the Tourist Trophy at Dunrod, Jaguar paid him a visit. He was on his way. Since that day he had become known as the finest American driver in international competition. The better he became, the deeper the Fox's contempt. And since Carla had gone to Lugano, his hatred of the Fox had grown into a living thing.

On the seventeenth lap the entire complexion of the race changed suddenly. The leading 300SLR's rocketed around a blind turn just beyond Kallenhard straight into a wreck. The first car piled into the wreckage, driving it from the center of the road. The second barely managed to stay on the road and the Fox nearly rammed him from behind. By the time Don Hamilton crossed the oil slick the three cars were grouped within a hundred meters.

The Fox stayed on the 300SLR's tail, viciously using every psychological trick of his trade. He pushed the silver car through corners, weaved behind him in the short straights. By the time Schwalbenschwanz was past, the German was so rattled he watched his mirror more than the road. They entered a straight. The German tried to escape, using his car's superior acceleration. His engine screamed. He headed full out into a series of turns. The car just managed to take the first curve, but at the second one it swung out too far. Hamilton could see the Mercedes-Benz rocket off the road, then slowly twist sideways in the air. It vanished so completely it might never have been there. The Fox and Don Hamilton were alone.

It was a unique experience being out front, alone with the Fox. There were drivers who could argue all night, drunk or sober, about which was worse—trying to pass the Fox or having him astern.

Don Hamilton tasted desire to beat the Fox. He was within reach of doing the one thing that could shatter the old man. He would stay on his tail, waiting for one mistake. A single mistake and the Fox would be beaten. But the Fox never made mistakes.

The circuit was no longer a matter of formula. There were oil slicks now, macadam that had turned into ice. There were the slower cars they were lapping. And there was the Fox ten car lengths ahead. No one had ever passed the Fox driving formula.

The important thing was that he was up there alone with him. They were as alone as he was alone, as Carla was alone, as the Fox himself was alone, perhaps more lonely than any of them. The Fox called no man friend, only rival. His old competitors the famous ones who had raced with him when he was young, were gone. They were names that defined the sport, names that still dropped from modern drivers' lips as if they had been saints. There had been Florio, long dead; Madras, cremated; von Kolb, an early victim of the Nürburgring; Seretti, drowned with his car in the Mediterranean; Gevaudan, dead at Le Mans. There was the huge Irishman O'Guin, dead; the famous Englishman with the improbable name of Learned Littlejohn, burned to his mustache; Tarquinio killed in Argentina when he rolled down a mountainside. There was Lisotto, who had become a priest and killed himself by falling off a curb; Treusch, whose heart had failed at forty. There were Scully and Chevalier, Klinge and Gittens and Austraw, all dead. The Fox himself might have died many times. His body had been torn, his bones broken times over. He had, in his life, spilled more blood than now ran through his veins, collected more scars than five drivers. Yet he endured. He alone survived the years and the cars.

The twentieth lap passed, the twenty-fifth, the thirtieth, and Don Hamilton neither gained nor lost. He studied the Fox's actions carefully at every turn, trying to improve on them, to no avail. He drew closer in the straights, lost in the turns.

He felt frustration in his throat, bitter, copper tasting. The fumes in the cockpit stifled him, made his eyes water after their long exposure. Pain sliced through his back, numbed his wrists. He felt reactions slow while his lap times rose. Dangerous. But it was all dangerous. And comfort to know that the Fox, too, felt the strain. Or did he? There were those who denied that he was human, classing him as a machine like the perfectly tuned Maserati he drove.

There were others who rated the Fox inhuman. They had seen men die as a result of the Fox's tactics, seen drivers who would not submit to him forced off the road, needlessly yet legitimately. The Fox murdered no one. He didn't have to. He simply frustrated men into automotive suicide by refusing them passage, taunting them, daring them to match his guts. Like screaming full out into a corner, abreast, seeing who would give and cut off first, with the Fox grinning contemptuously across at the other driver.

The thirty-fifth lap passed. Nine to go. The hours and miles weighted Don Hamilton's shoulders. He coughed continuously and spit foul-tasting saliva. Frustration began to border on panic. He drove beyond his ability, beyond the limits of his car, yet the Fox held his margin. Ten car lengths seemed to be ten miles, an unbridgeable gulf across which a silver-helmeted figure drove like an impossible dream, pounding the side of his car in paroxysms of excitement.

Disconnected images shuttled through Hamilton's mind like travelers through a terminal: Carla with red flowers in her hair; Carla holding his face in her soft hands; Carla on a float in Lugano . . . the Fox laughing at him; the Fox with blood dried on his mouth and chin; the Fox's silver head cradled in Carla's lap . . . towers of black smoke, engines exploding into flame, a body suspended in the air. . . .

If the Fox would just make one mistake ——

On the thirty-ninth lap it happened. The Fox hit oil on a blind corner and skidded. The back end of his Maserati swung wide. Don Hamilton saw it in time to avoid the oil. The Fox corrected almost before the skid began, he was that good. Another driver might have lost the car entirely; not the Fox. But by the time he straightened out, Don Hamilton was half a length behind.

Adrenaline shot through his body. The weight of fatigue lifted, his mind snapped ice-clear. He shouted out loud to the Fox, savagely, his voice lost in the roar.

He told himself that this was it. If he could stay on the Fox's tail through the Karussell, through Schwalbenschwanz, under the bridge and into the straight leading to the grandstands, he could take the Fox in the straight on the basis of

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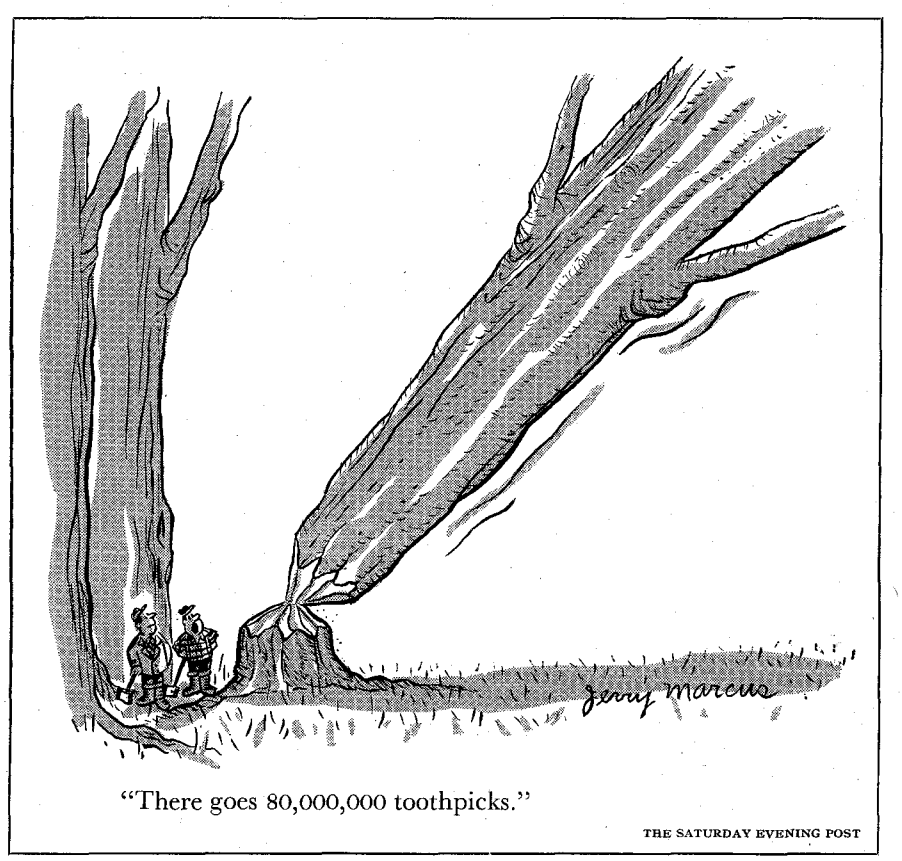

"There goes 80,000,000 toothpicks."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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engine power alone. And if he passed the Fox, he could stay ahead for the five remaining laps, he knew he could, and if he did that the Fox would be beaten.

He let out wide open, screaming and roaring and rasping through the Karussell on the Fox's tail. He stayed with him. He stayed with him to Schwalbenschwanz, somehow holding the Jag down when he knew it was far beyond its cornering limits.

Then, on the very last turn before the straightaway, the Fox virtually cornered sideways, pulled out and away, gaining a length.

The straightaway was so short that the length Don Hamilton lost might have been a mile. But there still might be a chance. He swung out, stood on the accelerator. The Jaguar crept forward, gaining. The Fox looked sideways at him and laughed, his chin scarlet in the sun.

The world was a blur of speed, but the Jaguar closed the gap with infinite slowness. It evened with the Maserati's rear wheels, with the door handle, the windshield, the fender louvres. It inched forward to the front wheels, almost even. But then it stopped. The Fox unleashed his final, carefully hoarded reserve. The Maserati's tachometer vibrated at the limit of the red danger line. It was enough to hold the Jaguar even.

The straight led into a hairpin beyond the grandstands. Don Hamilton realized he couldn't possibly pass in time. He glanced over at the Fox, saw the mockery in the old man's eyes.

Then he knew what the Fox was about to do. With premeditation, the Fox was going to humiliate him, break him. The hairpin lay ahead. Don Hamilton knew that the Fox would not give until he gave, would not cut off and brake until he cut off. It was his most effective display.

What lay in the balance? Carla? Racing? Life? *If there is a time to die*, he thought, *it is now*.

Abreast, the two cars screamed past the grandstands, between thousands of cheers that abruptly died in as many throats. The hairpin rushed forward. The normal cut-off point passed. Don Hamilton felt the moment of decision flash by, tasted joy and fear together. How many more feet could he go and live?

He looked at the Fox. The face was empty, no longer grinning. In that instant Don Hamilton saw something in the Fox snap, something age. Then the Fox was gone behind. He had broken.

And Don Hamilton knew it was too late. He got halfway around the hairpin before the Jaguar lifted beneath him, slammed down into dirt and rose again, end over end. When it came down again, it struck an embankment and bounced perfectly level into the air, traveling away from the track, backwards, so that he had the extraordinary experience of seeing the hairpin for a split second from the air, of seeing that the Fox had got safely around and was crawling along the road—*crawling!*

Then he was conscious of the Jaguar rolling and of trying to hold himself down in the car, and the safety belt cutting into him, and then nothing.

Was it an hour, a day or an eternity of darkness? He didn't know. But he knew he was alive when he felt pain and saw light again. He was in a hospital room and the Fox sat on a chair beside his bed.

"Hello, 'Baldo," he said.

The Fox leaned forward, looked at him closely. "Good. You are awake."

"Am I hurt bad?"

He shook his head, dismissed the injuries. "A few broken things. You'll be all right by next season."

"I beat you, 'Baldo."

The old man stared through the window. "Yes, you beat the Fox."

"But you won the race."

"I did not win the race. I stopped my car and walked away from it."

He was surprised, and not surprised. "Why, 'Baldo?"

"Why? Why?" he said savagely. "Why does anyone do these things? It was the end of something and that was the thing to do."

He lay and listened to the Fox's angered breathing subside. Then the Fox said, "I grow old. I will race no more."

After a while the Fox said, "You can have Carla."

"Why now? What is different now?"

"Because you would take her anyway now."

"Yes, I would." The realization flooded through him.

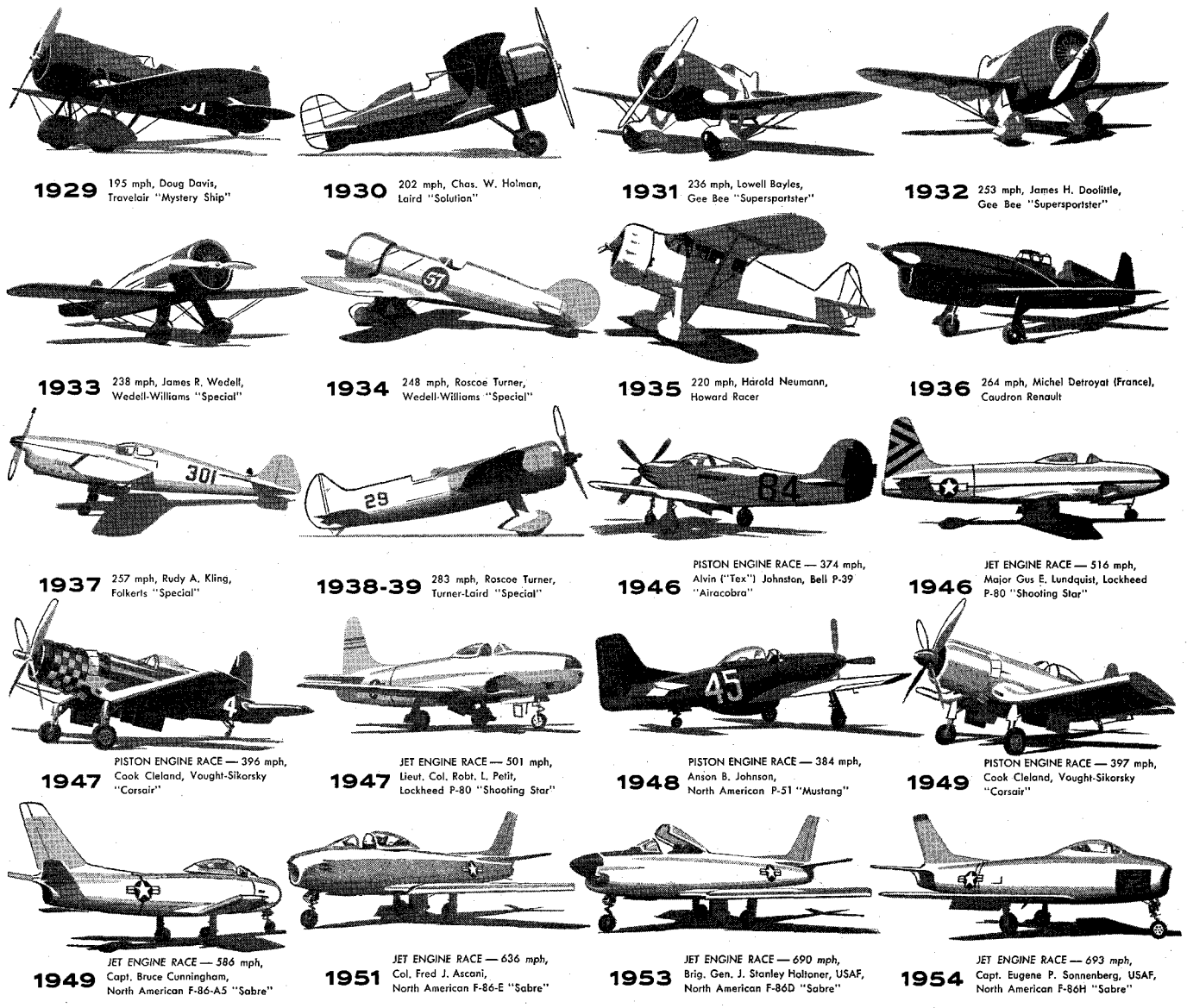
"You have learned to choose death for life's sake," the Fox said. "Now nothing can stop you. Before, you would not take Carla despite me. You would not take her despite herself. On the course you would not then have done what you did today. Now you are a true man."

He felt the truth of the words gather in his mind and body like energy. He lay there and felt it and watched the old man stare stonily out the window. Then the Fox's face softened and he could see pain in the dark eyes.

"You have gained it," the Fox said. "I have lost it. Yes, I grow old."

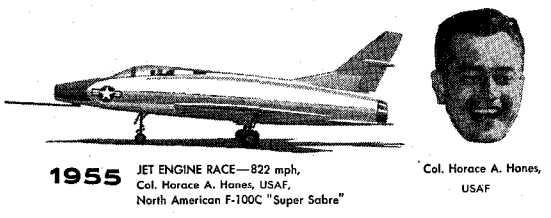
The Fox's eyes and mind were far away, looking into another time and place. A tear formed in each eye. Don Hamilton put his hand on the Fox's wiry, tanned hand and left it there.

Carla, he thought. THE END


1929 195 mph, Doug Davis, Travelair "Mystery Ship"
1930 202 mph, Chas. W. Holman, Laird "Solution"
1931 236 mph, Lowell Bayles, Gee Bee "Supersportster"
1932 253 mph, James H. Doolittle, Gee Bee "Supersportster"
1933 238 mph, James R. Wedell, Wedell-Williams "Special"
1934 248 mph, Roscoe Turner, Wedell-Williams "Special"
1935 220 mph, Harold Neumann, Howard Racer
1936 264 mph, Michel Detroyat (France), Caudron Renault
1937 257 mph, Rudy A. Kling, Folkerts "Special"
1938-39 283 mph, Roscoe Turner, Turner-Laird "Special"
1946 PISTON ENGINE RACE — 374 mph, Alvin ("Tex") Johnston, Bell P-39 "Airacobra"
1946 JET ENGINE RACE — 516 mph, Major Gus E. Lundquist, Lockheed P-80 "Shooting Star"
1947 PISTON ENGINE RACE — 396 mph, Cook Cleland, Vought-Sikorsky "Corsair"
1947 JET ENGINE RACE — 501 mph, Lieut. Col. Robt. L. Petit, Lockheed P-80 "Shooting Star"
1948 PISTON ENGINE RACE — 384 mph, Anson B. Johnson, North American P-51 "Mustang"
1949 PISTON ENGINE RACE — 397 mph, Cook Cleland, Vought-Sikorsky "Corsair"
1949 JET ENGINE RACE — 586 mph, Capt. Bruce Cunningham, North American F-86-A5 "Sabre"
1951 JET ENGINE RACE — 636 mph, Col. Fred J. Ascani, North American F-86-E "Sabre"
1953 JET ENGINE RACE — 690 mph, Brig. Gen. J. Stanley Holtoner, USAF, North American F-86D "Sabre"
1954 JET ENGINE RACE — 693 mph, Capt. Eugene P. Sonnenberg, USAF, North American F-86H "Sabre"

822 MILES PER HOUR in 1955

What new speed will win the Thompson Products Trophy this year?



FAMOUS PILOTS, famous airplanes, ever higher speeds . . . that's the continuing history of the famed Thompson Products Trophy Race, annually an important part of the National Air Show.

When this year's official time is announced at the Labor Day show in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, it is expected that, once again, the speed will be an increase over previous years. Last year Air Force Col. Horace A. Hanes flew an F-100C Super Sabre over an 11-mile course in the first officially timed supersonic speed run. At his average speed of 822 mph, he covered the 11 miles in slightly over 48 seconds!

This Year's Speed? Nobody knows. The history of the blue-ribbon Thompson Trophy event is dotted with the names of aviation greats—Jimmy Doolittle, Roscoe Turner, Cook Cleland—and with famous airplanes—"Mystery Ship", Gee Bee "Supersportster", Shooting Star, Airacobra, Corsair, Mustang, Sabre, Super Sabre.

And the speeds of these winning planes have steadily climbed... from 195 mph in the first Thompson Trophy Race in 1929 to 516 mph in the first jet race in 1946 to last year's 822 mph.

The event has changed, too, since the days when airplanes raced around pylons in a closed-course race. Today, with supersonic speeds commonplace, spectator safety demands that high speed runs be made in straightaway flight.

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Expectant Father (Continued from Page 27)

He felt dismissed, like someone judged unequal to his fair responsibilities. It was almost as though he hadn't been vigilantly on the scene, faithful, perspiring and praying fervently through each of the six other times. It also offended him to find that no one else seemed equally alarmed. His daughters—Bonnie, Sarah, Martha and Kathryn, at their respective ages of fifteen, eleven, nine and seven, had the gift of appearing useful and co-operative, however slight their contributions. They folded things and passed them to their mother, who placed them in the bag. Only Joe, at age sixteen, gawky and pale, with the car keys dangling in his hand, wore the desperate, besieged look of his father. *At least we care; we really care*, McShane thought, as his eyes met Joe's.

"I'll drive carefully, pop," the young man said. "You don't have to warn me, honest."

McShane achieved the side of the bed and sat there. The legends and signatures which visiting friends had inscribed on his cast the night before accused him of frivolity now. Mary, of course, had felt obliged to mix drinks for her husband's guests, make sandwiches, then fetch not one but several trays from the kitchen to the upstairs bedroom where McShane held comic court. He had never been wittier on two drinks of Scotch—and never, he was certain, a bigger, more self-centered, calloused clown.

"Wait a minute," he said then, holding them to silence with his raised, dramatic hands. "Is it raining out?"

And they laughed at him, the whole treacherous and conspiring pack of them, including Joe. Because the truth was that the March wind swept the house with smashing quantities of rain, and if you were not deafer than a stone calf, you could hear it running wildly in the gutters and the drains.

"It's not too bad, George," Mary said. "It's really—well, it's mostly hail and sleet."

He saw her face contort—whether in pain or from tears, he could not tell. The girls obscured his view by moving very close to her and anxiously supporting her. He saw Joe pick up the bag.

"Wait for me!" McShane protested, but there could be no waiting now.

When he descended the stairs at 3:05, using one crutch, plus the sturdier assistance of the banister on his left, George saw the lights fail for the first time. It was only a momentary, single blink of blackness, but it was a warning. He continued his descent. The wind was threatening, shrill and frantic over the house. Mary, in Joe's custody, had left the garage only six or seven minutes before, so it wasn't likely they had even reached the hospital.

"I'll get some candles," Bonnie said. "Just in case."

Lights were on all over the place, he realized, since Joe, racing about to check the windows against the storm, had neglected to turn them out. The chances were that from the outside, in the rain, the big house looked like a ship at sea.

"Bonnie!" McShane called and she came quickly, holding two brass candelabra. "Your mother called Doctor Frederics, didn't she?"

"Well, I'm sure she did. She was putting the phone down when I came into your room. Joe was up and getting his clothes on. But of course she called Doctor Frederics. Who else?"

He sat in a fat chair in the living room, with his leg supported by an ottoman. It was a house well suited to their needs, with a roof that didn't leak. It was half the size of an armory, with a mortgage one third amortized. Prudent and far-sighted friends had many times pointed out to him the compounded foolishness of a free-lance writer having, first of all, six children—a ridiculous and avoidable encumbrance to begin with, wasn't it?—secondly, his literary friends believed it was their duty to point out to him that this kind of excessive family life, in a Westchester suburb, was as crippling to creative pursuits as it was indecently expensive. A man with such burdens couldn't do the things he "wanted" to do, they explained.

"How do you know what I want to do?" McShane would say to them. "And what's more creative than having kids?"

"But can you afford to be tied down like this, George? Are you satisfied?"

The truth was that he wouldn't swap one of his children for the talent of Shakespeare or the cash-on-hand of the Chase Manhattan Bank. But this was something he could not explain to people who wanted only to be "safe" and "satisfied"—the wildest of illusions.

He thought now of Joe, as the boy had left the house, scared but willing, and pathetically sixteen. It wasn't that he felt Joe would not be equal to the task. Once the hospital was reached, the male assignment was easy enough, for the simple reason that the poor slob, whether a husband or a frightened stand-in, could contribute nothing. His job was to wait, and that's what Joe would do now—wait. He'd suffer, of course, but only because he cared so deeply. All punishment of this kind was in ratio to the love you carried with you; and Joe, heaven help him, would be loaded.

"Pop?" someone said.

McShane looked up and found that the balance of his family had arrived downstairs—Sarah, Martha and Katie, in their flannel nightgowns, with Willy, who was two years old, pajamaed and somewhat damp. They approached silently, but with a kind of Christmas-morning expectancy.

"Why aren't you in bed?" their father asked.

"They were nervous," Sarah said, not convincingly.

"They don't look nervous."

"We were scared of the rain," Katie explained—Katie, who of all the McShanes, feared neither storm nor riot, goblin, burglar or beast. She was holding Willy's hand with a display of motherliness she must have rehearsed upstairs. "Don't cry, honey," she said to Willy, who had never been farther from tears.

"Make us some popcorn?" Katie asked.

"I'll see," McShane answered gravely. "I'll see how you behave."

Leg and all, he welcomed their company; leg and all, if he was able to move around, he would welcome something to do. He thought it was time he learned to maneuver on these crutches, anyhow. He could smell coffee brewing in the kitchen and privately blessed Bonnie for her thoughtfulness. He started to get up.

"Easy, pop," he was advised. Sarah, the oldest of those present, bit her lips with apprehension. She was prepared to cover her eyes in the event of a disaster. "Please, pop, be careful."

He did very well. He came erect with what could be described only as athletic ease. Entirely self-propelled, he reached the thermostat on the far wall of the living room, and the smaller children cheered him. He raised the indicator five degrees, then maneuvered on the crutches much more gracefully than he had supposed he could.

"Me," said Willy, reaching up to him. "Take me."

"He wants a ride," Martha explained.

"Well, maybe he does, but tell him these things don't have any handle bars. Some other time, Will."

He began his return trip in an encouraged frame of mind. Mary would be all right, he told himself. After all, looking back to each of the other times, when hadn't she been all right? Too many people disbelieved in miracles because they assumed that children were not only intensely but exclusively domestic products, never knowing, not even imagining, how wrong they were. Mountains and oceans and falling meteors might not be miracles, but people certainly were.

"What did you say, pop?" Martha asked.

"I was mumbling to myself, dear."

"About what, pop?"

"Of course I think as much of you . . . it just so happens she's steadier on birds."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"About you, and you, and you—and you," McShane said, indicating each one with a nod of his head. "About Bonnie, of course, and Joe, and other nights like this, when I didn't have a broken leg."

"What about us?" Sarah wished to know.

"Oh, they were pretty edifying, high-class thoughts I had."

"Tell us," Sarah insisted. "Please don't tease."

"Well, for one thing, if you must know, I was thinking how God never made a planet or a star He really loved, while He does love even the least of us. That's the real big difference. We're more important than things. You may not always think so, but it's true. That's why every baby that's born is a kind of miracle, and why we're praying for a seventh one. You understand?"

Martha looked at him rather worriedly. "You talk awful funny with a broken leg," she said.

He rested in the chair again. His feeling of guilt, because of incapacity, was leaving him. It wasn't hard to persuade himself that a knuckle-chewing husband in a hospital waiting room was the most expendable item there. Local wives of his acquaintance, recharting their confinements at bridge games, for example, rarely recalled the role of a sweating spouse. The central theme seemed always to be that Doctor Appolinaris, or Weinstein, or Johnson, Casey or Murphy "was simply marvelous, I tell you! Call him what you want or make fun of his little mustache, but when I'm in trouble I adore that man!"

"Your coffee, squire," Bonnie announced.

The coffee was excellent. The house was growing warm. You could hear the labor of the oil burner in the cellar, doing fine, just fine, like a counterrhythm to the steady beat and sweep of endless rain. It was good to be awake, McShane decided, at a time like this, when a house seems so much more a sanctuary than it does at other times.

"You'd think he'd telephone," Bonnie said.

"Who? Joe?"

"I mean there's nothing wrong or we'd have heard." She said this quickly, in her mother's way. It was a household phrase he'd heard a hundred times: "There's nothing wrong or we'd have heard," because it covered so many anxious situations every family has to share. "Honestly, he could have phoned," Bonnie said. "There's a booth there, isn't there? A phone booth, pop?"

"There's three in the lobby. Maybe Joe doesn't have a dime. More likely there's nothing to report. How long has it been?"

"Forty minutes," Bonnie said.

"Forty minutes? Well, I suppose there's no reason I couldn't phone the hospital myself. I could even talk to Doctor Frederics, if —— Well, you know, Bonnie; you're no child. I mean if it's not your mother's time yet, and the doctor's just waiting around. At the same time I could talk to Joe, make the poor kid feel as though he doesn't have the whole world on his back."

McShane rose carefully on one leg, balancing himself by holding to the sides of the chair. Bonnie and Sarah each held one of his crutches. Willy was contentedly asleep, face-down on the living-room carpet, one hand clinging to the dump-cart. Martha and Katie looked up at their father, drowsy but undefeated, and he knew that their eventual trip, upstairs to bed, would have to be imposed. Using his crutches with greater confidence, McShane attained the telephone in the pantry, and then sat down on the chair which Bonnie (*Continued on Page 64*)

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BARNEGAT LIGHT STATE PARK, N. J., photo by Ivan Dmitri. In the background is state owned Island Beach. Barnegat, second oldest lighthouse in the U. S., is on the northernmost point of an 18-mile sandstrip which offers excellent beaches, fishing, boating. For information on N. J. State Parks, write: Dept. of Conservation and Economic Development, Trenton 25, N. J.

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(*Continued from Page 62*) provided. He dialed a number he knew very well.

"Lorraine Heights Hospital," he heard.

"Excuse me, this is Mr. George McShane, on Filmont Road. My wife is a patient of Doctor Frederics', and I wondered ——"

"I'm sorry, sir, but Doctor Frederics is out of town," the operator said. "What did you say your name was, sir?"

"McShane," he repeated. He attempted to control his swelling anxiety; then he spelled his name out carefully. "That's why I think you're mistaken," he said. "My wife phoned Doctor Frederics before she left —— Well, who is taking care of her?"

"Is she Maternity?"

"Yes," he said. "If anyone ever was, she is. Now, about Doctor Frederics."

"One moment."

The line was still. He waited, watching Bonnie and Sarah, who stared back, wordless, half afraid. For a moment he thought he had been disconnected, but he could hear the operator now.

"Excuse me, sir. Our records show that Mrs. McShane has been assigned to Doctor Davidson. Now, if you'll wait one moment, I'll connect you with Maternity." And switching him to Maternity, she lost him. He could hear a "click," then nothing more.

"Hello? . . . Hello?"

He put the receiver down. He'd not even had an opportunity to ask for Joe. He'd have dialed the number again without delay, had Sarah not begun to cry.

"It's something awful, isn't it?"

"No, Sarah, darling, it isn't anything awful at all."

"Then what?" she said. "What is it then?"

He tried to shed his own fear like a contaminated cloak. "Mommy has another doctor, that's all." He stated this as calmly as he might have told the child her mother had changed hairdressers. Bonnie, watching him, was silent. "She's being taken care of by Doctor Davidson," said McShane.

"Who's he?"

"Well, he's very good. He's one of the best." McShane started into the kitchen, swinging his cast-enclosed leg like the tongue of a giant bell. "Let's start the popcorn, anyhow, and stop being babies who're scared of every little thing."

Doctor Davidson, he thought; never once in all the female babbling he had heard for seventeen years had he heard of Doctor Davidson. An intern, possibly? Pressed into service because no one else was available?

Bonnie, using her tallness, pressed her face to his, and then said softly, with heart-wrenching understanding, "I know you're afraid, and I love you, love you, love you very much."

McShane's eyes blurred as he turned a light on under the deep, wide frying pan. This time he was unable to make his customary speech: that he was a popcorn maker of the old school who, while scorning modern innovations, still produced the best popcorn in town. He was spreading a little salad oil on the surface of the pan when Sarah spoke.

"There's someone in the driveway, pop. He's coming up the path."

He turned off the burner. "It's Joe," he said. "It's got to be Joe."

They all ran on ahead of him like mice flushed by a broom. He followed in his heavy, necessarily pendulous way, his armpits for the first time aching under his weight. He saw Bonnie reach for the knob of the front door, wrench it open, and then fall back, not from the wrath of wind or the wash of rain, but from the policeman standing there. McShane stopped where he was. The usually comforting expression, "There's nothing wrong or we'd have heard," was suddenly stripped of hope. No one was selling tickets to a policemen's ball at four A.M.; nor was any cop, at such an hour, delivering routine news.

"Let me talk to him," he ordered the girls, and then swung forward as best he could. "Yes, officer?"

"You shouldn't be so formal, George," the policeman said.

His name was Harry Vogeler and he was an occasional bowling companion of McShane's. He wore a policeman's black rubberized raincoat and a plastic, transparent thing that encased his hat.

"I saw all the lights on," Vogeler explained. "The whole place lit up like a ferryboat. Is everything all right?"

McShane swallowed dryly. "We're all right, Harry. You don't have any news for us?"

"I'm a cop, not a mailman, George. Like I said, I just seen the lights. I figured someone might be sick. Or maybe you broke your other leg."

And the weight fell away from George McShane, at least for a little while.

It helped to be able to talk with a family man like Harry Vogeler. They sat in the kitchen, moistening a few stale cinnamon buns with the coffee Bonnie had made.

"I could make you a sandwich, Harry," McShane explained—"ham, Swiss cheese, tongue or bologna—almost anything, except we're out of bread."

"Forget it." Vogeler dismissed his host's embarrassment with an easy wave of his hand. "I'm glad to get in out of that storm for a couple of minutes. You say your wife's regular doctor's out of town?"

"Exactly when we needed him."

"Well, that's the breaks you get. Who's takin' care of the missus, George?"

"A Doctor Davidson, I understand."

"Davison or Davidson?" he asked.

"David-son," McShane repeated.

"Oh," said Vogeler, thinking about it, "him?"

"What's the matter with him?"

"I didn't say anything was the matter with him."

"But the way you said it. The way you said, 'Oh, him?' Do you know the man?"

"I know him. Not that I've bowled with him or anything like that."

"He's not an intern, is he?"

"He must be sixty-five, if he's a day. He's been around. A lot of people use him. Fellows in the department, even. He's less expensive than the fancy ones. Fifty dollars for a cop, I heard."

"Oh." McShane sat there and raised a hand to his head, aware that Marty Frederics' fee, in fashionable Lorraine Heights, was never less than six times such a sum. "Look, Harry; I'm no snob; I don't mean for a moment that something has to cost a lot of money to be any good, but I'm sure not looking for any cut-rate services at this time. I hope you understand what I mean."

"I know exactly how you feel," said Vogeler. "I got four kids home myself, and I was a wreck every time. Every once in a while you'll read in the paper how a cop steps in and makes like an obstetrician? Well, not this cop. I go and hide. Thanks for the coffee, George, and if there's anything I can do?"

Vogeler put on his tricky hat and said good-by. He went out, tugging at the door to overcome the press of opposing wind. McShane remained in the kitchen.

"Yes, angel," he assured his daughter, Katie, "I will make the popcorn. The moment I make one phone call, we will start all over again." He was invariably tender with them in times of trial, perhaps because he needed them. He screamed at them only in ordinary times. "Bonnie," he said, "I'm going to try to locate Joe at the hospital." He dialed the number carefully.

"Lorraine Heights Hospital," he heard.

"If you don't mind," he said, "this is Mr. George McShane again—Mack Shane," he repeated, "on Filmont Road. I called before. My wife's in Maternity, fourth floor, and if you don't mind, I would like very much to speak to my son."

"Your son, you say, sir? Well, I'm sorry, sir, but we have no information that the child's been born yet. And we're in no position to predict its sex in advance. Now, honestly!"

McShane stared at the humming, disconnected phone in his hand. He wanted to heave it through the glass of the pantry door. *I'll kill that woman. I'll strangle her.*

"What did they say, pop?" Sarah asked.

"There isn't any news, I guess. I asked for Joe, but the woman at the switchboard has a disconnected brain."

"Call her back."

"I will, when I get things straightened in my own mind."

"You forgot the popcorn," Katie said. She didn't accuse him. She just looked betrayed and disappointed. "Please?"

So he got up and struggled forward to the stove, Katie and Martha following, because his popcorn making was a kind of ritual of which he was the guilty instigator. He alone had fostered the silly notion, accepted now as dogma, that no one else in all the world could pop corn with an equal skill.

Katie asked him, "Can we give the popcorn cheer?"

"Why not?" he said. "What can we lose?"

Katie and Martha recited:

"Pee-oh-pee-cee-oh-arr-en,
Popcorn will you pop again?
Pop it once, then pop it twice.
With butter and salt it's very nice.
Yeeee-aye-eeeee, popcorn!"

McShane was fond of this jingle because, as far as he knew, it was the worst thing of its kind he'd ever heard. He had once explained to his wife, in justification of the popcorn cheer, that he enjoyed the dramatic impact of any ultimate, whether it was the best of something or the worst of something; and this was the time, of course—this was the ultimate moment when all the lights in the house went out.

"Bonnie," he directed, "get those candles."

It was 4:19 when the clock stopped in the kitchen. The one light that had not failed was the gas flame under the pan. The corn began to pop at spaced, dramatic intervals. The small illumination of the gas flame cast a Halloween glow on the faces of the children standing near.

"Hold on to it, pop," he was warned.

Because the corn was popping now with a Gatling gun's rapidity—angry and explosive, ringing against the convex metal lid that held it captive. McShane, not too securely balanced, let the lid slip just a little from his extended grasp, so that the multiplying mass of corn, began exploding wildly, piercing the air like cotton bullets.

"Bonnie!" he called, and his oldest daughter rescued him. She took the pan from his uncertain grasp and pressed the lid down firmly. McShane, released from this emergency, stumbled backward. He dropped one crutch, then came to rest against the refrigerator door.

"Really," Bonnie said sympathetically, "I don't know how you ever survived to reach your present age."

"I'm not sure I do either." He began to count his children by candlelight. One two, three, four. "Where is Willy?"

"He's inside, sleeping on the rug. Look, pop," Bonnie said. "Do you think the lights have gone out at the hospital?"

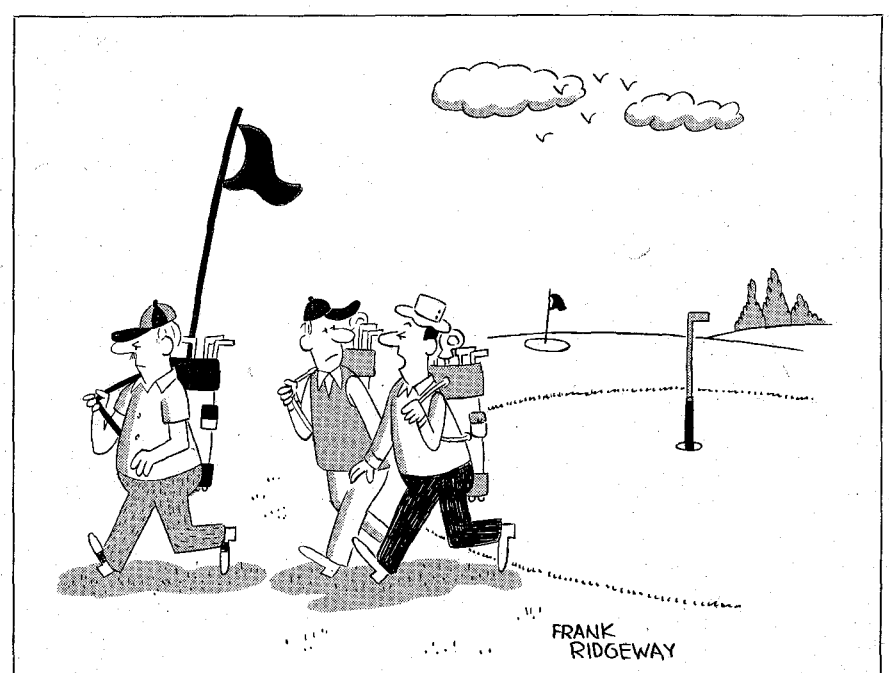
"They've got their own generators, for just such a situation as this," McShane assured her. He wasn't certain of this, but he hoped it was true. "I'm going to phone there now and get hold of Joe, if I have to threaten that woman with criminal prosecution."

Getting around on crutches was no longer novel fun. His hands had begun to blister. His shoulders ached. Sarah placed a candleholder on the pantry cupboard, next to the phone. He sat down gratefully. He raised the receiver, but the dial tone did not come. Listening, he heard nothing at all. He jiggled the button several times, then raised the total apparatus in his hands and began to shake it like a stalled clock. The children, watching him, began to understand their degree of isolation from their mother.

"It won't work, pop?"

"I'm afraid not," said McShane. "Probably a tree down someplace cut the line." And Bonnie, gazing toward the front of the house, announced, "The lights in the street are out."

Which was no surprise. They heard only the storm. The previously steady effort of their (*Continued on Page 66*)



"Harry's getting more absent-minded every day."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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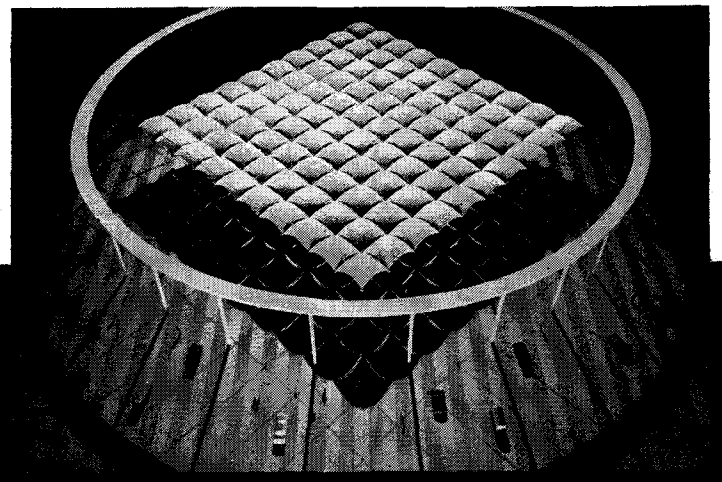

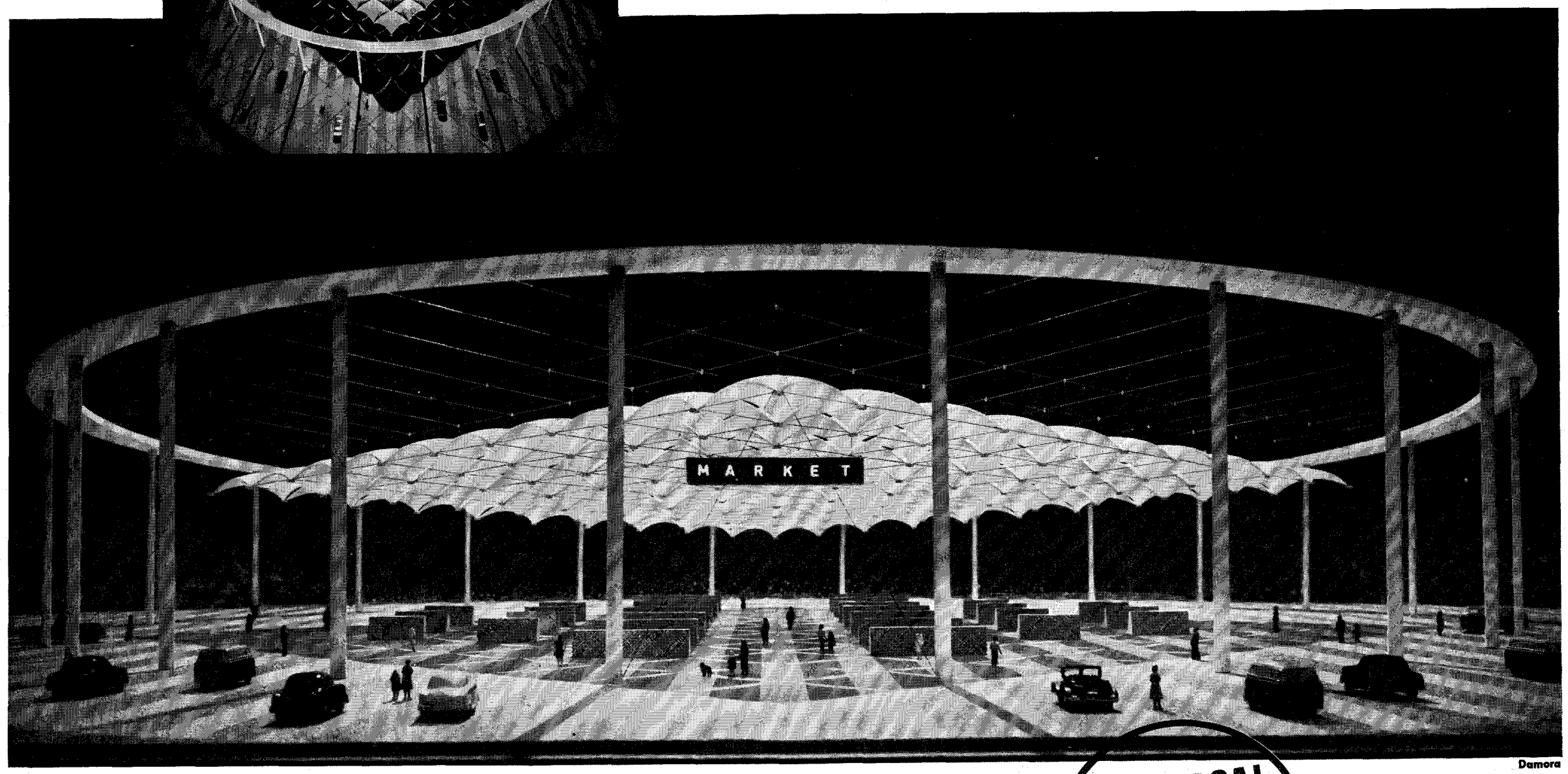

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(*Continued from Page 64*) own oil burner was among the sounds they did not hear. *The only smart thing I did all night*, McShane decided, *was raise that thermostat while the raising was good.*

"What are we going to do, pop?"

They had crowded close to him in search of that sustaining optimism they had always shared as a family, for it was clear in their faces that they had just begun to fear. It was not the darkness or the threat of cold that made them afraid. Whatever they feared, for their mother or the unknown child, they had first seen in their father's face, he realized.

"Huh, pop?" Sarah said again. "What are we going to do?"

"We're going to do all the things that people like us know how to do," he said, "and leave the rest of it to the Lord."

McShane made his last tour of inspection when it was 5:24 by the watch he had borrowed from Bonnie. The area that he patrolled was limited to the living room, where all his charges were asleep—Katie and Willy in one of the love seats, Martha and Sarah on the heavy sofa, Bonnie in McShane's own chair, with his ottoman supporting her legs. They slept under blankets in these improvised beds, a bit less comfortably than they'd have slept upstairs, but it was better this way.

It's better for me, anyhow, he thought.

He was smart enough to know that this vigil he kept was a kind of charade undertaken in the service of his conscience more than for its practical effect. The firelight cast by the burning logs was more mysterious than gay. He could see the goblin shadows playing on the ceiling and the plaster walls. He had made the log fire kneeling at the hearth and set the damper three quarters wide. His thigh had begun to ache above the leaden weight of his cast. He was immeasurably tired and wished now he had been less jolly with his visiting friends the night before; he wished now, not for his sake, but for Mary, who had been robbed of rest, that he had not insisted on that midnight "one for the road" which had postponed his friends' departure until one o'clock. Mary, after all, was not blessed with his talent for sleeping like a drugged dog.

We kill everything with selfishness, he thought; *that's why there's always so much mending to be done.* He looked at his daughters, then at Willy in his sleep, and his heart swelled with the immensity of gifts received. All sentiment and saccharine reveries to one side, these were his own, and could be best assessed by attempting to measure what he would take in exchange for them; it seemed to him that in this alone might a fool dare raise a yardstick to the infinite.

McShane sat down and let his body rest. He killed the three flames of the candelabrum at his side. The rain had lessened. The wind had grown less vehement. Even so, you knew real daylight would be long delayed.

He didn't know what time it was when the police car came into the drive a second time. There was barely light enough to see the figure of a cop get out. He didn't grasp with frantic haste for the crutches he had left beside him. He didn't want bad news, but neither did he feel that through any merit of his own he was entitled to the best of news. Most likely Vogeler, that sociable soul, was back for coffee again. He heard the rapping on the door as he got slowly, stiffly from the chair. Carefully, not wanting to fall, he made his way.

"I brought you a loaf of bread, George," Vogeler said.

"Excuse me," McShane said blankly. "What?"

"A loaf of bread. I was passin' the all-night diner on the boulevard. I remembered you had no bread."

"Well, thanks, that's nice of you, Harry."

"I figured if a guy's got a brand-new daughter," Vogeler said, "that he's entitled to a measly loaf of bread. I said a new daughter, George —— Don't fall off them crutches —— Easy, George!"

McShane did sway, and he almost fell before he was able to lean in gratitude against the rubber-coated figure of a casual friend who had in a fractional moment become a precious friend.

"Your missus is fine, George," Vogeler said. "I knew the phones were out up here, so I figured the least I could do was—like I said, I got four kids of my own at home—was drop in at the hospital. They even let me look at your daughter through the glass in the nursery, George. I think they said she was seven pounds, four ounces, and she looks like —— Well, she don't look much like you, thank God."

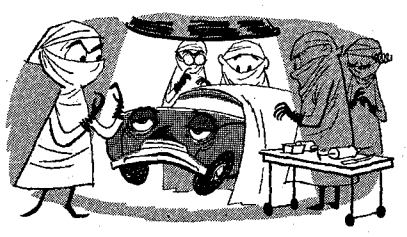
"Thank Him again," McShane said softly, "and for better reasons than that." He raised a hand to his eyes, which had become embarrassingly moist. "Did you see Joe?"

"You mean your oldest boy? I saw him," Vogeler said. "He was sleepin' in the waitin' room, dead to the world. Just like his old man, one of the nurses said; then she put a blanket over him. It's like a miracle, ain't it, George—the way that things go on?"

"I think so," McShane said in soft thanksgiving, "and by this time I should know."

THE END

Auto-Medic fights *PYROCARCOOLITIS...*



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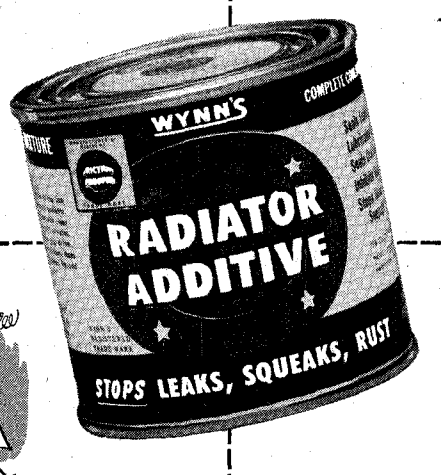
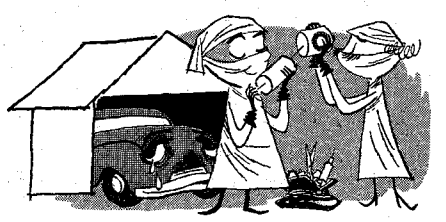
This car is real sick and I'm not fooling,
It's got terrible pains—no engine cooling.
Wynn's Radiator Additive is its only cure,
So use it in your car and really be sure.



THE OFFICE VISIT

Rust, scale and leaks in a cooling system
Can add up to troubles as fast as you list 'em.
Wynn's Radiator Additive is what you need,
It'll set you right with the greatest of speed.



THE HOUSE CALL

Here is a new car too tired to go—
And here is a fact the owner didn't know:
Water got through the gasket and into the head...
But Wynn's Radiator Additive would have stopped it dead.

AUTO-MEDIC SPEAKS

Pyrocarcoolitis is a terrible foe,
It'll cost you money and cause you woe,
Wynn's Radiator Additive is your best prescription,
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PYROCARCOOLITIS is the worst sickness your automobile's cooling system can have! A common and often costly disease, it can strike at any time (especially this time of the year) and it's particularly prevalent in *new* cars!

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It's Tough to Follow Churchill

(Continued from Page 25)

These corrosive private doubts—about Eden's stamina and staying power, his political guts and judgment, his qualities of leadership—have long been expressed in small mandarin circles of the Foreign Office, in the civil-service offices of Whitehall, and over highballs at the Tory Carlton Club. But they suddenly burst into the open a few months ago in a peevish and violent press campaign, with Fleet Street headline head-hunters raking the Prime Minister over the coals as THE DITHERER OF DOWNING STREET . . . A MUDDLER AND A WAFFLER . . . LISTLESS AND LUCKLESS . . . SIR ANTHONY YES-NO . . . HEAD-BOY EDEN . . . A BORE AND HE BORES FOR ENGLAND . . . A FLOP . . . THE WORST BRITISH PRIME MINISTER SINCE LORD NORTH. Ominously for Eden, the most vehement blasts came from the Tory press, and perhaps the cruelest shaft from the London Daily Telegraph: "There is a favorite gesture of the Prime Minister's. To emphasize a point he will clench one fist to smack the open palm of the other hand—but the smack is seldom heard."

An attack on a Conservative Prime Minister in the High Tory Daily Telegraph is almost as rare as a needling of the Pope in the Osservatore Romano. Nothing like this had happened in the British Establishment since the hounding from office of Neville Chamberlain. When Eden himself resorted to the pathetic and rattled gesture of issuing a denial of his resignation, this only fed the rumor. Because of the fortnight fury and intensity of the press barrage, some London observers sniffed a cabal in the Conservative Party, a vendetta of other ambitious ministers, Rab Butler and Sir Harold Macmillan, to unseat Eden. But in retrospect the attack seems to have been spontaneous enough, a genuine reflection of a national mood of frustration, and not a party plot.

The nasty Lord North crack may just have been tossed in to jolt American eavesdroppers, or to shake loose Sir Anthony Eden's halo as America's favorite Prime Minister since Sir Winston Churchill. But it must lead many Americans to ask the kind of questions that were posed, rather belatedly, by a minor member of Eden's government from the floor of the House of Commons: "What has happened? Is war imminent? Has the Anglo-American alliance foundered? Is everybody starving?"

Nothing like that, of course, yet clearly, too, the torrent of abuse was more than just a flash flood of rhetoric. The purpose of this article is to try to find an adequate answer to the question, "What has happened?" since Eden took power, with some backward glances at his long career to discover just what makes this handsome, quiet, tense, remote Englishman tick. Like Othello, Sir Anthony Eden has in the past done the state some service. And today like Hamlet, too much like Hamlet perhaps, he must take up arms against a sea of troubles.

What troubles, precisely? On the domestic front, a whole Catherine wheel of problems was served up. First came a drastic and unpopular emergency budget, a half measure to meet an alarming, cantering inflation. Then, inexorably, rumblings of wage hikes or serious labor strife. Next, an alarming dip in Britain's balance-of-payments accounts—that four-way bind of excess of imports over exports producing more inflation, eating up more hard currency, undermining the trading value of the pound, and crippling Britain in her desperate fight for vanishing foreign markets. In brief, and despite the exhilarating promises made in the election of May, 1955—"Vote Conservative and Enjoy the Peace of Eden"—the Tories, like Labor before them, have not been able to lead this Sceptered Isle out of the perilous and seemingly permanent state of living in an embattled siege economy.

Harassed by this dismal home-front situation, Eden might have buoyed up his government with a few brisk successes in the foreign field. After all, he had been a great Foreign Secretary—this was his special wicket. But his luck was simply not with him. The Prime Minister gave a mediocre performance at Geneva, introducing and then quickly withdrawing a disarmament "pilot plan" that fouled up the West's position on German unity. Then he returned home to face up to a series of disasters in the Middle East, an area in which he has been a lifelong specialist, and where the oil pipe lines are, in the most literal sense, a lifeline of the British economy.

Never, even through two world wars, had the British stake in the Middle East been in greater jeopardy, nor British prestige at a lower ebb. There was the uncovering of the arms-to-Egypt bungling, tanks going to Nasser at the very moment that Nile demagogue was twisting the British lion's tail. Then came the humiliating expulsion of Glubb Pasha from the Arab Legion in Jordan, and some tribal rumblings from the Aden corner. Finally, and most ominous of all, the check given in good faith on Suez bounced, and it bounced all the way to Cyprus. It is notorious that weak governments tend to lunge into strong measures, and the usually patient and magnanimous Eden, pushed to the wall by tough-minded Tories, banished Greek Archbishop Makarios to the Indian Ocean, piously insisting "There is freedom at least to argue and fight on Cyprus."

In the hothouse atmosphere of political London, such a dreary succession of bad shows puts the Prime Minister on a terrible spot. As Eden rounded out his first wavering and havering year in office, he steadied himself a bit by carrying out the sticky Bulganin and Khrushchev visit with glacial politeness and considerable of the old aplomb. Then, with a most embarrassing kerplop, came the news that a frogman had been lost in a most un-British way, under the Soviet cruiser Ordzhonikidze in Portsmouth harbor. Eden and the Tories, on coyly Conservative grounds, had been rebuking Labor Party leaders for displaying bad table manners when they gave Khrushchev the business at a House of Commons supper. Now here, under the cruiser, the government itself had been caught going through the guests' luggage.

Eden has thus given his detractors plenty of material for both honest criticism and scorching caricature, which they carry through with a peculiar mixture of raillery and intense irritation. Again and again, the portrait is of Eden as the sweetest Tory ever sold, lurching from plight to plight, and humming the Eton Boating Song as the ship of state threatens to founder. For an outsider coming to these British Isles, it leads to the posing of certain other questions:

How much of all this anti-Eden tallyho is merely the British reverting to one of their favorite political blood sports, savaging their own Prime Minister? In the twentieth century alone, the record of failures in and topplings from this high office is shattering—Chamberlain, Baldwin, MacDonald, Lloyd George, Asquith, Balfour, to name only the most prominent.

How often, in their political subconscious, are the British in general and the Tories in particular blaming Eden for not being Sir Winston Churchill, the greatest Englishman since King Alfred or Merlin maybe? Many a Tory today indulges in a nostalgic bulldog growl: "Oh, for another Winston forty years younger, with real fire in his belly."

Which brings us to a third question, and the real payoff one. How much is Sir Anthony being made the fall guy—or, as they say here, the "Aunt Sally"—for problems that concern and threaten the future of the whole British nation? Winston Churchill once boasted that he did not become the First Minister of the Crown to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire. Someday, when that great man is judged by a history not written and subedited by himself, the record may bring in a cruel verdict: "That was a task Sir Winston Churchill left for his successor."

Put bluntly, it is partly true that Sir Anthony Eden suffers some political anemia from having stood too long in the shadow of a great man, Churchill the ebullient practitioner of the Great Man theory of history. But a deeper truth is that in taking over from Sir Winston Churchill, Sir Anthony had to step into giant footsteps. And, because of certain qualities and instincts he happens to have on his own, Eden discovered, to his quiet horror, that the giant footsteps led in the wrong direction.

This is the real drama in the life story of Sir Anthony Eden, a story that begins, almost symbolically, in the dying years of the nineteenth century, 1897, and in the same fortnight as the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria—when the Empire was at its zenith and all the imperial potentates gathered in London to say so. Robert Anthony Eden was born at Windlestone Hall, Ferry Hill, in the blue Yorkshire hills. He was the third son of red-bearded squire Sir William Eden, a fantastic, strong-minded and erratic man famed the county round for his violent temper and fabulous tongue, his blasphemous oaths and splenetic outbursts, and his power in the saddle as the master of the South Durham Hounds.

Fox-hunting Sir William Eden was a character, and a more full-blooded one than ever stepped out of the pages of a country-house novel. A full book portrait of him exists, Tribulations of a Baronet, etched in filial acid by his second son, Sir Timothy Eden. It is a moving and sad account of how a very gifted and at times most admirable man killed the things he loved, alienating his wife and children by bombast and a pathetic lack of self-control.

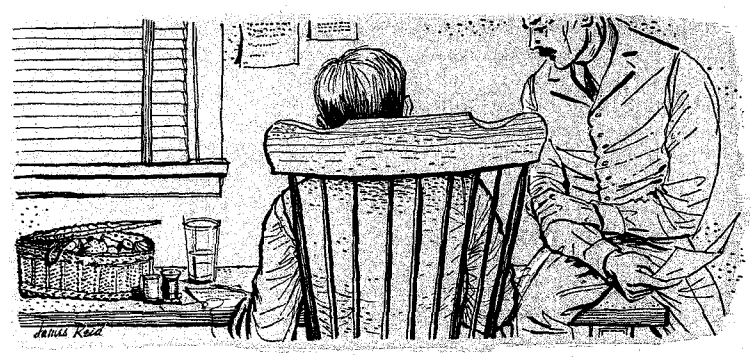
Sir William could put more verbal vigor into one aphorism than his son, Anthony, has put into a lifetime of political speeches: "Do you know what the female of a dog is called, dear boy? Well, that is what Mrs. So-and-So is." . . . "I have come to the conclusion that it is flowers that ruin a garden." . . . "People are odious, especially those clean-shaven and cawing Americans." . . . "Nothing but an earthquake can ever make London beautiful again."

The Bloody Baronet, people called him behind his ramrod back, and his son, Sir Timothy, concludes the portrait of life with father on a revealing note of character:

> He had a contempt for humanity, with its smiles that cheat and its words which deceive, with its pretence of religion, its high-sounding phrases cloaking its vanity, cruelty and self-seeking. Such things as Missions to the Heathen, the Brotherhood of Man, Palaces of Peace at the Hague, lashed him into a fury. He was constantly speaking and writing against them, and being abused for his pains by Radical Idealists and square-toed Non-Conformists.

Young Anthony Eden inherited from his more robust father his own striking good looks, the habit of natty dress, nerves on the outside of the skin and the choleric Eden temper. But he also acquired a real hatred for violent thoughts and flashy language, the tumult of personality, all the ruinous things that too much genius can do. Sir William Eden had been a brilliant failure. He induced in his son one single, consuming desire—to become a studied success, to make a career of not being brilliant.

This remorseless pursuit of orthodoxy, to do the right thing in the right way as an English gentleman should, begins in early youth and is Anthony Eden's one plodding passion, a lifelong lead in The Importance of Being Earnest. At Eton he was neither a brighty nor bottom boy, was



What's Going On Here?

On a quiet afternoon in 1879, two men sit down before a carbonized piece of thread from a woman's sewing basket and watch it intently for forty hours. From their vigil comes a great victory over darkness. Who were the men, and what were they watching?

Violet M. Roberts

(Answer on Page 68)

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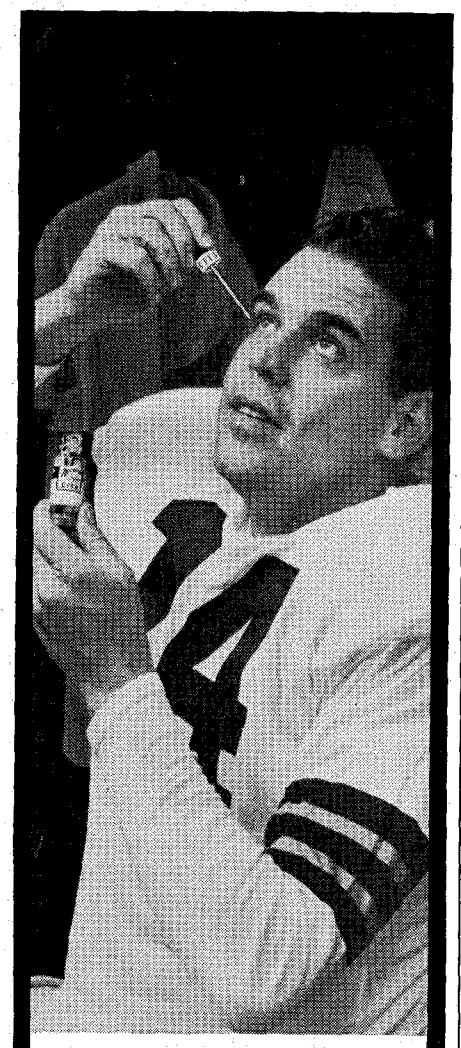

"How I use Murine for tired eyes"

OTTO GRAHAM

Former star quarterback of Northwestern University and the Cleveland Browns

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MURINE *for your eyes**

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good at modern languages and managed to win the Brinckman Divinity Prize. Eighteen and just out of Eton in 1915, he volunteered for the crack King's Royal Rifles. Family pull and the Old Boy Net got him his commission as youngest adjutant in the British Army, but courage and guts won him the Military Cross in 1916, when along the Somme he led a patrol into enemy trenches and went back to rescue Harrop, his wounded platoon sergeant. Although he rarely mentions it, no statesman of the twentieth century learned more about war at the true blood-sweat-and-tears level than Captain Eden—except, ironically, Cpl. Adolf Hitler.

After that war Eden, a matured, decorated and physically unscathed member of the lost generation had already decided to go into politics to "do something" to prevent a second holocaust. But the voice of orthodoxy, this time on the lips of his mother, Lady Eden, insisted he go up to Oxford. At Christ Church College, Tony quietly buried himself in his digs, made few close friends and concentrated in the esoteric field (even for Oxford) of Oriental and Middle East studies, learning to speak Persian and Arabic.

Leaving the university in 1922, he rushed directly into an election as the Tory candidate for Spennymoor, a mining district in his native Durham. Anthony could now read the Koran in the original, but he knew precious little about coal and marginal mines—in fact, he wasn't too dreadfully sure about the difference between a shift and a shaft. In really dreary speeches loaded with awkward whimsey, stunning generalities and ponderous clichés, he at least took a clear and ringing stand on the class struggle. He was against it. But the voters weren't, and the disgruntled miners of Spennymoor gave dapper Captain Eden a clobbering on election day. This was the only defeat he was ever to suffer in nine stands for Parliament.

It is curious and revealing to study in retrospect how Eden got around the problem of defeat. His suave maneuvers at this early stage of his career are precisely those his enemies point to today when they hint he is a political trimmer, an opportunist who got to the top by beginning too high up the ladder. The real problem in the Spennymoor election was coal, the most important word in the political and economic vocabulary of Great Britain. The Industrial Revolution had begun, the empire been built, the navy and merchant navy stoked, with British coal—good, cheap, plentiful, and with a surplus for export. Now, in these early 1920's and persisting to today, the word "decline" began to be written on the colliery walls. (Half of Britain's 1955 output comes from shafts and drifts put down before 1900.)

In 1923, Anthony Eden went to his sponsors in the Conservative Party, one of whom was Stanley Baldwin, and wangled for himself the safe Tory constituency of Warwick and Leamington. Leamington is a chintzy spa town in the Shakespeare country, just about as far away from the coal seams as a Yorkshireman can get. The campaign that followed attracted much attention in the national press, primarily because Eden's opponent was the Countess of Warwick, one of the richest women in England, known as the Red Countess for her passionate espousal of the Labor cause. Eden's speeches were as dull as ever—"High wages are a good thing, if matched by high production." But many women were going to the polls for the first time, and it was dapper Captain Eden, and not the flamboyant countess, who captured the dowager and flapper vote. To this day, his charged appeal to women is one of Eden's great vote-getting assets. The Leamington ladies of the Tory Primrose League are his girls in the back room, beaming with approval when he winsomely tells them "The Primrose path is the middle way."

During this same election—his critics say to make victory doubly sure—Anthony Eden announced his engagement to Beatrice Beckett, daughter of the family that controlled the powerful Tory Yorkshire Post. It looked like the perfect political marriage, at Saint Margaret's in the shadow of Westminster Abbey; too perfect, perhaps, when one notes that the third day of the honeymoon was spent campaigning. Down through the years Anthony's increasing devotion to politics, and Beatrice's growing aversion to it, finally shattered this marriage. Eden's second marriage, to Churchill's niece, Clarissa, in 1952, again had obvious political overtones, but this time seeming happy ones.

From the beginning, Eden was married to his career. Once he arrived in the House of Commons in 1923, he began to move ahead very fast as a Tory bright young man, or rather an eager young man with a pronounced flair for foreign affairs. In 1925 he took a trip around the world and wrote a thin book, Places in the Sun ("Abadan, a little-known port . . ."). He gave tidy and studied little speeches on nationalism in Turkey, how to deal with the Imam of Yemen, the future of Mesopotamia. His pipeline into the Foreign Office opened in 1926, when he became Parliamentary Private Secretary to Foreign Secretary Sir Austen Chamberlain. Next—1931—he moved up to Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; later Lord Privy Seal. Thus he had long been a familiar in the Foreign Office when, in 1935, he took over as Secretary himself, youngest in a century.

He was already an international figure, and it was during the terrible mid-'30's, when European democracy was reeling, that Anthony Eden became, in the world's imagination, the parfit gentle knight. Now at Geneva, now in Rome or Paris or Berlin, in all the missions and conferences and parleys of a dreadful decade, he managed to create an image of himself as an honest and decent man who knew the difference between the principle of compromise and the compromise of principle. The voice of Churchill was now booming out from the House of Commons backbenches, but Eden had the more difficult job of speaking for the government. On more than one occasion, he attacked Churchill's "mischievous absurdities"—his scorn for the League of Nations and his earlier affection for Mussolini.

Ask almost anybody today when Anthony Eden's dramatic resignation as Foreign Secretary came, and the answer comes back, "Munich." In fact, he had resigned some seven months before Munich. Moreover, his rather flat resignation speech was criticized at the time for what seemed to be double talk. He gave as his quitting reason a complicated dispute in the cabinet about further negotiations with Fascist Italy.

But the real reason for Eden's seeming namby-pamby deference at the time does credit to both his character and his vision. The truth was known only after the war. Early in 1938, President Roosevelt had sent a secret letter to Neville Chamberlain, offering to throw the American weight into the European scales by calling a Great-Power conference in Washington. Foreign Secretary Eden was away on a short vacation on the Riviera at the time. Friends got him to rush back to London, but too late to prevent Chamberlain's flabbergasting rejection of this giant overture. Infuriated, but pledged to silence by a secret of state, Eden took the personal decision to resign.

With the war and the withering away of the Chamberlain regime, Eden was again back in office. The personal political alliance between Winston Churchill as Prime Minister and Eden as his Foreign Secretary grew more out of events than any natural affinity, although there was always personal warmth, each recognizing in the other sterling qualities both different and complementary—Churchill the pugnacious and partisan orator who could stir the nation, Anthony more at home in the clubby House of Commons that hates the purple phrase; Churchill the great rogue-elephant of British party politics, Eden the true-blue Tory who could still chat with Labor without growling; Churchill with his cult of personality, displaying in himself all the indomitable and invincible adjectives the British usually give as names to battleships, Eden the old platoon leader and instinctive team man.

As the war wore on, another fundamental difference emerged which is the one that most concerns us today. Churchill's pattern for peace was sketched in giant brush strokes, a masterpiece to be painted in a few sittings. Eden began to talk more and more about "the mosaic of peace," something made up of many little parts put together by skilled workmen slowly and with infinite care.

Some of Eden's present-day critics, looking backward, come up with a derisive version of his long apprenticeship under Churchill—the great wartime Prime Minister needed a Man Friday, and here was an Anthony who would just never be a Brutus. But Churchill would certainly not have draped the mantle of succession on the shoulders of a yes man. A more careful reading of the record indicates that Churchill, with his great instinct for judging men, recognized in Eden the superior qualities of the professional diplomat, used him on some of the war's toughest diplomatic missions, and came to rue the few times he did not use him.

Here we are nudging up against one of the great political myths of our time, a myth sometimes nursed by Churchill himself. It is of how the British Prime Minister, caught between the tyrannical ambition of a Stalin and the nonchalant dilettantism of the American President, saw, like a great European seer, the war climaxing in inevitable "triumph and

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 67)

Thomas A. Edison and his assistant, Francis Jehl, placed a carbonized thread from Mrs. Edison's sewing basket in a vacuumized bulb, connected the thread with a storage battery, and watched it glow for forty hours. "That's fine," Edison said as it finally went dark. "If a lamp will burn forty hours, I know I can make one to last a hundred."

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tragedy." There is some truth to this, but much falseness.

While Churchill was always going down into the House of Commons to "speak a few good words for the devil" on the subject of the alliance with the Soviets, Eden took off for Moscow to try to nail down precisely what Soviet ambitions in Eastern Europe might be. It was Roosevelt and Eden who steadily refused to accept the brutal Soviet gobbling of the Baltic states; Churchill was willing in the name of Big Threeism.

Once again, at the 1944 Quebec Conference, when Roosevelt talked Churchill into endorsing the Morgenthau Plan, Winston turned to Anthony and said, "I don't want you to go running back to the war cabinet trying to unsell this plan before I get there." Which, incidentally, is precisely what Eden did.

In the spate of war memoirs of allied statesmen, designed to reveal this and cover up that, Eden emerges, and almost alone, as a man who seems to have known what he was doing and why, guided by a rare integrity and the copybook principles of diplomacy that are not exciting, but wear well. Churchill has had to write six volumes to try to explain how the same hand that signed the Atlantic Charter could have scribbled, on a slip of paper, a suggestion to divide Eastern Europe with Stalin on a bully's percentage basis. Eden has had to write no apologia, but he always comes off well in the pages of others. Even General de Gaulle, a man not given to spontaneous magnanimity, pauses to applaud Eden: "This diplomat, entirely devoted to his country's interest, did not despise those of others, and remained careful of international morality in the midst of the cynical brutalities of the time."

In politics, it is a standard device to use a man's best qualities to highlight his defects, and Eden's detractors today score most heavily by emphasizing that Sir Anthony, as Prime Minister, would make a very great Foreign Secretary. Even his ceremonial taking over from Churchill, in April, 1955, was muted by a national newspaper strike, and also by the rumor that the Old Man had been eased out of office before he could give a last grand performance at Geneva. Sir Anthony's first big decision on the domestic political front was to call a snap election and win it handsomely. Then the troubles, the "plagues of prosperity," as Eden calls them, really began.

Seen in the perspective of more than a decade, and now that both Labor and Tories have thrashed about trying to balance the books of the welfare state, the United Kingdom's central problem stands out a lot more clearly. This welfare state did not emerge from any landslide victory of "socialism" in the elections of 1945; it grew naturally out of the vast system of wartime controls built up by both parties during the war for national survival. A whole chain of economic barrage balloons was necessary to keep this island afloat—the balloon of food subsidies and price controls, rationing and fair shares for all, nonconvertible currency, enforced savings, import restrictions, wages and prices pegged to each other instead of to the true cost of production—all the elements of a classic inflation. After the war, neither party dared take the balloons down for fear of offending huge blocks of voters, and inevitably the British economy began floating way above the rock-bottom realities of competitive world competition.

The central barrage balloon was economic planning on the assumption of cheap, subsidized and plentiful coal, to stoke an ever-expanding industry. The hope in 1945 was that by 1955 the nationalized mines could produce 250,000,000 tons of coal annually. Since then, capital has been poured down the shafts at the rate of $1,000,000,000 every five years, but coal statistics have been dismal—214,000,000 tons in 1954, 208,000,000 in 1955. Old capacity is fading out quicker than new capacity can be created, and there is a gap of almost 50,000,000 tons of "lost coal capacity." To fill this gap, since American coal is wildly expensive, and atomic energy too far beyond the horizon, Britain needs and must have assured access to crude oil; 40,000,000 tons today and, by 1960, 75,000,000 tons.

Here the wheel comes full circle, and those who argue that Eden spent too much of his career as Foreign Secretary, at home abroad, may yet see that argument boomerang. For while it is true that on election day voters are more interested in the price of mutton chops in Monmouth than the protocols of the Pact of Baghdad, for the United Kingdom these two matters are vitally related. They are all a part of the constant battle to keep Britain in business as a great power, the third power in the world. When Eden closeted himself with Khrushchev and spelled out Britain's vital need for Middle Eastern oil, of why literally she would fight rather than be strangled, he was in reality defending the industry of Yorkshire and the Midlands and hence the price of mutton chops.

> As a rule, the people who have money to burn don't use it for fuel.
>
> ANTHONY J. PETTITO

Let the Suez Canal be closed for ninety days, and the British Isles face industrial catastrophe. In the face of this seemingly permanent threat of an economic Dunkirk, some voices here and there can be heard asking why the English don't contract out of this great-power business. Why don't they build dikes and retreat behind them like the Dutch, or mount their social democracy on ball bearings, like the Swedes, or sell watches and fresh air at high altitudes, like the Swiss? Churchill once growled one good answer—"What kind of people do they think we are?"—and there is another. The United Kingdom is an industrial nation of 50,000,000 people who have built their industry on coal and power. They cannot possibly feed themselves; they must export or perish. Britain is a great power, the center and banker of the vast sterling trading area that is the Commonwealth, or she is nothing.

In this survey of Sir Anthony Eden's troubles, which are in reality a life struggle of the British nation, the question arises whether the Anglo-American alliance is at stake, since he is both an architect and a symbol of that alliance. In the first instance, clearly no. Whether the Tory Party rallies around Eden or replaces him by, say, Sir Harold Macmillan or R. A. Butler, that is strictly their own business. Nor would the arrival in power of Labor's Hugh Gaitskell, or even Aneurin Bevan, mean the end of the world.

In a time of shifting alliances and shifty allies, it is a comforting thought to realize that the Anglo-American alliance, a practical thing that grew out of the exigencies of World War II, seems all the stronger for the constant testing it gets. What is its basis in reality? Not the common language, which we certainly don't speak when referring to Red China in the U.N. Nor again, as our East Coast Anglophiles would have it, is it a mystical blood tie. Blood is not thicker than 3000 miles of Atlantic Ocean. Still less is it based on sentimental idealism, the most perishable of commodities in world affairs. It is founded, thank God, on mutual interest, the fact that geography and history have placed us in an excellent position to scratch each other's backs. In this alliance the Prime Minister of Great Britain, whoever he is, is clearly the No. 2 man. He ranks behind the President of the United States, but well above the American Secretary of State.

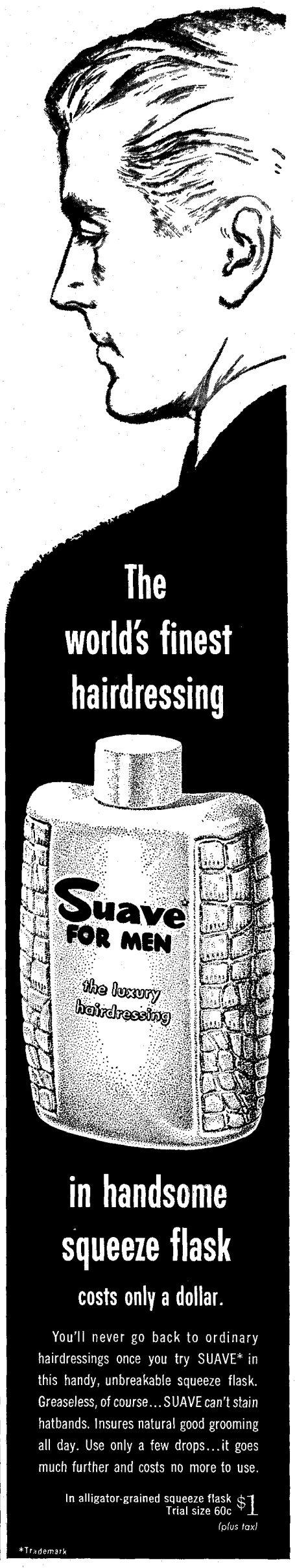
Eden himself, in one of his last skillful acts as Foreign Secretary, revealed how valuable he is as the honest broker of the Western World. When, in the summer of 1954, John Foster Dulles found the United States hopelessly hung up on the European Army idea, and Pierre Mendès-France seized the occasion to play ducks and drakes with the NATO alliance, it was Sir Anthony—whom Dulles had previously dismissed as "The Dancing Boy"—who moved in and showed these two worthies how to suck eggs. When Hopalong Eden first set out on his whirlwind tour of six West European capitals, those of us who watched him could not help recalling the old London wartime skit—"Is your stirrup pump still working, Colonel Hop-Hop-Hopkins?"—but before he had finished, Sir Anthony Eden had reached into his well-tailored waistcoat pocket, pulled out a copy of the 1948 Brussels Treaty, and with a few dexterous smoothings and fixings, sold a treaty originally designed against Germany as a workable formula for getting West Germany into NATO.

Eden was surely the only statesman in Europe who even remembered that there was a Brussels Treaty. That's what came from having spent so many late evenings in bed reading dispatch boxes, the habit that ruined his first marriage, but saved the NATO alliance.

If Sir Anthony Eden has operated quietly, with the tools of the professional diplomat, the contrast with Sir Winston Churchill is eloquent in its own special Edenist way. The "Grand Old Man in a Hurry" has never ceased pursuing a Vision called Peace, his dream that in some superparley at the summit three or four immortals can resolve the problems of the planet. From Teheran to Casablanca to Yalta to Potsdam to Fulton to Strasbourg, until last May he came to the cathedral of Aachen. Rattling the bones of Charlemagne, Churchill proposed that it might be a fine idea to admit the Soviet Union into the NATO alliance—let the wolf into the sheepcote to convince him the sheep are only sheep. Churchill is still Shakespearean, but now the role is Falstaff, babbling of green fields.

Eden winces when he hears "the Old Boy," as he always calls Churchill, spinning out these grand designs. Instead, he goes steadily about the Queen's business, in his quiet Rolls-Royce way. He believes that these parleys at the summit, Genevas and no end, are dangerous nonsense, because in aiming to solve everything they solve nothing. Eden has always been the advocate of the *ad hoc* conference and the *ad rem* agreement, taking one aspect of a specific problem and bearing down on it. He is for a diplomacy without cheers, but also without megaphones—"One cannot bang and bustle the world into peace." The man from the Foreign Office learned one great brief and learned it well. The real problems of any given day have a way of solving themselves only by yielding to new problems, and if the world wags toward peace it will be slowly. Meanwhile, it is his job to see to it that there will always be an England.

THE END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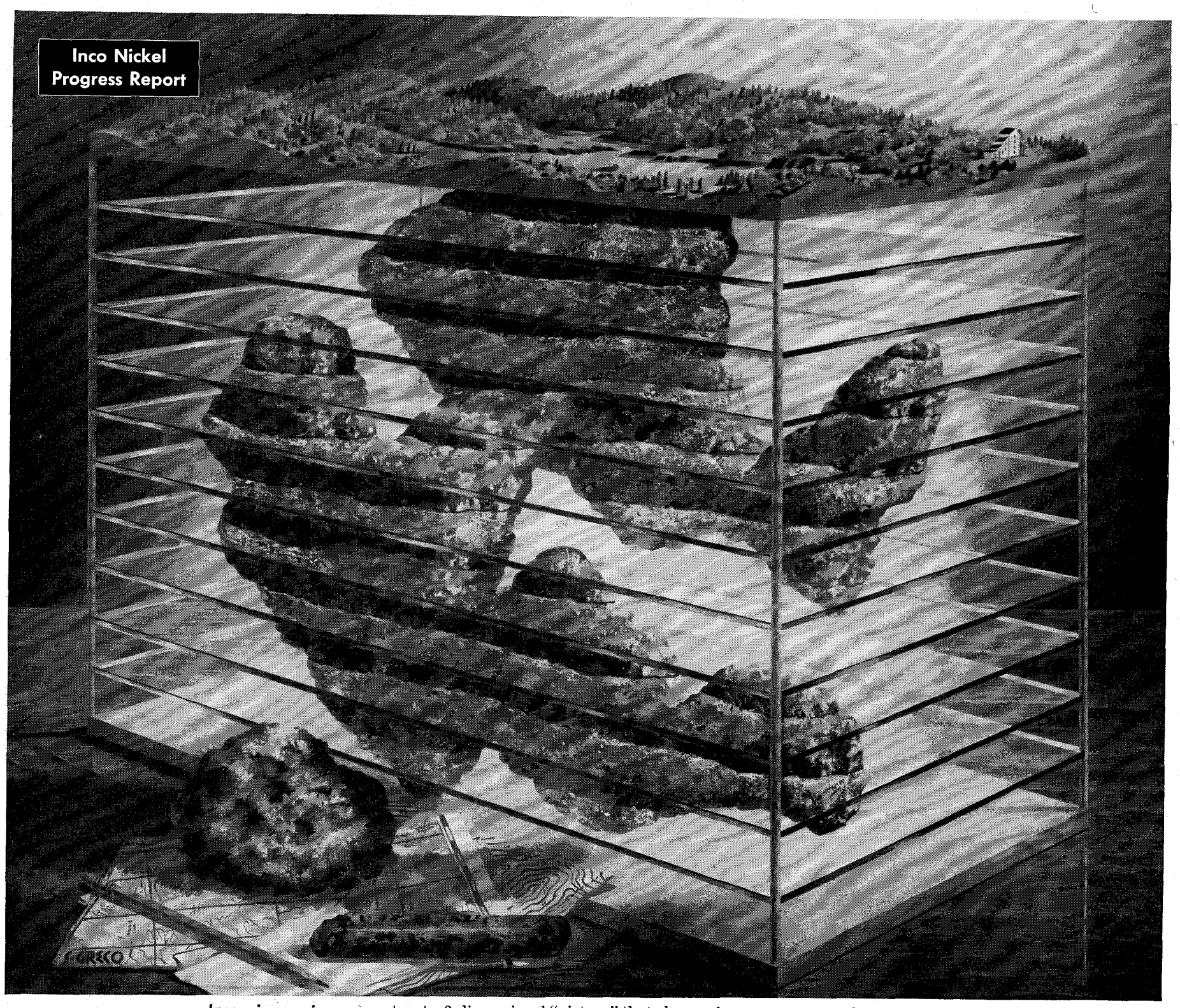

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This 3-D model of an ore body shows where future supplies of Inco Nickel will be mined

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These ore samples enable International Nickel engineers to build small models of their mines' ore bodies. So they know where each ore body lies, how large it is, and of what grade.

They know, as well, how to get that ore out of the ground in the safest, most sensible, most economical way possible – know what shafts may have to be sunk, what tunnels and drifts to drive. Know, in a word, how to reach and mine every possible ton of usable ore. And, having mined it, how to extract every possible pound of useful metal.

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Why Mac Isn't Dead (Continued from Page 29)

changed over to Bob's car. It was a cold, clear night.

As they re-entered Connecticut, Rich, leading by some 200 yards, lost the way. He had been driving his truck all day, and he was dog-tired. On Route 53, passing through Ridgefield, he dozed off at the wheel. The car, moving at fifty miles an hour into a curve, sideswiped a sandbox on the left side of the road, shot over to the right, hurtled a guardrail, struck a tree and landed, driver's seat down, in a ditch eight feet deep. As Bob Morton, driving close behind, jammed on his brake, Jimmy leaped out, dived into the ditch and, reaching through the smashed window, switched off the ignition lest spilled gasoline explode—a precaution he remembered from his auto-stunting experience.

Rich's car was a shambles. All the glass had been pulverized, the roof peeled back like a sheet of paper, the sides blown out and the radiator staved in. The three passengers lay in a heap under the dial panel, motionless and groaning. By the light of Bob's head lamps, Jimmy began hauling them through the roof. Bill Mealey was bleeding through his clothes at the waist; Mac and Rich were heavily contused about the head and neck. "We figured they were goners for sure," Jimmy recalled afterward. "We didn't see how anybody could have been in that wreck and live."

Bob Morton roused the tenants of a farmhouse across the road. They telephoned first the firehouse in the nearby village of Georgetown, which operates an ambulance service, then the state police in Ridgefield. The calls brought swift action. Two police cars—one driven by Officer John J. Jones, the other by Officer Louis R. Stefanek—received the alarm from headquarters on their two-way radios at 4:34. They converged upon the scene sixteen minutes later.

The ambulance was already there with Mac inside. Bill Mealey was stretched out on a patch of short grass. Rich still lay trapped under the driver's wheel. The officers helped Jimmy drag him free. The Georgetown ambulance contained only one cot, and Officer Stefanek telephoned the Ridgefield firehouse to dispatch its ambulance. The nearest hospital was in Norwalk, fifteen miles away. The first ambulance headed for it at 4:55, to be followed shortly by the second, bearing Rich and Bill, and by their friends in Bob's car. The officers waited for daylight to measure the tire marks and take photographs of the wrecked car. Officer Jones later mailed Rich a summons, charging him with speeding.

For the night emergency staff it had already been a busy shift. Mrs. Pogany had so far admitted eleven ailing or injured patients. The attending surgeon, Dr. Ralph Cresap (out of deference to the ethical code of the Norwalk Medical Society, the names of all doctors directly connected with the case have been disguised), had finally gone home, exhausted, leaving instructions to refer any further emergencies to the junior attending surgeon, Dr. Felix Burnham. He was scarcely out of sight when the ambulances pulled up.

Mrs. Pogany awakened the intern on duty, Dr. Hugo Pappas, who was snatching forty winks on a cot across the corridor. Although Bill Mealey's thigh had been ripped—it took 140 stitches to repair it—and Rich Haggerty's shoulder blade and forearm broken, neither of them, Pappas concluded, was critically hurt. But Mac looked to be almost moribund. His blood pressure was 80/30 (about 120/70 is normal for most people); his pulse 120 to the minute (70 to 72 is normal); his respiration 30 to the minute (18 to 20 is normal); and he had abdominal spasm.

The clinical picture suggested to Pappas shock and internal hemorrhage. In shock the capillaries, or minute blood vessels linking the network of veins and arteries, expand, and with the resulting decrease of pressure the blood no longer circulates fast enough or in sufficient quantity. The enlarged vessels must therefore be artificially filled.

Cross-matching blood preparatory to a transfusion takes approximately half an hour, a dangerous delay under the circumstances. As a stopgap, while this was being done in the hematology laboratory by technician Harold Cross, Pappas gave intravenously 500 cc. of dextran, a carbohydrate blood expander and a substitute for plasma, which can be administered immediately to all blood groups.

Despite the fact that he nearly lost his life in a highway smashup, Al McFadden (shown driving here) intends to go back to automobile stunting.

Mac was suffering intense pain. Should he be given morphine? Pappas knew that if internal injuries had occurred, the preliminary diagnosis, which would be the attending surgeon's responsibility to make, might thus be obscured. Pappas therefore took the hard but wise choice of letting Mac suffer a little while until the attending surgeon arrived.

He did not have long to wait. Notified by Mrs. Pogany within minutes of Mac's admission, Burnham was driving from his home in Westport, a distance of six miles. A graduate of the Long Island College of Medicine, aged thirty-four, lean, wiry and intense, Burnham has had an unusually wide experience of gross traumas. Before joining the Norwalk Hospital in 1952, he had trained at New York's Harlem Hospital, in a neighborhood where knifings and shootings are nightly occurrences.

Burnham entered the Emergency Room and began his examination at 5:35. As he palpated Mac's abdomen, the upper left quadrant proved to be extremely tender, a reaction indicating possible damage to the spleen. By itself such damage would not be alarming. The spleen is a spongy, crescent-shaped viscus about which very little is known except that it can be as readily dispensed with as the appendix.

Concerning the pelvic bone, Burnham was able to make a positive diagnosis by a combination of feel and hearing. Gently manipulating it, he detected the crepitus—the crackle of bone ends scraping—denoting a fracture. X rays would later show that six inches of the ilium, a wing-like projection had been sheared away.

The blood-bank team was now ready with whole blood. During the next forty-eight hours Mac received eleven pints of it. At the same time the hematologists began the first of nineteen tests to keep track of blood loss.

Having learned as much as he could through the patient's reaction to manual examination, Burnham prescribed a quarter grain of morphine. He then sought to determine the amount and source of internal bleeding, clearly considerable since Mac continued to lose blood despite copious transfusions. With a needle and syringe he tapped all four quadrants of the abdomen, and from the lower left quadrant drew a small quantity of blood—not enough to account for the steady loss.

Burnham pondered other logical sources, a process of elimination. He ruled out the stomach, because if it were hemorrhaging, Mac would probably vomit or pass blood. He also ruled out the intestines, which do not bleed profusely even when badly damaged. He considered injury to the tissues situated directly behind the peritoneum, deep within the abdomen, for they lie in a cavity which can receive and retain a good deal of blood. Another organ always to be considered when the pelvis has undergone violence is the diaphragm, a partition of muscle and tendon separating the chest from the abdominal organs. Burnham conjectured that the impact of the crash might have torn it. He also felt that the kidneys and bladder should be checked.

Accordingly, a surgical technician passed a Foley catheter—a narrow tube ending in a small balloon—through the patient's urethra into his bladder, inflating the balloon so that the tube could not slip out. The purpose was twofold. Any bleeding of the genito-urinary tract would be evident. (There was a significant amount.) Secondly, the patient's fluid balance could be constantly observed by withdrawing specimens into a calibrated jar at hourly intervals.

Mac was then wheeled into the X-Ray Room, where technician Jack Amodeo began a series of studies, and chief radiologist Dr. Jean Capello interpreted them. The first of the series confirmed Burnham's surmise that tissues behind the peritoneum were damaged. A subsequent series showed that the diaphragm had been widely split. To observe the kidneys, which consist of soft tissue penetrable by X rays, required a pylogram. A nurse injected a dye, creating, as the kidneys secreted it, an opacity which X rays could not penetrate. Burnham awaited the outcome of the pylogram with particular anxiety. If it revealed the normal complement of two kidneys, and one had been damaged, that kidney could be safely removed, for a man can live with a single kidney. But if Mac had only one kidney, a not uncommon deficiency, and it was damaged, an attempt to repair it would have to be undertaken at any risk. Burnham uttered a sigh of relief when Capello assured him that the two kidneys were present. The left kidney, however, had been lacerated.

This discovery brought onto the scene a staff urologist, Dr. Oliver Goldman. In his opinion the lacerations did not warrant surgery; he believed they would heal without interference—as indeed they did. Amodeo then proceeded to a cystogram, or bladder X ray, similarly employing a dye. The bladder was unimpaired.

Listening to Mac's chest through a stethoscope, Burnham heard no abnormal sounds, and he saw no more reason to X ray it at that point than, say, Mac's ankle bones, especially as the patient was in a poor way to assume the necessary vertical position. In hindsight, as the freakish events turned out, he regretted not having insisted upon a chest X ray, however arduous for the patient.

It was now 7:40 A. M., two hours and twenty-five minutes since Mac's admission. He was removed to a two-bed room on the floor above, which he shared with Rich Haggerty, and assigned three private nurses, who took turns at his bedside in eight-hour shifts. Jimmy Randolph, meanwhile, had telephoned Rich's father in Bridgeport. He arrived at 6:30. Jimmy had also telephoned Mac's father in Bedford, Ohio, and his mother in Pittsburgh. Desperately as they longed to fly to their son, they could not. Aside from the expense, McFadden, Sr., was himself facing surgery for a slipped disk; Mrs. McFadden was recovering from a heart attack.

The Haggertys' outlook was equally bleak. The father is a forty-six-year-old dairy-route man, earning forty-three dollars a week plus 3 per cent commission. He has a younger child, a daughter, aged fifteen. Rich had been earning seventy-five dollars a week as a truck driver, but he would be unable to work at all until his broken bones mended, a matter of many weeks, and then not at his old job if he lost his driving license—he did, for an indefinite period, and was fined fifty dollars. Neither Rich nor Mac carried hospital insurance.

No reputable hospital challenges the financial status of an emergency patient before admitting him. Only after the immediate danger has been allayed is the question of ability to pay broached. In cases of hardship, the Norwalk Hospital will usually offer a short-term easy-payment plan without interest or, for longer periods, will arrange a bank loan at 6 per cent, underwriting the note itself. Of all the bills the hospital submits in the course of a year, it has to write off altogether an average of about $120,000.

The senior Haggerty announced, on behalf of himself and his son, that they would somehow assume all financial responsibility for the accident. And he prayed. "I knew," he said later, "that if Mac died, my boy could never feel right again."

In Room No. B-261 heroic measures were going forward to help Mac rally. From various orifices and small incisions in his body plastic tubes projected through

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which his shocked system could be replenished with substances essential to life—blood, sugar in the form of glucose, water, oxygen. Intravenously, he received vitamins and, to guard against infection, penicillin and streptomycin.

As Mac's mind cleared a little, he became prey to anxieties. He sensed that his life hung by the nasal tube feeding him oxygen, and he would implore the nurses and doctors not to touch it. The knowledge of his parents' troubles and their absence exerted further emotional tension. To relax it, the doctors borrowed one of psychiatry's latest aids—a nerve-calming drug, thorazine.

But the basic problem remained unsolved. Should any of the damaged organs be removed or repaired? Or would medication heal them? Was exploratory surgery in order? At 4:30 P.M. Mac's general condition stabilized, allowing more time for observation. Burnham, who had been in the hospital for almost twelve hours, attending Rich and Bill Mealey as well, brought Doctor Cresap and the resident surgeon, Dr. David Lessing, up to date, and thereafter they shared the problem with him. He drove home to get some sleep. He was not long undisturbed.

At 7:45 Mac's nurse noted that his blood pressure was dropping sharply and his breathing growing labored. She so warned Lessing, who consulted Burnham by telephone. They agreed on the urgency of a chest X ray. The radiology department's Edinburgh-trained Miss Manette Low made the exposure in Mac's room with a portable machine. On the developed plate a shadow obliterated the left chest, indicating a hemorrhage. To relieve the pressure against the lung, Lessing tapped the spot with a needle, draining off about a pint. Mac began to breathe more easily, and there followed another period of watchful waiting.

Examining Mac again at 7:45 in the morning, Burnham listened for breath sounds in the left chest. He heard nothing. A second X ray was taken. It showed a massive hemorrhage. Burnham tapped the lower left chest and drew a little blood. Then, tapping the upper left chest, he drew enough to overflow a two-and-one-half-liter container. This was an uncommon place to find so much. Normally, blood from a hemorrhage in that area would gravitate to the base of the chest. Baffled, Burnham called in Dr. Albert Ross, a staff chest specialist.

Burnham was momentarily absent, at Bill Mealey's bedside, when Ross arrived and requested a third X ray. Comparing the second and third plates, Ross noticed a curious detail. The area photographed covered the upper abdomen as well as the chest, and the second plate showed a gas bubble in the stomach—or what could only be assumed to be the stomach, since that organ must be rendered opaque with barium, a contrast medium, before its outlines can be seen. This was quite normal; gas is constantly present in the stomach. But on the third plate a similar bubble appeared in the chest. The inescapable suggestion was that the stomach had moved up into the chest cavity, a likely action when the diaphragm is not intact to prevent it, the stomach being a floating, elastic organ with long, flexible attachments.

Only a barium X ray could furnish proof positive of the stomach's location, but Ross hesitated to order one without consultation, because if, in addition to all the other damage, an intestine had been blocked, the barium might compound the obstruction. While waiting for Burnham, Ross and the assistant radiologist on duty, Dr. Daniel Gorda, devised an ingenious alternative. If the bubble was indeed in the stomach, and not in the lungs or chest, and more gas was introduced, the bubble would expand. So they had Mac swallow some ginger ale. The bubble expanded.

When Burnham got back and saw the plates, he agreed to a stomach X ray, though he recommended a minimum dosage of barium. The stomach proved to be in the chest, all right. But when did it get there? Shortly after the injury to the diaphragm? Not if the chest was already occupied by blood. Undoubtedly, Burnham and Ross figured, it had been pulled up by the sudden negative pressure created when some of the blood was withdrawn. But the source of the hemorrhage still eluded them.

Burnham embarked on a second process of elimination. Had the internal mammary artery been severed? That would imply a penetrating blow or an extensive fracture of the sternum, neither of which had happened. Had the aorta been damaged? Mac could hardly have survived so long. The arteries between the ribs? Too small. The heart? The stethoscope picked up no markedly erratic beat. The lungs? The X rays would have shown air in the chest. In short, the bleeding could not logically be attributed to any damage of the chest.

The last possibility to occur to Burnham was so remote that he almost rejected it. Yet his colleagues concurred that it alone fitted all the known facts. The spleen, injured and dislodged at the same moment the diaphragm was torn, must have been driven into the chest through the diaphragm. The stomach, following later, had then blocked the opening in the diaphragm, like a stopper in a basin, and the blood, prevented from flowing downward, had filled the chest—a situation for medical annals. There was no further doubt what the next step should be.

At midday, as Mac awoke from a drugged sleep, Burnham told him, "We feel we should operate. Can we have your permission?"

It took a minute or two for the news to penetrate. Then Mac murmured, "I trust you, doc. Whatever you say."

During the early hours of the afternoon Mac's defenses were raised to the maximum possible strength with additional blood transfusions, which were literally pumped into him.

At 6:15 an orderly shaved his body hair. In view of Mac's apprehensive state, the staff anesthetist assigned to the operation, Dr. Alwin Constella, decided to put him under, outside the operating room. As a preliminary anesthetic he selected pentothal, administered by intravenous drip. Thirty seconds after the first drop entered his veins, Mac lost consciousness, not to recover it until hours after the operation, back in his room.

Waiting, gowned and masked in the operating room, were the four surgeons—Burnham, Ross, Cresap and Lessing—instrument nurse Jean Hampton and a circulating nurse, Muriel Lengyel, whose function would be to convey materials as needed into the sterile field surrounding the operating table. The patient was placed right side down on the operating table, a sandbag at the small of his back for support. This table consisted of articulated panels which were manipulated to position the torso.

Throughout the operation Mac would require constant blood transfusion, and to avoid any accidental interruption of the flow Lessing made what is termed a cut-down of a vein in the leg. He inserted a thin tube to the length of ten inches, taping it securely at the point of entry.

Chest surgery would not be feasible at all unless the patient's breathing could be maintained mechanically, since once the chest is opened and air rushes in, the lungs collapse and can draw in neither oxygen nor anesthetic fumes. The most efficient solution to the problem was conceived almost a century ago, and reached a peak of perfection within the last fifteen years. The anesthetist slips a rubber tube down the patient's trachea, through which he can then pump oxygen and anesthetic gas into the lungs in any amount at will.

For a deep anesthesia Constella chose cyclopropane, a hydrocarbon gas, first so used in 1933, which can be given in a high concentration of oxygen. Nonirritating to tissue and having little nauseating aftereffect, it is superior to ether, though it somewhat depresses respiration, whereas ether stimulates it. Accordingly, Constella mixed in a little ether.

At Constella's signal that the patient was completely anesthetized, Burnham delineated the incision to be made by lightly scratching the skin with a scalpel. He then cross-hatched the line at four or five points so that when he stitched up the incision, these transverse markings would guide him in aligning the edges of broken skin.

Following the line, he now cut deeply through the skin with long, slow sweeps of the scalpel, the subcutaneous layer and the muscle. At each level his colleagues clamped the ends of the numerous severed blood vessels, instantly arresting the bleeding, sponged the area and held back the flaps of tissue with retractors. In ten minutes a windowlike aperture, measuring roughly ten inches long and eight inches wide, gave access to the internal organs.

The view produced no surprises. The displacement was pretty much what the surgeons had anticipated. The spleen was grossly lacerated, bleeding and irreparable. Reaching into the chest cavity, Burnham delivered the spleen, as the other surgeons clamped and tied with silk thread its disrupted moorings. By hand he reposited the stomach in the abdomen "with some difficulty," as he commented in his official report of the case, and sutured the diaphragm.

No crisis arose at any time during the operation. Mac's condition improved, in fact, as the bleeding diminished. By eight P. M. the surgeons were ready to sew him up. While Constella kept the lungs inflated, Burnham implanted a plastic tube in the chest cavity to remain there for twenty-four hours as a drain. The free end he stuck in a bottle of water, so that no air could enter the chest and recollapse the lungs.

The last stitch was sewn at 8:50, two hours after Constella inserted the tracheal tube, and Mac was wheeled back to his room.

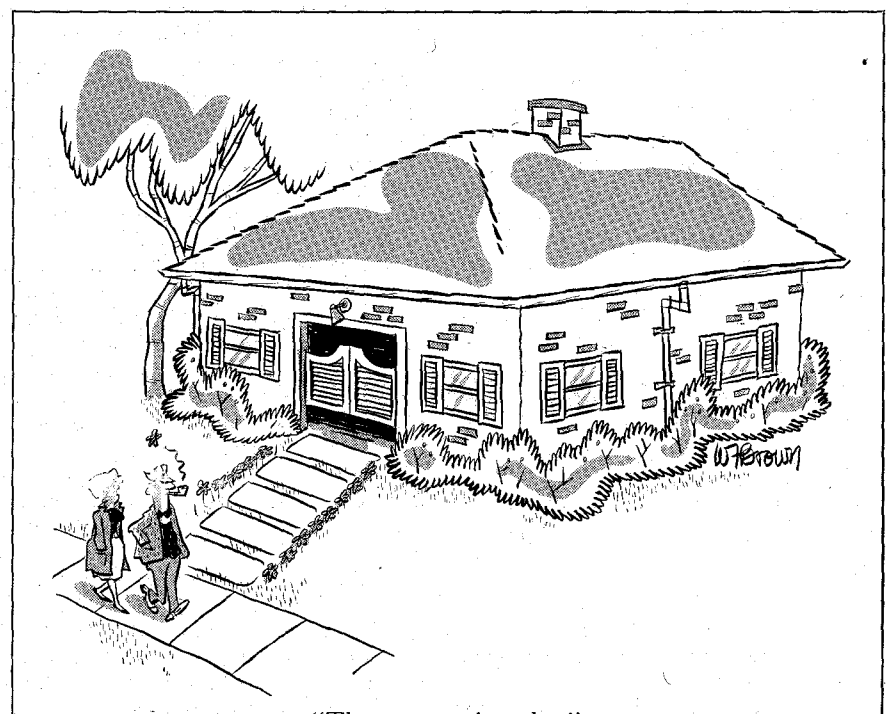
Early the next morning a fresh danger threatened. The tissue spaces had been so saturated with transfused blood and other fluids that they were seeping into the lungs, causing what is known as pulmonary edema. The consequent loss of oxygen, as in drowning, and the strain to the heart, forced to pump harder, can be fatal. Burnham prescribed crystalline lanatoside, a digitalis preparation, as a cardiac stimulant, and diuretic drugs to hasten the secretion of excess fluids by the kidneys. In two hours the danger was under control, and Mac progressed steadily thereafter.

In line with modern theories of postoperative care, Mac was encouraged to walk for a few minutes the second day, and the period of exercise increased every day following. The fourth day Burnham permanently removed Mac's dressings to allow him freedom of action. "Basically," Burnham says, "we're bipeds. Our whole physiology is improved by walking."

The fifth day the patient required no more private nursing and went on floor care. The sixth day was Christmas. Rich's father brought gifts of assorted clothing, a small Christmas tree, and helped decorate the room. He told Mac that when he left the hospital he should consider the Haggerty home his until he wanted to be on his own feet again. "God has been good to us all," he said. "Whatever we have on our table and as long as there's a roof over our heads, they're yours to share." It was an invitation Mac gratefully accepted.

After his discharge, on December thirtieth, his only serious problem was economic. The hospital bills came to $822; private fees totaled $850, though Burnham had said on parting, "Take twenty years to pay me, if necessary." The Haggertys, Mac knew, for all their sincere desire to do so, could not shoulder the entire burden. Rich's own hospital bill exceeded $300.

"I hadn't planned to do any more auto stunting," Mac said. "After all, there isn't much future in it. But I'm going to, one more season. I can expect to make a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week, and I aim to square things with those people who saved my life." THE END



"They entertain a lot."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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This Son of Mine . . . (Continued from Page 24)

shyness and guilt. He had just told his father that he wanted to be an actor, that he didn't want the factory. And shock at his own words had come so fast that he'd heard himself adding, out of control, the hideously empty phrase, "Thanks just the same."

His father hadn't reacted at all—yet. The conversation had gone blandly on to the farm, to shooting, to Rudy and his son, Karl, to Rudy and Karl's new station wagon—and now to crows.

"Let's go ask my boy what he's got on tomorrow," said Rudy. It was a formality. Karl always did what his father wanted him to do—did it with profound love.

Rudy, Merle and Franklin went down the aisle to a lathe thirty feet from Rudy's—the lathe of Rudy's boy, Karl. Merle's chin was up. Rudy looked straight ahead. Franklin looked down at the floor.

Karl was a carbon copy of his father. He was such a good mimic of Rudy that his joints seemed to ache a little with age. He seemed sobered by fifty-one years of life, though he'd lived only twenty. He seemed instinctively wary of safety hazards that had been eliminated from the factory by the time he'd learned to walk. Karl stood at attention without humility, just as his father had done.

"Want to go shooting tomorrow?" said Rudy.

"Shoot what?" said Karl.

"Crows. Clay pigeons," said Rudy. "Maybe a woodchuck."

"Don't mind," said Karl. He nodded briefly to Merle and Franklin. "Glad to."

"We could take some steaks and have supper out there," said Merle. "You make the steak sauce, Rudy?"

"Don't mind," said Rudy. He was famous for his steak sauce, and had taught the secret to his son. "Be glad to."

"Got a bottle of twenty-year-old bourbon I've been saving for something special," said Merle. "I guess tomorrow'll be special enough." He lit a cigar, and Franklin saw that his father's hand was shaking. "We'll have a ball," he said.

Clumsily, Merle punched Franklin in the kidneys, man to man, trying to make him bubble. He regretted it immediately. He laughed out loud to show it didn't matter—laughed through cigar smoke that stung his eyes. The laugh drove smoke into the walls of his lungs. Pleasure fled. On and on the laugh went.

"Look at him, Rudy!" said Merle, lashing the merriment onward. "Foot taller'n his old man, and president of what at Cornell?"

"Interfraternity Council," murmured Franklin, embarrassed. He and Karl avoided looking at each other. Their fathers had taken them hunting together maybe a hundred times. But the boys had hardly spoken to each other, had exchanged little more than humorless nods and head shakes for hits and misses.

"And how many fraternities at Cornell?" said Merle.

"Sixty-two," said Franklin, more softly than before.

"And how many men in a fraternity?" said Merle.

"Forty, maybe," said Franklin. He picked up a sharp, bright, spiral shaving of steel from the floor. "There's a pretty thing," he said. He knew his father's reaction was coming now. He could hear the first warning tremors in his father's voice.

"Say sixty fraternities," said Merle. "Say forty men in each. . . . Makes twenty-four hundred boys my boy's over, Rudy! When I was his age, I didn't have but six men under me."

"They aren't under me, father," said Franklin. "I just run the meetings of the Council and ——"

The explosion came. "You run the show!" roared Merle. "You can be as damn polite about it as you want to, but you still run the show!"

Nobody said anything.

Merle tried to smile, but the smile curdled. He looked as though he were going to burst into tears. In a strange gesture, he took the strap of Rudy's overalls between his thumb and forefinger and he rubbed the faded denim. He looked up into Rudy's sky-blue eyes wonderingly.

"Boy wants to be an actor, Rudy," he said. And then he roared again. "That's what he said!" He turned away and ran back to his office.

In the moment before Franklin could make himself move, Rudy spoke to him as though nothing were wrong.

"You got enough shells?" said Rudy.

"What?" said Franklin.

"You got enough shells? You want us to pick up some?" said Rudy.

"No," said Franklin numbly. "We've got plenty of shells. Half a case, last time I checked."

Rudy nodded. He examined the work in Karl's lathe and tapped his own temple. The tapping was a signal that Franklin had seen many times on hunts. It meant that Karl was doing fine.

Rudy touched Karl's elbow lightly. It was the signal for Karl to get back to work. Rudy and Karl each held up a crooked finger and saluted with it. Franklin knew what that meant too. It meant, "Good-by, I love you."

Putting one foot in front of the other, Franklin went looking for his own father. . . .

Merle was sitting at his desk, his head down, when Franklin came in. He held a steel plate about six inches square in his left hand. In the middle of the plate was a hole two inches square. In his right hand he held a steel cube that fitted the hole exactly.

On the desk top were two black bags of jeweler's velvet—one for the plate and one for the cube. About every ten seconds Merle put the cube through the hole.

Franklin sat down gingerly on a hard chair by the wall. The office hadn't changed much in all the years he'd known it. It was one more factory room, with naked pipes overhead—the cold ones sweaty, the hot ones dry. Wires snaked from steel box to steel box. The green walls and cream trim were as rough as elephant hide in some places, with alternating coats of paint and grime, paint and grime.

There had never been time to scrape away the layers, and barely enough time, overnight, to slap on new paint. And there had never been time in which to finish the rough shelves that lined the room.

Franklin still saw the room through child's eyes. To him it had been a playroom. He remembered his father's rummaging through the shelves for toys to amuse his boy. The toys were still there: cutaway pumps, salesmen's samples, magnets, a pair of cracked safety glasses that had once saved Rudy Linberg's blue eyes.

And the playthings Franklin remembered best—remembered best because his father would show them to him, but never let him touch—they were what Merle was playing with now.

Merle slipped the cube through the square hole once more. "Know what these are?" he said.

"Yes, sir," said Franklin. "They're what Rudy Linberg had to make when he was an apprentice in Sweden."

The cube could be slipped through the hole in twenty-four different ways, without letting the tiniest ray of light pass through with it.

"Unbelievable skill," said Franklin respectfully. "There aren't craftsmen like that coming along any more." He didn't really feel much respect. He was simply saying what he knew his father wanted to hear. The cube and the hole struck him as criminal wastes of time and great bores. "Unbelievable," he said again.

"It's utterly unbelievable, when you realize that Rudy didn't make them," said Merle gravely, "when you realize what generation the man who made them belongs to."

"Oh?" said Franklin. "Who did make them?"

"Rudy's boy, Karl," said Merle. "A member of your generation." He ground out his cigar sadly. "He gave them to me on my last birthday. They were on my desk, boy, waiting for me when I came in—right beside the ones Rudy gave me thirty-one years before."

Franklin had sent a telegram on that birthday. Presumably, the telegram had been waiting on the desk too. The telegram had said, "Happy birthday, father."

"I could have cried, boy, when I saw those two plates and those two cubes side by side," said Merle. "Can you understand that?" he asked beseechingly. "Can you understand why I'd feel like crying?"

"Yes, sir," said Franklin.

Merle's eyes widened. "And then I guess I did cry—one tear, maybe two," he said. "Because—you know what I found out, boy?"

"No, sir," said Franklin.

"The cube of Karl's fitted through the hole of Rudy's!" said Merle. "They were interchangeable!"

"Gosh!" said Franklin. "I'll be darned. Really?"

And now he felt like crying, because he didn't care, couldn't care—and would have given his right arm to care. The factory whanged and banged and screeched in monstrous irrelevance—Franklin's, all Franklin's, if he just said the word.

"What'll you do with it—buy a theater in New York?" said Merle abruptly.

"Do with what, sir?" said Franklin.

"The money I'll get for the factory when I sell it—the money I'll leave to you when I'm dead," said Merle. He hit the word "dead" hard. "What's Waggoner Pump going to be converted into? Waggoner Theaters? Waggoner School of Acting? The Waggoner Home for Broken-Down Actors?"

"I—I hadn't thought about it," said Franklin. The idea of converting Waggoner Pump into something equally complicated hadn't occurred to him, and appalled him now. He was being asked to match his father's passion for the factory with an equal passion for something else. And Franklin had no such passion—for the theater or anything else.

He had nothing but the bittersweet, almost formless longings of youth. Saying he wanted to be an actor gave the longings a semblance of more form than they really had. Saying it was poetry more than anything else.

"I can't help being a little interested," said Merle acidly. "Do you mind?"

"No, sir," said Franklin bleakly.

"When Waggoner Pump becomes just one more division of General Forge and Foundry, and they send out a batch of bright young men to take over and straighten the place out," said Merle, "I'll want something else to think about—whatever it is you're going to do."

Franklin itched all over. "Yes, sir," he said. He looked at his watch and stood. "If we're going shooting tomorrow," he said, "I guess I'd better go see Aunt Margaret this afternoon." Aunt Margaret was Merle's sister.

"You do that," said Merle. "And I'll call up General Forge and Foundry, and tell them we accept their offer." He ran his finger down his calendar pad until he found a name and telephone number. "If we want to sell, I'm to call somebody named Guy Ferguson at something called Extension Five-oh-nine at something called the General Forge and Foundry Company at someplace called Ilium, New York." He licked his lips. "I'll tell him he and his friends can have Waggoner Pump."

"Don't sell on my account," said Franklin wretchedly.

"On whose account would I keep it?" said Merle.

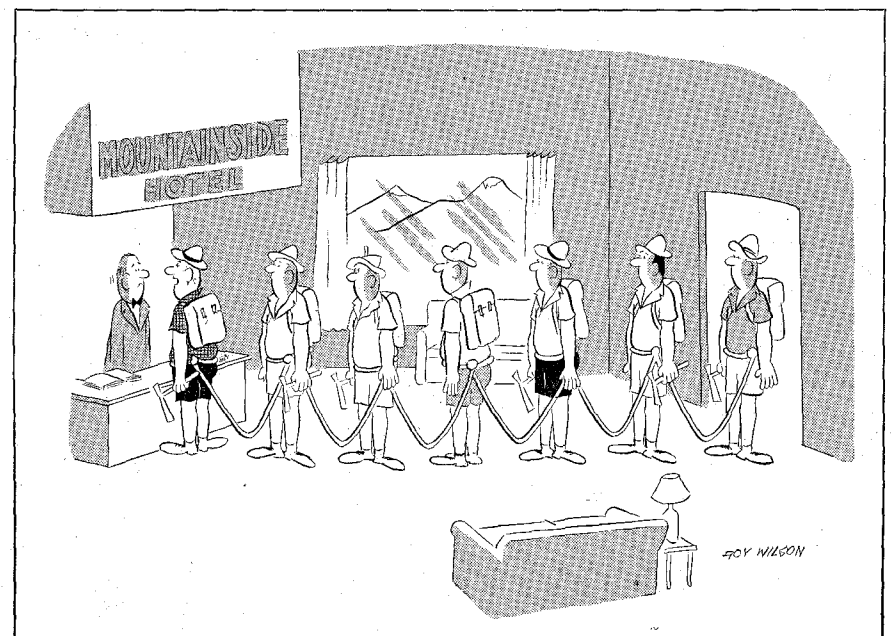
"Do you have to sell it today?" said Franklin, horrified.

"Strike while the iron's hot, I always say," said Merle. "Today's the day you decided to be an actor, and, as luck would have it, we have an excellent offer for what I did with my life."

"Couldn't we wait?"

"For what?" said Merle. He was having a good time now.

"Father!" cried Franklin. "For the love of heaven, father, please!" He hung his head and shook it. "I don't know what I'm (*Continued on Page 76*)



"Adjoining rooms . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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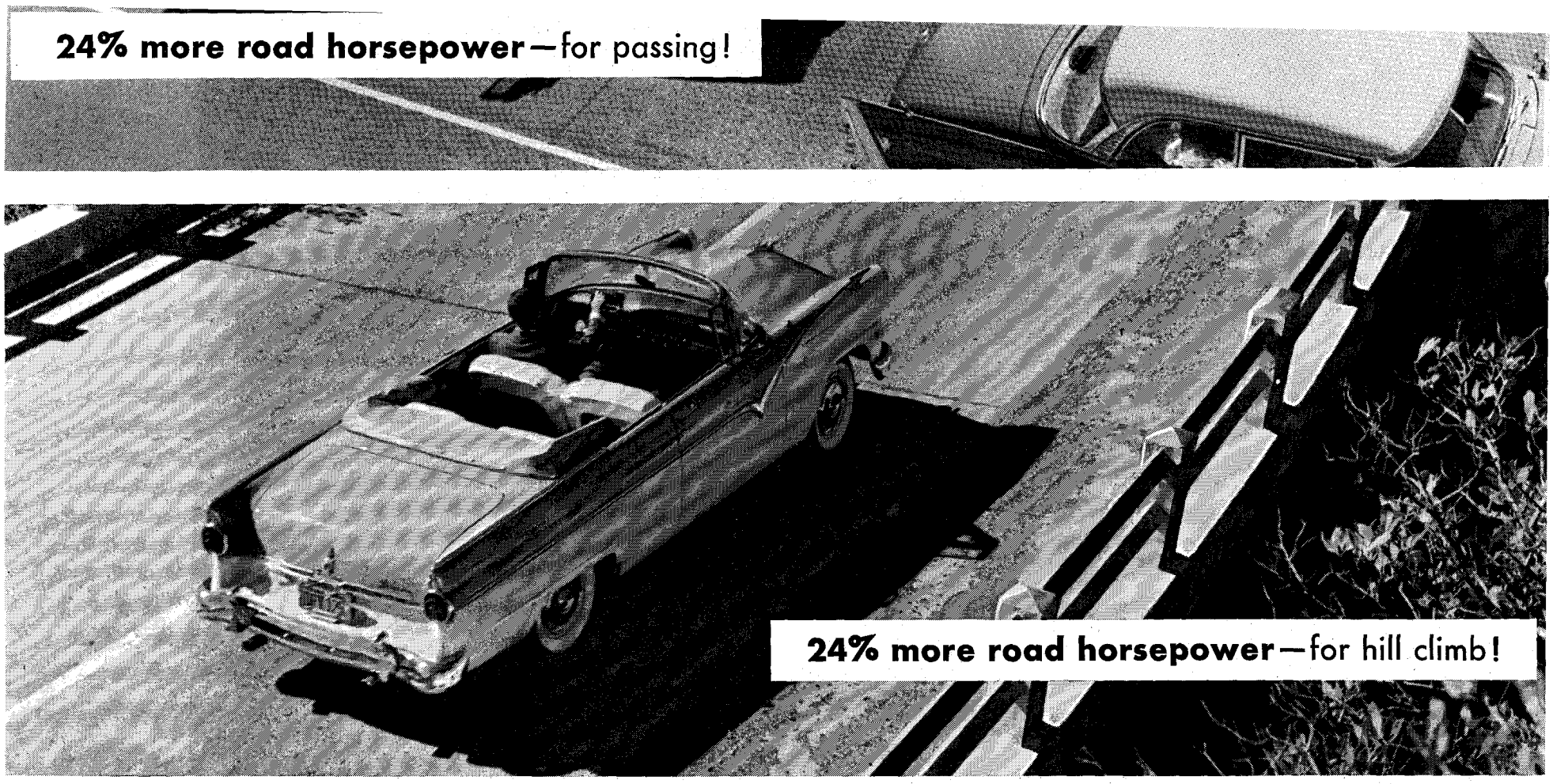

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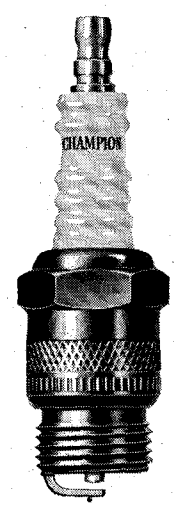

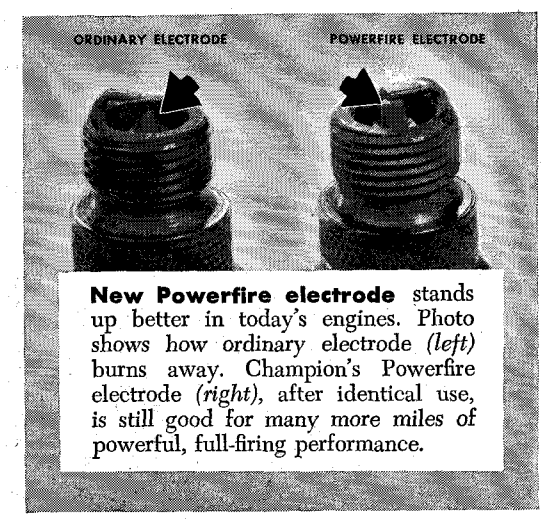

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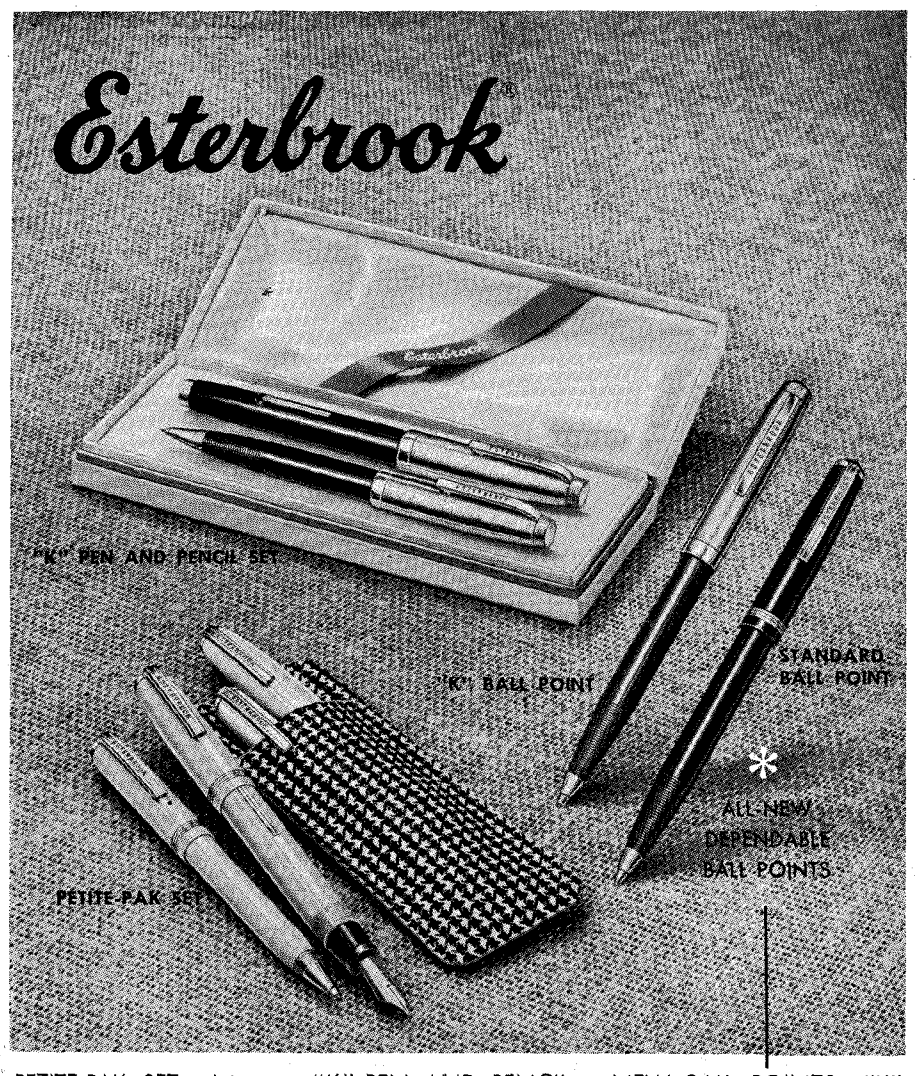

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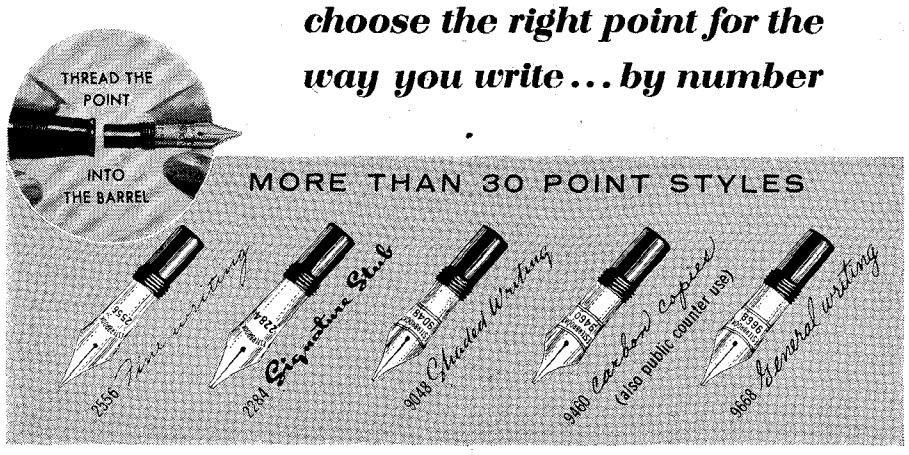

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(*Continued from Page 74*) doing," he said brokenly. "I don't know for sure what I want to do yet. I'm just playing with ideas, trying to find myself. Please, father, don't sell what you've done with your life, don't just throw it away because I'm not sure I want to do that with my life too! Please!" Franklin looked up. "I'm not Karl Linberg," he said. "I can't help it. I'm sorry, but I'm not Karl Linberg."

Shame clouded his father's face, then passed away. "I—I wasn't making any odious comparisons there," said Merle. He'd said exactly the same thing many times before. Franklin had forced him to it, just as he had forced him now, by apologizing for not being Karl Linberg.

"I wouldn't want you to be like Karl," said Merle. "I'm glad you're the way you are. I'm glad you've got big dreams of your own." He smiled gamely. "Give 'em hell, boy—and be yourself! That's all I've ever told you to do with your life, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," said Franklin. His last shred of faith in any dreams of his own had been twitched away. He could never dream two million dollars' worth, could never dream anything worth the death of his father's dreams. Actor, newspaperman, social worker, sea captain —— He was in no condition to give anyone hell.

"I'd better get out to Aunt Margaret's," said Franklin.

"You do that," said Merle. "And I'll hold off telling Ferguson or whatever-his-name-is anything until Monday." He seemed at peace.

On his way through the factory parking lot to his car, Franklin passed Rudy and Karl's new station wagon. His father had raved about it, and now Franklin took a good look at it—just as he took good looks at all the things his father loved.

The station wagon was German, bright blue, with white-sidewall tires, with its engine in the rear. It looked like a little bus, with no hood in front, with a high, flat roof, with sliding doors and rows of square windows in the sides.

The interior was a masterpiece of Rudy's and Karl's orderliness and cabinetwork, of lockers and niches and racks. There was a place for everything, and everything was in its place—guns, fishing tackle, cooking utensils; a stove, an ice chest, blankets; sleeping bags, lanterns, a first-aid kit. There were even two niches, side by side, in which were strapped the cases of Karl's clarinet and Rudy's flute.

Looking inside, admiring, Franklin had a curious association of thoughts. His thoughts of the station wagon were mixed with thoughts of a great ship that had been dug up in Egypt after thousands of years. The ship had been fitted out with every necessity for a trip to Paradise—every necessity save for the means of getting there.

"Mistuh Waggonuh, suh!" said a voice, and an engine raced.

Franklin turned to see that the parking-lot guard had seen him coming, had now brought his car to him. Franklin had been spared the necessity of walking the last fifty feet to his car.

The guard got out and saluted smartly. "This thing really go a hundred and twenty-five, like it says on the speedometer, suh?" he said.

"Never tried," said Franklin, getting in. His car was a sport car, windy and skittish, with room for two. Franklin had bought it secondhand, against his father's wish. His father had never ridden in it.

It was fitted out for its trip to Paradise with three lipstick-stained cleansing tissues, a beer-can opener, a full ash tray, and a road map of Illinois.

Franklin was embarrassed to see that the guard was cleaning the windshield with his handkerchief. "That's all right—that's all right," he said. "Forget it." He thought he remembered the guard's name, but he wasn't sure. He took a chance on it. "Thanks for everything, Harry," he said.

"George, suh!" said the guard. "George Miramar Jackson, suh!"

"Of course," said Franklin. "Sorry, George. Forgot."

George Miramar Jackson smiled brilliantly. "No offense, Mistuh Waggonuh, suh! Just remember next time—George Miramar Jackson, suh!" In George's eyes there blazed the dream of a future time, when Franklin would be boss, when a big new job would open up indoors. In that dream, Franklin would say to his secretary, "Miss So-and-So? Send for ——" And out would roll the magical, magnificent, unforgettable name.

Franklin drove out of the parking lot with no dreams to match even George Miramar Jackson's.

Feeling no pain after two stiff cocktails and a whirlwind of mothering at Aunt Margaret's, Franklin told his father at supper that he wanted to take over the factory in due time. He would become the Waggoner in Waggoner Pump when his father was ready to bow out.

Painlessly, Franklin moved his father as profoundly as Karl Linberg had with a steel plate, a steel cube and heaven-knows-how-many years of patient "scree-scraw" with a file.

"You're the only one—do you know that?" said Merle chokingly. "The only one—I swear!"

"The only one what, sir?" said Franklin.

"The only son who's sticking with what his father or his grandfather or sometimes even his great-grandfather built." Merle shook his head mournfully. "No Hudson in Hudson Saw," he said. "I don't think you can even cut cheese with a Hudson saw these days. No Flemming in Flemming Tool and Die. No Warner in Warner Steel. No Hawks, no Hinkley, no Bowman, in Hawks, Hinkley and Bowman."

Merle waved his hand westward. "You wonder who all the people are with the big new houses on the West Side? Who can have a house like that, and we never meet them—never even meet anybody who knows them? They're the ones who are taking over instead of the sons. The town's for sale, and they buy. It's their town now—people named Ferguson from places called Ilium.

"What is it about the sons?" said Merle. "They're your friends, boy. You grew up with them. You know them better than their fathers do. What is it? All the wars? Drinking?"

"I don't know, father," said Franklin, taking the easiest way out. He folded his napkin with a neat finality. He stood. "There's a dance out at the club tonight," he said. "I thought I'd go."

"You do that," said Merle warmly.

But Franklin didn't do it. He got as far as the country club's parking lot, but he didn't go in.

Suddenly he didn't want to see his friends—the killers of their fathers' dreams. Their young faces were the faces of old men hanging upside down, their expressions grotesque and unintelligible. Hanging upside down, they swung from bar to ballroom to crap game, and back to bar again. No one pitied them in that great human belfry, because they were all going to be so rich, if they weren't already. They didn't have to dream at all, or even lift a finger.

Franklin went to a movie alone. The movie failed to suggest a way in which he

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might improve his life. It suggested that he be kind and loving and humble, and Franklin was nothing if he wasn't kind and loving and humble.

The colors of the farm the next day were the colors of straw and frost. The frozen land was Merle's, and it was flat as a billiard table. The jackets and caps of Merle and Franklin, of Rudy and Karl, made a tiny cluster of bright colors in a field.

Franklin knelt in the stubble, cocking the trap that would send a clay pigeon skimming over the field. "Ready," he said.

Merle threw his gun to his shoulder, squinted down the barrel, grimaced, and lowered the gun once more. "Pull!" he said.

Franklin jerked the lanyard of the trap. Out flew the clay pigeon.

Merle fired one barrel, and then, with the pigeon out of range, clowningly, he fired the other. He'd missed. He'd been missing all afternoon. He didn't seem to mind much. He was, after all, still the boss.

"Behind it," said Merle. "I'm trying too hard. I'm not leading." He broke open his gun and the empty shells popped out. "Next?" he said. "Karl?"

Franklin loaded another clay pigeon into the trap. It was a very dead pigeon. So would the next one be. Karl hadn't missed all afternoon, and after Karl came Rudy, who hadn't missed, either.

Surprisingly, neither had Franklin missed. Not giving a damn, Franklin had come to be at one with the universe. With brainless harmony like that, he'd found that he couldn't miss.

If Merle's shots hadn't been going wild, the only words spoken might have been a steady rhythm of "ready . . . pull . . . ready . . . pull." Nothing had been said about the murder of Franklin's small dream—the dream of being an actor. Merle had made no triumphant announcement about the boy's definitely taking over the factory someday.

In the small world of a man hunched over, Franklin cocked the trap and had a nightmarish feeling that they had been shooting clay pigeons for years, that that was all there was to life, that only death could end it.

His feet were frozen.

"Ready," said Franklin.

"Pull!" said Karl.

Out went the clay pigeon. "Bang" went the gun, and the bird was dust.

Rudy tapped his temple; then saluted Karl with a crooked finger. Karl returned the salute. That had been going on all afternoon too—without a trace of a smile. Karl stepped back and Rudy stepped up, the next cog in the utterly humorless, clay-pigeon-destroying machine.

It was now Karl's turn to work the trap. And, as he and Franklin changed places, Franklin suddenly hit him on the arm and gave him a brilliantly cynical smile. Franklin put everything into that blow and the smile—fathers and sons, young dreams and old dreams, bosses and employees, cold feet, boredom and gunpowder.

It was a crazy thing for Franklin to do. It was the most intimate thing that had ever passed between him and Karl. It was a desperate thing to do. Franklin suddenly had to know if there was a human being inside Karl, and, if so, he had to know what the being was like.

Karl showed a little of himself—not much. He showed he could blush. And, for a split second, he showed that there was something he'd like to explain to Franklin.

But all that vanished fast. He didn't smile back. "Ready," he said.

"Pull!" said Rudy.

Out went the clay pigeon. "Bang" went the gun, and the bird was dust.

"We're going to have to find something harder for you guys and easier for me," said Merle. "I can't complain about the gun, because the damn thing cost me six hundred dollars. What I need is a six-dollar gun I can hold responsible for everything."

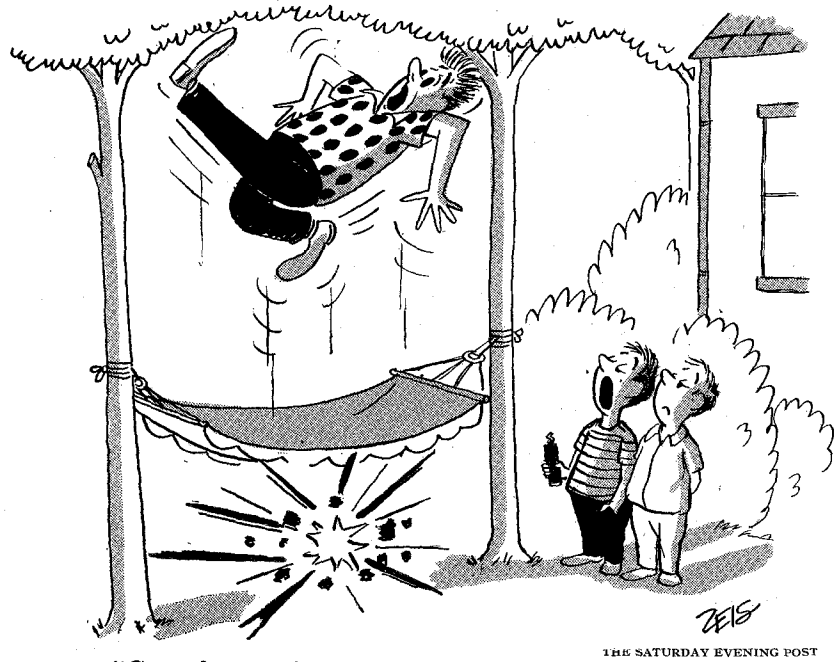
"Sun's going down. Light's getting bad," said Rudy.

"Guess we better knock off," said Merle. "No question about who the old folks' champion is, Rudy. But the boys are neck and neck. Ought to have some kind of shoot-off."

"They could try the rifle," said Rudy. The rifle leaned against the fence, ready for crows. It had a telescope. It was Merle's.

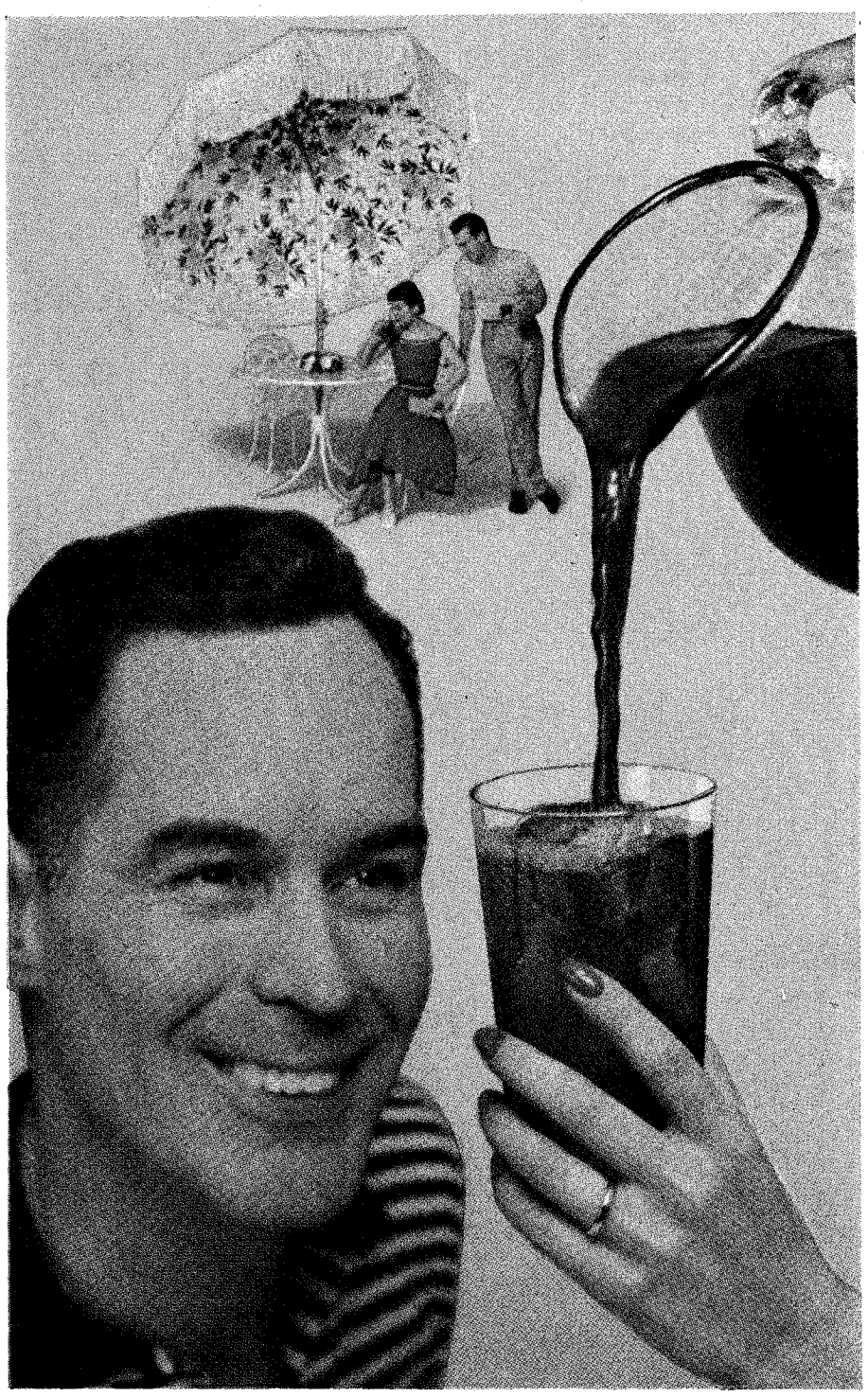
Merle brought an empty cigarette pack from his pocket and stripped off the tinfoil. He handed the foil to Karl. "You two boys hang this up about two hundred yards from here."

Franklin and Karl trudged along the fence line, trudged off two hundred yards. They were used to being sent on errands one of them could have handled alone—were used to representing, ceremonially,



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Guess he wasn't sound asleep after all."



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their generation as opposed to their fathers'.

Neither said anything until the tinfoil was tacked to a fence post. And then, as they stepped back from the target, Karl said something so shyly that Franklin missed it.

"Beg your pardon?" said Franklin.

"I'm—I'm glad you're not gonna take over the factory," said Karl. "That's good—that's great. Maybe, when you come through town with a show, I'll come backstage and see you. That all right? You'll remember me?"

"Remember you?" said Franklin. "Good gosh, Karl!" For a moment he felt like the actor he'd dreamed briefly of being.

"Get out from under your old man," said Karl, "that's the thing to do. I just wanted to tell you—in case you thought I was thinking something else."

"Thanks, Karl," said Franklin. He shook his head weakly. "But I'm not going to be an actor. I'm going to take over when father retires. I told him last night."

"Why?" said Karl. "Why?" He was angry.

"It makes the old man happy, and I don't have any better ideas," said Franklin.

"You can do it," Karl said. "You can go away. You can be anything you want!"

Franklin put his hands together; then opened them to form a flower of fatalism. "So can anybody."

Karl's eyes grew huge. "I can't," he said. "I can't! Your father doesn't just have you. He's got his big success." He turned away, so Franklin couldn't see his face when he said it. "All my old man's got is me."

"Oh, now, listen," said Franklin. "Hey, now!"

Karl faced him passionately. "I'm what he'd rather have than the half of Waggoner Pump he could have had for two thousand dollars!" he said. "Every day of my life he's told me so. Every day!"

"Well, my gosh, Karl," said Franklin helplessly, "it is a beautiful relationship you've got with your father."

"With my father?" said Karl incredulously. "With yours—with yours. It's him I'm supposed to get to love me. He's supposed to be eating out his heart for a son like me. That's the big idea." He waved his arms wildly. "The station wagon, the duets, the guns that never miss, the damnfool son that works on hand signals—that's all for your father to want."

Franklin was amazed. "Karl," he said, "that's all in your head. You are what your own father would rather have than half of Waggoner Pump or anything!"

"I used to think so," said Karl.

"The plate and cube you made, Karl," said Franklin, "you gave them to my father, but they were really a present for yours. And what perfect presents from a son to a father! I never gave my father anything like that—anything I'd put my heart and soul into. I couldn't!"

Karl reddened and turned his back again. "I didn't make 'em," he said. He shivered. "I tried. How I tried!"

"I don't understand."

"My father had to make 'em!" said Karl bitterly. "And I found out it didn't make any difference to him who made 'em, just as long as your father thought I'd made 'em."

Franklin gave a sad, low whistle.

"When my old man did that," said Karl, "he rubbed my nose in what the big thing was to him." He wiped his nose on his jacket sleeve.

"But, Karl ——" said Franklin.

Karl rolled his eyes. "Oh, hell," he said tiredly, "I don't blame him. Sorry I said anything. I'm O.K.—I'm O.K. I'll live." He flicked the tinfoil target with a finger tip. "I'm gonna miss, and the hell with 'em."

Nothing more was said. The two trudged back to their fathers. It seemed to Franklin that they were leaving behind all they'd said, that the rising wind was whirling their dark thoughts away. By the time the boys had reached the firing line, Franklin was thinking only of whisky, steak and a red-hot stove.

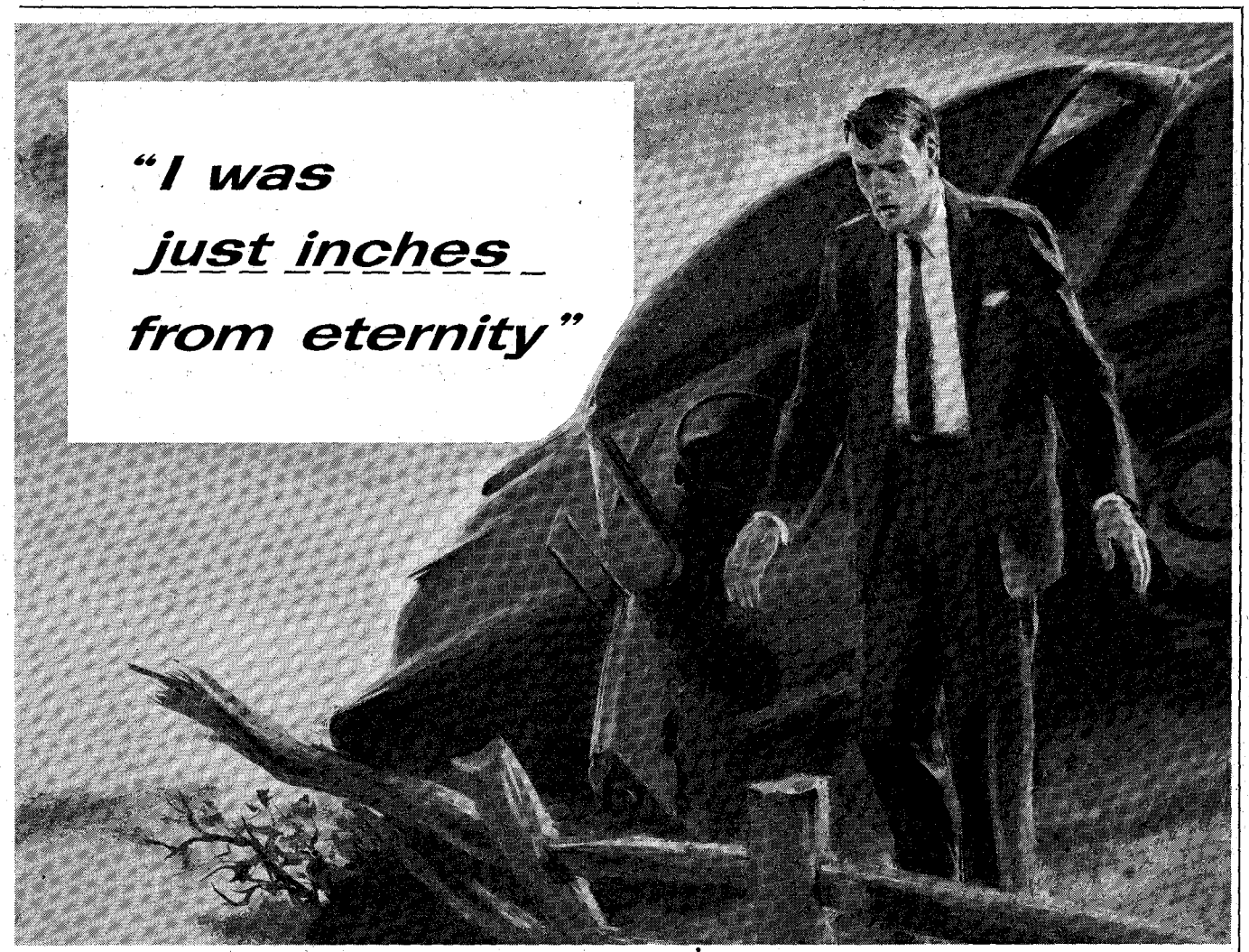
When he and Karl fired at the tinfoil, Franklin ticked a corner. Karl hit it in the middle. Rudy tapped his temple; then saluted Karl with a crooked finger. Karl returned the salute.

After supper, Rudy and Karl played duets for flute and clarinet. They played without music, intricately and beautifully. Franklin and Merle could only keep time with their fingers, hoping, wistfully, that their fingers on the tabletop sounded like drums.

Franklin glanced at his father. When their eyes met, they decided instantly that their drumming wasn't helping the music at all. Their drumming stopped. It was a surprisingly affectionate moment.

With the moment to think about, to puzzle him pleasantly, Franklin found that the music wasn't speaking any more of just Rudy and Karl. It was speaking of all fathers and sons. It was saying hauntingly what they had all been saying haltingly, what they had all been saying, sometimes with pain and sometimes with anger and sometimes with cruelty and sometimes with love—that fathers and sons were one.

It was saying, too, that a time for a parting in spirit was near—no matter how close anyone held anyone, no matter what anyone tried. THE END



"I was scared—more scared than I'd ever been in my life. Only five or six scant inches separated my car from the whirling water, hundreds of feet below. And, the worst of it was—my own carelessness had caused it all.

"For weeks, I'd known something was wrong with my car. The tires would pound on the pavement at odd times. A kind of shimmy developed above fifty. And there was a shaky feeling in the steering wheel. A friend who knows about cars had even warned me that my wheels were out of balance. But I was too smart to listen.

"Then, tonight, I learned my lesson the costly way. On a steep hill outside of town, those shaky, unbalanced wheels went out of control. It seemed only an instant! I tried to turn, but no use, and then . . . the rail loomed up!

"I'll never know what saved me from going over the edge. Something stopped me barely in time. All I know is, there's no *tomorrow* to take care of unbalanced wheels!"

Watch for these danger signals: If your tires thump on the pavement, if your car has a tendency to shimmy at certain speeds, if the steering wheel vibrates in your hand—then your wheels are probably out of balance. Even at 30, just 5 ounces of unbalance delivers smashing 64-pound blows every time the wheel turns. Even a little unbalance is dangerous.

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Only a Woman (Continued from Page 31)

"Well! Aren't you going to say hello?"

I take her hand. Both hands. "You've changed," I manage. "Hello, by all means."

"Laura's our volunteer house mother," Willie says. "She secretaries at the field, but she comes visiting and takes care of us too."

"In a very platonic way," Timmy says hastily. "She doesn't like the way we housekeep."

I take a deep breath. I pull myself together. *Peter*, I warn sternly. *It is true, this child has been redesigned. She has been redesigned like Monroe in rompers, but remember, she is only a woman.*

"Father tells me you're being assigned to the Thirty-third, with these two oafs," Laura is saying. "Will you like helping them protect New York?"

Willie is opening beer. "Protecting New York is a very wearying business," he says. "The attacks are few and far between."

I regain control. "Yes?" I say politely. I sneak a look.

"The natives are unfriendly. They claim our jets make noise and shatter windows."

"Fine," I say. Her eyes are misty blue.

"You will spend your life, waiting in a cockpit, on the ground. Then, when the weather's on the ground, too, you will take off like crazy to intercept some poor, benighted airliner, just for practice."

"Great." Her mouth is wide, soft-curved.

He brightens. "But, we have our diversions." He waves at the strange automobile. "The Goof. We've been working on it for months. Did you ever see a sedan that would fly, Petey boy?"

Her figure is —— She catches my look. I am well brought up; I am interested in the Goof at once.

"We pinched the idea from the Navy's Flying Platform," Timmy says happily. "It has a sort of helicopter fan underneath. Goes straight up and down." He pauses, eloquent. "Needless to say, my astute young colleague and I have improved on the Navy. And lo, a sedan that will fly. We've had it ten feet off the ground."

I inspect the Goof carefully. Outside, it is merely an old sedan. Inside, it is a plumber's nightmare. Tanks. Pipes. Levers. Dials. A bucket seat in front, and one behind.

"Our main invention is changing the balance by pumping water from a tank over the center of gravity to tanks in the four corners," Willie says. "Gives it far better direction. And, of course, we've had to lighten things considerably."

I sigh. "Couldn't you two be just as happy with a nice, high-powered Yo-yo?"

I turn, and I see those long, shapely limbs. *Peter*, I tell myself, *leave us face it. As a thing of dalliance, a rose in a world full of roses, this girl is gorgeous. What are you waiting for?*

I turn farther. I look rapt. "Lovely one," I beg, "start at the beginning. Tell all. From Thunderbird to beautiful woman. And do you mind if I fall in love?"

It has always been a good opening. It backfires promptly.

"Ha!" Laura says. "I remember Thunderbird, too, captain. First wasn't it you and that redheaded divorcee? And then a Wac corporal? And then ——"

"You should've seen him in England," Willie says. . . . "Tell me, Petey, the night you went down the chimney of that nurses' home in Bournemouth, did you ever get unstuck?"

I glare. "Thanks, pal!"

"It won't do you any good anyway," Timmy says. "We've tried, Petey boy, but our house mother is engaged. Lt. C. Bradbury Carleton, a meteorologist at the field." He sighs. "Can you imagine it? A ground-gripper! And when his hitch is up he's going to design clothes."

I think, *Excellent, Peter, excellent. Fair game, and no strings on Peter.* "Congratulations, Laura," I say warmly. "I was always partial to—er—meteorologists."

I think I detect a faint blush. "I should get the four-o'clock train," Laura says. "It's been a nice visit, but for heaven's sake, you two, stop wiping those greasy hands on the dish towels. . . . Good-by, Pete."

I move in fast. I practically leap. "I'll take you home. Trains are dangerous. Besides ——"

"We live at the field, and it's a long way. Thank you just the same."

"Besides, there's the matter of dinner and dancing and moonlight ——"

"I'm sorry, Pete. There is also the matter of Lieutenant Carleton. I have a date."

"Home, anyway!"

We walk out into the sunlight and Laura is wrapping a skirt around her shorts and those long bronze legs, and it is some time before I notice Willie and Timmy eying the shiny new sports car.

"I guess we should accept him as a boarder," Willie is saying. "Obviously a man of means."

My mind is not on the conversation; I wave it off. "It's only money, kids. . . . Ready, darling?"

She gets in, and I am on my best behavior. After a while she says, "This is exactly like father's new sports car. He just got it. He's a bug on the things."

"Father's it is," I say happily. "It's nice of him to lend it to me, while he's away. At least, it would be if he knew I had it."

"It's—what?" She is even beautiful when she is surprised.

"The jeeps at the motor pool are all assigned," I explain. "I checked when I got in. When the sergeant happened to mention this was your dad's, I talked him out of the keys."

She is studying the scenery, very intent. "Wouldn't you say, captain, you had—something of a nerve? It's his brand-new toy. It just might bother him."

"Phooey," I said airily. "He'd do the same for me. Steve would change just because he's a colonel?"

"No. He hasn't changed. But you'd be surprised what sports cars can do to people."

I wave it off. I stop. It is a small place beyond the city traffic, where I remember the beer. "No!" Laura says.

"Yes!" I say firmly.

We go inside and work the juke box and dance, and she is like an armful of feathers. I murmur into her hair, "You are very lovely, Miss Laura Ingalls."

She breaks away. She looks at me, speculative. "You say that in a very practiced way, captain. Still—it sounds nice." And she comes back into my arms. She stays there, and we do not get to her home until dark. Then I say, "Tomorrow, darling. About seven. Candlelight and wine and ——"

She is getting out of the car. She says lightly, "Thanks, Pete. But—Brad wouldn't approve."

I stop. I think fast. *Peter*, I think, *do not rush this dalliance. Try being hard to get.*

"Well," I say, "I'll take good care of your dad's car. And it was a lovely *affaire* while it lasted. Good-by, Laura." I hold my breath.

"I—Brad is—on duty Wednesday night," she says slowly.

I breathe again. "Seven," I say happily. "Seven sharp." And I leave.

I leave for the Officers' Club, to catch up, and for the next few days I am interested in everything. I hum. I whistle. I make a couple of orientation flights and help Willie and Timmy drink beer, and I even work on the Goof. By Wednesday I am in a mood to dally like crazy.

She comes downstairs in something clinging and white, and I have not even begun to remember how beautiful she is. We find an inn, country style, and it is like a travel ad. We eat dinner on the terrace and dance, and I do not know if anyone else is there or not. And when I take her home I cannot help it; I kiss her.

It does not start out to be that kind of a kiss. Then her arms slide around me, warm, and no one has ever kissed like that before.

"Pete," she whispers. "Pete. Oh—Pete."

It is hard to explain, but I am suddenly sitting up. Very straight. Very clear-headed. It is the tone of her whisper. It is the mating call, pure and simple.

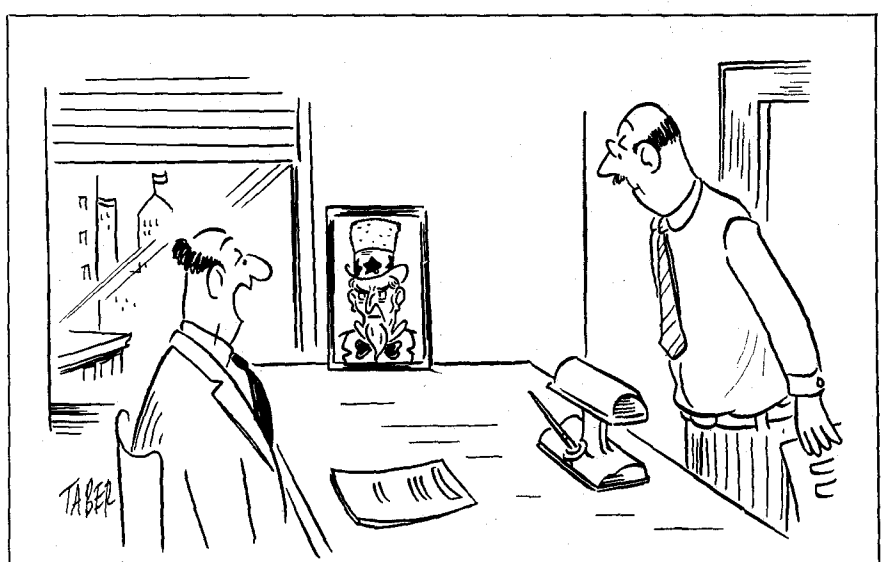
"Darling," I say uncomfortably. "Perfect, but we will lose our amateur standing. For an engaged woman ——"

"Pete!"

"Yes?" I say.

She is looking at me for a long, searching moment. I do not understand. It is a sort of bewildered, hurt look.

I frown. "Yes?"



"Silly, I suppose, but I like to remember who I'm working for."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

But she is out of the car. She is out of the car, running, and a door slams. It is very fast.

For a moment I just sit there. Then, automatically, I find the club. I am strangely shaken, but I manage to laugh. *Peter*, I think, *that was the shortest dalliance on record. She is lovely, but you are lucky. Men have been permanently trapped by far less.* I shudder. I find a group who are singing something about Please Don't Burn the Outhouse Down, and I sing until it is very late.

It is also very late when I wake up. I wake up, but things are not right. I keep seeing something clinging and white, and a bewildered, hurt look, and it is disturbing. I take a long cold shower, but it does not help. I am not interested in anything.

In fact, I am not interested all morning. It is not until afternoon, when I rationalize things carefully, that I begin to feel normal. I remind myself that she is only a woman, and that all turned out light, loving and impermanent, as planned. *Peter*, I think resolutely, *put her out of your mind.*

I do not understand why, because I am resolute, but I am not good company even next day. I should be, because Willie and Timmy are testing the Goof, and they are highly elated. They drive it down a dirt road behind a row of trees, and so help me, it flies. It makes a noise like a handful of guided missiles and it looks very silly charging around up in the air with the wheels standing still, but it flies.

"Like a big bird!" Timmy chortles. "Mothers leapfrogging little children to school. Businessmen hedgehopping to the office. After minor adjustments, we shall call in the press. Television. Detroit. . . . Do you have your driver's license with you, Pete?"

They instruct me carefully, and I admit, it is like Superman. I push buttons and levers and pumps, and drive down the row of trees a bit and hover, and back up, and land, without shedding things. My enthusiasm is immediate, but it is temporary. Something clinging and white keeps getting in the way. Willie and Timmy celebrate far into the night, but after a while I go to bed.

They are celebrating, in fact, until Sunday, but I am lying on the bed when the phone rings.

"Willie?" Laura says. "Timmy?"

"Pete," I say cautiously. "Hello, Laura. They're in the garage. I'll get 'em."

"No. I —— Hello, Pete. I just wanted to tell them—and you. I'm leaving this afternoon, as soon as Brad gets off duty. We're—being married out of state."

"What?" I croak. It is as if someone has pulled the rug out from under me; I grab air.

"Yes. Pete, Steve is due back late this afternoon. Try to calm him down, will you? That's why I called. To ask you."

"L-l-listen!" I stutter. "Laura! You're not making sense! You're ——"

"Wish us luck, Pete." The phone goes dead.

For a minute me too. I do not believe it. It is a long time before the wheels start to turn; then I go back upstairs and lie down; then I seem to be walking around the room. *What about Steve? Steve coming home to find his daughter gone? With a dress designer? That girl? Can we let this happen to Steve? Obviously, in the light of pure friendship ——*

I am downstairs, two jumps. Steve's car is in the drive, and I am running. I race the engine and pull it into low gear and it leaps. It leaps backward. It leaps through a picket fence and deep into the neighbor's rose garden. I curse, confused. I push it into second gear. It leaps backward again. It fetches up against the neighbor's house. I get out, completely

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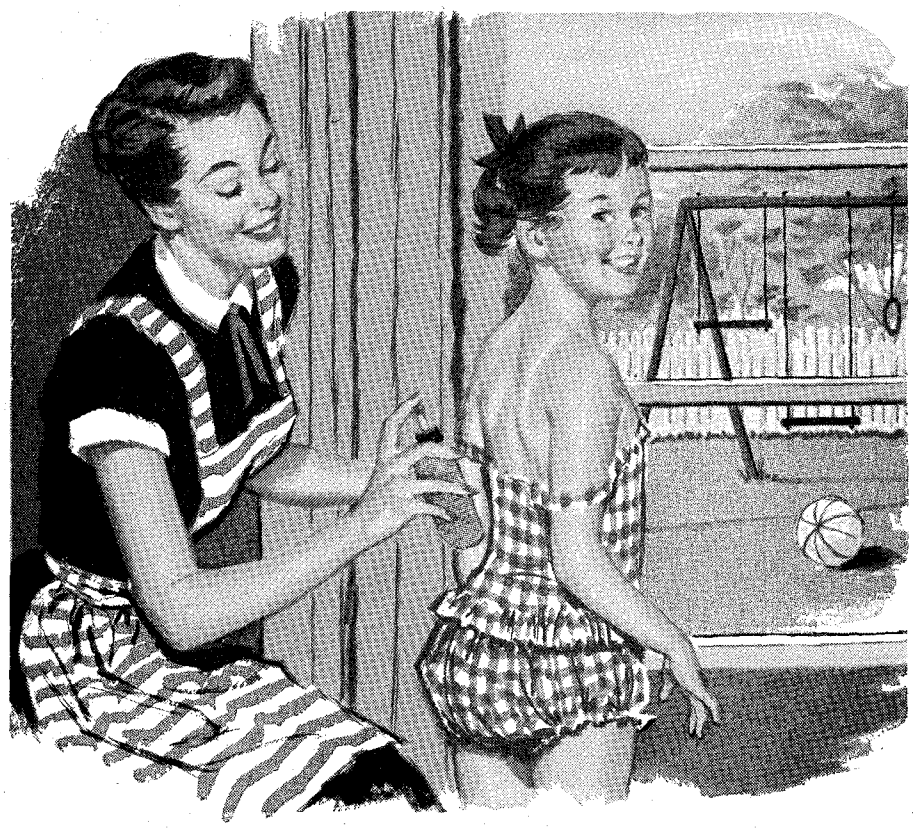

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confused. The back end of that shiny new sports car is in very secondhand shape.

I am completely confused until I see Willie and Timmy rolling on the grass, laughing. They are laughing fit to burst. I grab Willie, hard.

"What gives?" I say hoarsely. "What ——"

"You been driving long, captain?" He goes off into another gale of laughter.

"These newfangled devices!" Timmy gasps. "You always fly backward, Petey?"

I grab them both. I am hot all over. "Listen, you two! I mean it! What ——"

"We—transposed—the—gearbox," Willie manages, choking. "Everything—is—reverse—except—reverse. Then it goes forward. Took us all day!"

I shake them quiet. "Listen, you idiots! Do you know that's Steve's car? Do you? And do you know Laura's eloping? We've got to get out there and stop her—for Steve! And we can't drive that!"

Their mouths are hanging open. "Steve's car?" Willie mumbles. "Not—yours?"

"Laura—eloping?" Timmy says. He looks at the car. Guiltily, he looks. "We didn't think you'd be in such a hurry."

I look around fast, thinking. My eye lights on the Goof.

"No!" Timmy says. "Pete!"

"It'll drive, won't it? It'd better!"

I slide onto the bucket seat behind the wheel. I grab Willie, who is nearest; we push buttons and levers. We turn out onto the parkway. We clank and rattle, but we are rolling.

"She's—eloping?" Willie says.

"With the dress designer," I say hollowly. "She phoned to get us to handle Steve."

I have a horrible thought. The time element. "Willie! What time would that guy be getting off duty?"

"Those weather jokers change at three," Willie says. "Where are they going?"

I groan; it is half past two now. "I don't know. Out of state. Steve'll go berserk, Willie! Won't this thing go any faster?"

It will, but I do not reckon with the Sunday traffic. We come to a circle, and then the main parkway leading up to the George Washington Bridge. It is a lovely Sunday, and we come to a stop. There is a double line of cars right clear out of sight. I curse. We move about twenty feet and stop again. We do this for exactly fourteen minutes.

I say desperately, "Isn't there a back road? Some way around this mess? Willie, they'll be gone!"

Willie is squirming too. "Even if we could turn around, there's only one bridge. And the tunnels will be just as bad. Sunday!"

We progress. We stop again. We seem to stop for good; people open doors and get out and peer ahead. I get a mental picture of Laura with a suitcase and an ever-loving dress designer driving into the distance, and I am suddenly sweating.

"Willie! We've got to do something! We've got to!"

I sit there for a moment, sinking; then my eyes are lighting on things. That huge engine. Tanks. Pipes. Levers. Dials. Willie is looking at me, and he is suddenly very white.

"Pete!" he bleats. "No!"

The picture comes back; I am sweating all out. "Willie!" I hear myself saying. "Get—this—thing—up!"

"Pete! You're out of your mind!"

"Get—this—thing—up!"

Laddie, believe me, it is a sensation. It is a broad, sunny parkway, cars jammed bumper to bumper, and that old sedan simply rises straight up and sails over all of 'em. It roars and shakes and there's a rush of wind and dust, and we are looking down.

We are looking down and it is as if we have touched off the Eighth Wonder, dead center. I am appalled. Car doors fly open everywhere and people are running. They are running in all directions, jet-propelled. I see a convertible coming in the opposite direction and the driver looks up and drives into a fence. Other cars bounce up onto the middle strip and people come out as if their clothes are on fire.

For a few seconds, automatically, I follow the parkway, sliding over roofs, then Willie looks over the side. "Awk!" he says. "Get—off—the—parkway! Mayhem!"

I look and I go numb. I see my hand push a pump handle and turn a little wheel and we crab sideways.

"I'll get out over the river!" I choke. "This thing—might come down on someone!" Willie does not seem able to speak. I find myself sliding out over the edge of the river and turning uptown. The Goof does not move fast, and we are wobbling, but we are still there.

"Wires!" Willie gasps. "The bridge!"

I see them. I see them all at once. Long high-tension wires and the bridge looming ahead. "Willie! I don't dare go over it! I ——"

"Under!"

He is bed-sheet white. "Willie!" I squawk. "Under both! Up the river, then over Manhattan at the Bronx. We'll follow the Harlem River across the city ——" Wires slide over us, very close. I see Willie shudder.

"Pete! Look at 'em!"

We are approaching the bridge, and it is as if someone is holding an H-bomb poised above it. People are milling like crazy. Traffic is stopped in all directions, and the bridge railing is a sea of white faces. I see a motorcycle cop skitter to a stop and fall off the bike, waving arms. We slide under the bridge; then I take a deep breath and head out toward the middle of the river.

Willie is clutching a door. "Are you—good at walking on water?" he asks faintly.

We make it across. We breathe again. We breathe until the apartment houses of upper Manhattan loom ahead. I dare not try to get over them; I hit the holes in between. There are phone poles and a jungle of wires and buildings and elevated structures and people erupting out of everywhere. We are leaving a wake as if we are fresh in from Mars.

"I—only hope Steve knows what we're going through for him!" Willie wails. "If we make it ——"

We both see it at once. There is a bridge across the Harlem River that is too low to go under and too high to go over. There are high approaches and high buildings on both sides.

"Willie!" I bleat. "How high will this thing go?"

"It—won't—go—even—this—high!" Willie says.

We clear the bridge by inches. A fireboat comes racing out, and I see an ambulance charging along the river drive. I crane my neck and look along the shore behind us, and I gasp.

"Willie!" I gasp. "Look!"

We have acquired half the police force of New York City, as well as the populace. Green and white police cars are converging from all directions, bouncing their way around stalled traffic. Willie looks.

"Keep going east," he whispers. "Far east. Far out into the Atlantic!"

We collect more as we skirt Brooklyn, and by the time I see Grand Central

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Parkway we are escorted as if we have kidnaped the President. I get a blurry look at my watch; it says three o'clock. I get that awful picture of them getting into a car, and I groan. Willie is pounding my shoulder, pointing down. I barely notice a character diving headfirst off a truck we slide over, and someone driving into a garage without opening the doors. By the time I see the field I am shaking so I can hardly hold the handles. We waft over the sentry box at the gate; the sentry makes the first hundred yards in nothing flat.

"Her house!" I shout.

I find it and circle. There is no car, no sign of life. I hit a new low. Rock bottom.

"Gone!" I gulp. "But Operations! There's just a chance ——"

I pay no attention to the fire engines and crash crews and blue uniforms milling around below; I cut right across the runways. I duck a C-47 transport that's coming in to land; I see him pull up and go round and try again.

Willie seems limp. "Don't go down!" he begs. "Pete! Jail! Forever!"

I ease off the power and hover; then we settle onto the concrete and I am out, running. There seem to be people running after me, grabbing; I shake them off. Willie is with me; we are running inside and down a corridor and slamming the door of the Weather Office behind us.

"Carleton!" I pant. "Lieutenant Carleton! Is he here?"

Someone says mildly, "I'm Lieutenant Carleton, captain. What's up?" He is putting on a hat and coat.

I sag. I clutch a desk. "In time!" I whisper. "Eloping. Where's—Laura?"

He is big and broad shouldered and he has even white teeth. He stiffens. "I don't believe my personal plans are any of your business, captain. But for your information, Laura is at home, waiting for me. Who ——"

I am out in the corridor again, heading for the door, but Operations is very full of people—policemen, MP's, everyone. "Back to her house, Willie! Run!"

I stop, because Laura is coming through the door. I stop also because there is a fine flying wedge of policemen diving toward me. I grab Laura. I push her into the pilots' lounge and wedge a chair under the door handle, fast. She is very white and very beautiful. For a second we just stare.

"Pete! You great fool! You flew the Goof!"

"You! Eloping!" I take a step toward her, then I stop.

It is silly, but I suddenly do not have anything to say. I feel foolish. I just keep staring. "You—can't elope until Steve comes back," I say weakly.

The chair slips, and it is as if someone has pulled a plug. People pour in. In the lead is a huge policeman with a raw-beef face and a sleeve full of stripes. There is a wild babble of voices and he grabs my arms.

"Arrest them!" he is shouting. "Turning New York upside down! Flying—car!"

Other policemen are holding Willie. I get an impression of more people crowding into the room, and Bradbury Carleton, and men with cameras.

"Call the wagon!" the beefy-faced one is shouting. "Call ——"

I do not hear him come in; I just feel him. There is a voice in the doorway—a commanding voice, "Officer! Take your hands off that uniform! Now! What's going on here?"

I turn. I gasp. Steve. I should have known; that C-47 transport was his. He steps into the room, and his eyes are on the beefy policeman.

"I am the commanding officer here," he announces. "Will someone please enlighten me?" He passes a hand over his eyes. "I seem to have been seeing things. That sedan out there—I could have sworn it was flying. Right across the runways."

For a second Willie is himself. "Steve!" he chortles. "It flies like a big-tailed bird! Timmy and I built it!"

"Flew it all over New York!" the beefy policeman bellows. "Right clean across from Jersey, down among the buildings! Whole city gone crazy!"

"Steve!" I say. "We had to! It was because ——"

I can see Steve trying hard to catch up. Steve is an officer who stands behind his men, but it is pretty thick. I hold my breath.

"Flew it?" he says blankly. "A car? It couldn't. But if they did, I'm sure—there must have been some reason. But I don't understand ——"

He is looking out the window. First he is looking at the sedan; then he is looking at something else, very hard. His mouth drops open. "My car," he whispers. "My new sports car! Look at it!"

"No!" I choke. "Not now! No!"

Timmy comes in. He looks at me. "Nice crowd," he says happily. "How'd the Goof perform? I pried the fenders off the rear wheels of Steve's bucket, and put it in reverse," he adds. "Is Laura ——" He sees Steve. He sees Steve's face. His mouth opens. "Steve," he says faintly, "it was only a gag. We didn't know it was yours."

Willie leaps in. "Steve! We'll fix it like new! It sort of—runs backwards, but, Steve, you should've seen Pete ——"

It is the wrong approach. Steve has a slow fuse, but it is too much. He goes off like Hiroshima. "'Steve' nothing!" he roars. "Colonel Ingalls! Flew that thing over the city! Tore up my car! I'll ——" He seems to strangle. He points at the beefy policeman. "Arrest them! Now! Get them out of my sight!"

Hands are upon us; we are being propelled. I look at Laura; she is very pale. I think, *Peter, the breach. Throw yourself in. It is now or never.*

I break away. I step forward. I face Steve squarely. "Steve," I say, "there is a reason for all this. We had to do it. We had to do it to keep Laura from eloping. For you!" I add.

The room is suddenly silent; it is as if I have hit him. The silence stretches out; for a long moment Steve seems dazed. Then, gradually, he pulls himself together. He looks around slowly, as if he is seeing the crowd for the first time. Then he is suddenly standing straight, all West Point.

"I want this room cleared!" he snaps. "All except you three!" He points at Willie and Timmy and me. "And my daughter. And I guess—you!" He points at Lieutenant Carleton. Then he is pushing the beefy policeman out the door. "Out! All of you!" He turns. He eyes us, hard. "Start!" he says grimly. "Start at the beginning!"

We start. We tell him all. His mouth opens several times, but he keeps quiet. Finally he turns.

"Laura," he says hollowly, "were you really going to elope with this—with Lieutenant Carleton?"

I look at Laura, and I am beyond astonishment. Laura is crying—long, racking sobs. "I—wouldn't have gone through with it, father! I—wouldn't!"

"Laura!" Lieutenant Carleton gasps.

"Laura!" I gasp.

I do not quite know how, but Laura is crying against my chest. "It's—this big lug here! I've wanted him ever since Thunderbird Field! I know he wants me too! I know! I had to do something to make him see! I—knew—he'd come!"

Peter, I think, *this is* ——

I stop thinking, because it is like a great flash of light. I go jelly all over. My knees wobble. "Yes!" I hear myself saying. "I do want you, Laura! I do!"

Her fingers dig into my shoulders. "No redheads—and getting stuck in chimneys. You don't really want ——"

"Never!" I breathe. I mean it. I mean every word of it.

The room is very quiet. Lieutenant Carleton leaves. Steve looks at us for a long time; then his shoulders straighten. "Call in that police captain!" he says.

The captain comes in. He glares. Steve's voice is crisp. "Captain," he says, "that sedan is Air Force property. Top secret. It may have been—er—misused this afternoon; my investigation is not yet complete. But if there is any punishment due, the Air Force will take care of its own. That's all, captain!"

The captain is turning purple. "You can't!" he stutters. "I'll get the district attorney! I'll get Washington!"

Steve merely stares. The captain quails. He stomps out.

Steve looks at me. He grins. "I'll try to square this—as a wedding present," he says. The grin fades; he is thinking. "First, I want to get the three of you away from here. Until it cools down, anyway. A routine training flight. You'll take my C-47 immediately. You'll go to ——"

"Thunderbird Field," Laura says.

Steve turns. "Thunderbird Field?"

"I like it there," Laura says. "I'm going too."

She does. We do. Chum, as I say, it is all Laura's fault. So help me, it's love.

THE END

Days of the Sun

By Kathryn Ainsworth Grover

This is the summer season; golden fruit hangs full and mellow,
While every green is only green on leaf and stem and grass,
But apricot and pear blend tones of crimson tint and yellow.
Wide sky dips blue, and sun floods topaz-warm in rays which mass
Fence-sitting crows that shatter day with notes as sharp as glass.

This is the summer season; time is cushioned like a pillow,
And every hour is three hours long, while days are made to suit
The drowsy little sparrows muttering nonsense from the willow,
And fuzzy brown and yellow bees rifle the fallen fruit
Of plum and peach and lustrous grape, in sibilant dispute.

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Reservation for Murder

(Continued from Page 39)

wood, immaculate brass numerals, discreet and withdrawn Imperial privacy. In there? Perhaps. All he heard, however, was his own heart: whoom-whoom-whoom-whoom-whoom. He put a hand back to Florence Savage, just rounding the turn after them. "Keep off here," the hand warned her; "stay back a minute"; then got the passkeys out of his pocket.

She stopped, first shaking her head at him meaninglessly; then moving off to one side and getting the wall back of her. A waiter, pushing a service table and humming an operatic aria, stopped humming when he caught Cassidy's expression; a maid came out of one of the hall closets, turned toward them and dropped bed linen and towels all over the soft green Imperial carpet. But Cassidy gave no attention to any of that; under the red hair his features had acquired a hard-looking and intense concentration.

Hannegan gripped him for a moment. "Wait a minute," Hannegan whispered. "You got a gun, Ray, or you want mine? Don't be stupid. Don't try busting in there like a fool. Here. Take this."

He offered the big police revolver, and that bad thing happened again to Cassidy, and without even the least warning. It happened instantly; and it froze him with his key in the lock, and his head turned a bit, and his eyes fixed on what Hannegan was presenting to him. He did not move—did not think either.

"Go on," Hannegan whispered urgently. "And before he hears you. Get in there."

Cassidy's big chest heaved. He reached for the gun—almost touched it—and drew back. It was not a conscious and deliberate decision. He tried—he tried desperately, the hand attempting to force itself, the fingers curved, the knuckles strained, and whole arm rigid, but nothing happened. Hannegan spun him away then; Hannegan turned the knob and kicked the door open, and plunged in.

But there were no shots from inside; no disturbance at all. Hannegan just turned on the light in there, and knocked open the bathroom door and the closet, and came out again.

"Nobody," he said, breathing hurriedly. "Not a thing, Ray."

Cassidy had not moved. He was standing flat against the wall, where Hannegan had pushed him, but he said nothing to Hannegan and kept his eyes lowered. A cold sweat had covered him. He had his left hand out against the wall, as if bracing himself, but his right arm, at which he appeared to be staring blindly, was still curved, still motionless and still rigid.

Just then, up in the sitting room at 2234, it was becoming evident that there was something the matter with Emil, and perhaps something quite serious. But what? Turning himself a bit petulantly on the gray sofa, Mr. Janisek set palms and finger tips together, placed them beneath one cheek, rested them there, and considered Emil for a moment or two with pursed lips and gloomily meditative dark eyes.

"So now," Mr. Janisek murmured, as if willing to encourage him to a fresh start, and a more convincing and truthful one, by this example of patient consideration, "you go down to the stenographer's office—good. You find that the door is locked—perfectly understandable—and then you return to us—excellent. Well? There was nothing else? There was no porter, no maid, to see you on the stairway, perhaps, and to wonder about ——"

"No," Emil said. "No one."

"But you are covered with sweat," Mr. Janisek pointed out, his voice sharpening the least bit. "You are breathless when you come in; you take the time to look back of you, Emi." He gave a soft, not altogether pleasant weight to that affectionate diminutive. "You must not lie to me, Emi. Because if you do ——"

"I think he is frightened," Tedescu said.

"Do you?" Mr. Janisek asked, tapping the finger tips together. "Well, then —— Now we have the military opinion, Emi. The truth, please. Were you frightened by anything?"

Emil, sullenly keeping his head down, shook it doggedly.

"Of course," Mr. Janisek went on, as if entirely and gratefully relieved by that assurance. "You see, colonel? We imagine things, each of us; and now Emi will prove that we have been wrong about him. He will go down to that office again and make further inquiries. Why not?" He was still watching Emil fixedly. "There is nothing outside to be afraid of—nothing at all. We have just been assured."

Emil shrugged as though carelessly, crossed the sitting room, put his hand on the doorknob—and turned back. His expression had altered; his soft and clear-looking gray eyes, behind thick, starlike blond eyelashes, now steadied themselves on Mr. Janisek's vest buttons with stolid coolness.

"Then all right," Emil said, speaking slowly and tightly, unemotionally. "It seems that I had forgotten the great Janisek cleverness. You want to know? Then I will tell you. There was a man down there—a man who would not listen to me, and who wanted me to answer questions for him. Well, I try to get out by knocking him aside, you understand—just that. But he is like rotten wood. It is all over in half a second. I hit him and —— Shall I summon the police then? Shall I explain to them about Mr. Francis Janisek? Or is it the better way to slip out quietly and before I am noticed by anybody?"

Colonel Tedescu's mouth had dropped open; even Mr. Janisek stared blankly, tilting his head back from Emil and parting the finger tips toward him in a very slight, shocked gesture.

"But we were all alone," Emil said, now watching Mr. Janisek as steadily as, a moment ago, he had watched the vest buttons. "The door is closed and there are many people outside. So I get out at once, taking a purse with me. Here." He dropped it at Mr. Janisek's feet. "See for yourself. You manage people; you are the clever one. Well? What do the police think? What kind of a man do the police look for? A guest here? I do not think so. I believe, rather ——"

But Mr. Janisek had hoisted himself up with pachyderm clumsiness from the gray sofa.

"The man!" he interrupted shrilly. "Are you trying to say —— Is he dead, idiot?"

"Oh, yes," Emil said. He smiled slowly, fixing his eyes somewhere beyond Mr. Janisek. "I think so."

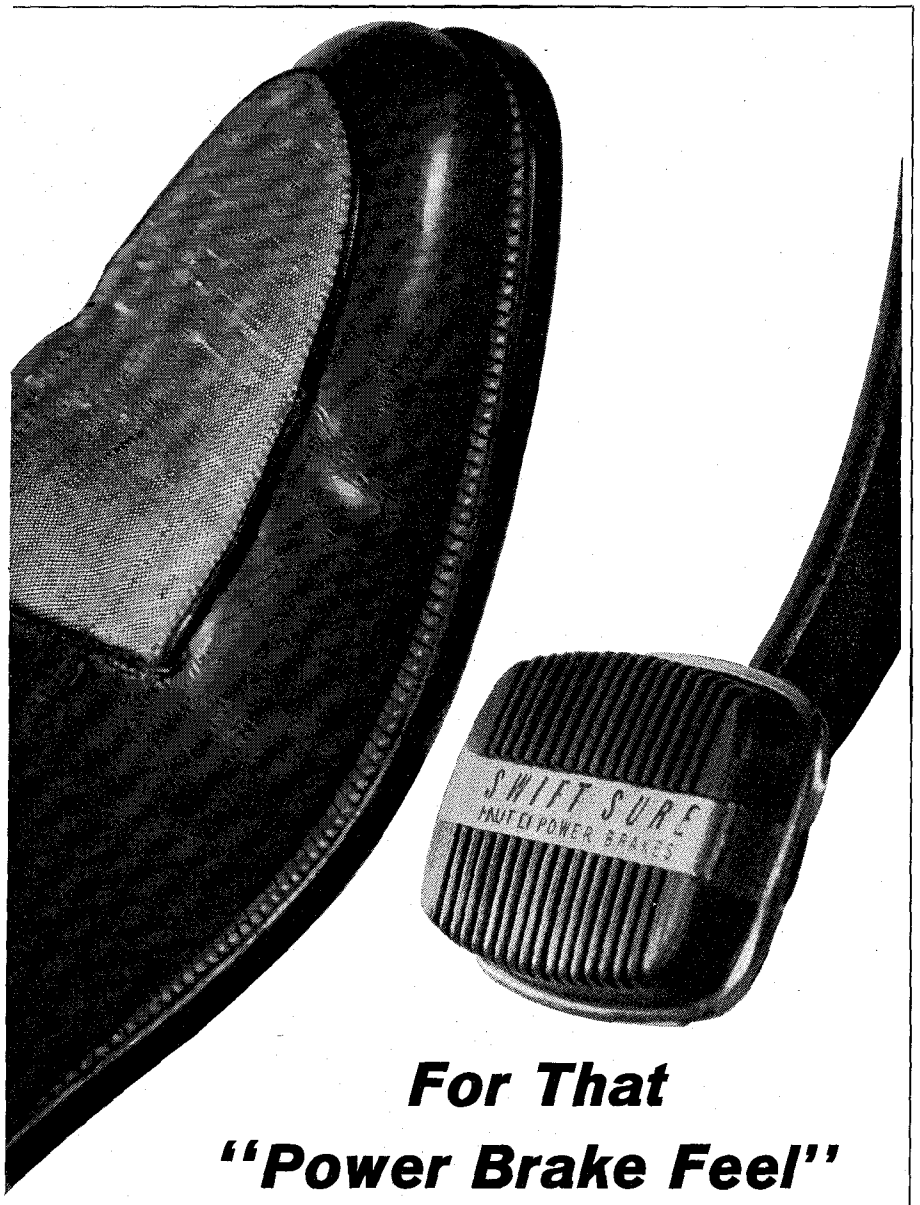
"Emil," Mr. Janisek whispered, putting out one hand to him, but at the same time glancing around furtively at the hall door. "You must listen to me, Emil—and tell me the truth! No one saw you down there? Not in the office itself? Not entering it? And not leaving it?"

Colonel Tedescu, moving off quickly here, as if to disassociate himself from any of this, glanced from one to the other of them with the perfectly rounded eyes of astonished befuddlement; he was still reacting to shock seconds after Mr. Janisek had begun to balance Emil's information against the risks they had incurred now, with no warning—and to balance it, most of all, against his own presence in Bishop Hruba's suite and his own personal safety. The man was dead; the man, therefore, was no longer of any importance. But now what mattered very much, the one thing, was whether or not Mr. Janisek could be connected to him in any way.

Was it possible? Had Emil taken an elevator from the mezzanine floor? Then what elevator—up or down? And if up, of course —— He moved forward at Emil with quick, altogether unexpected spryness.

"To do this," Mr. Janisek whispered, taking him by the coat lapels and shaking him. "To go down there and —— Did you get on the elevator afterward? Tell me. Were you stupid enough to ——"

But there also he was reassured, at least briefly. He had gone down to the lobby, Emil said; he had bought cigarettes there, and he had come up in an elevator with five or six other people. Mr. Janisek re-



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leased him and sat down again on the gray sofa, but quite heavily. No direct trail to Emil's room, then—and no possible one, in any event, from that room to Bishop Hruba's quarters.

An indirect connection, however? It was quite possible that Emil might have been seen on the mezzanine floor, but it would be very stupid to imagine that, in a hotel of this size, Emil would have been identified as a guest by one of the hotel employees. No, Mr. Janisek decided hurriedly; the police might in time get Emil's description from someone who had seen him either entering or leaving the stenographer's office, but unless he had been followed at once to 1756, no one could have any idea of where to look for him at this moment.

And the police? Because of the purse, they must assume that a petty thief had wandered into the Imperial, taken advantage of the first opportunity that presented itself, and slipped out again. It simply was not credible that, even with Emil's description, the police would manage to trace him down into the lobby across to the newsstand, back to the elevators—and all this at the very height of the evening activity. But just now, however, even Tedescu had been struck by Emil's condition—and would not that very thing have drawn covert attention to Emil in the Imperial elevator? Covert—until somebody stumbled across the dead man! Then the operator would remember Emil and speak to the police about him, and they would go up to the seventeenth floor and examine Emil's room, and see what ——

Mr. Janisek froze suddenly in position, all through—thought, eyes, facial expression, position of limbs. Good heaven! How had he forgotten until now the most essential factor in all this? A little over an hour ago he himself had got off the elevator at Seventeen, to visit Emil apparently, but in reality to cover his tracks to Bishop Hruba; and in Emil's closet down there, at this very moment, there hung Mr. Janisek's hat and Mr. Janisek's overcoat. Perhaps a card in the overcoat, or a letter or two, but enough to implicate him very seriously in this business. He jumped up then, motioning frantically to Emil, but beyond adequate speech; and Colonel Tedescu rushed forward at them from the fireplace mantel.

"Get out!" he shouted at them. "Get out of here! With this I have had nothing to do! You will leave now! And before the police come! Do you hear that, both of you?"

"And you imagine that it is safer for us outside?" Mr. Janisek absolutely panted at him, in a tone of low, breathtaking vehemence. "Oh, you complete blockhead! Who connects you to Emil's room? How can anyone ——" He made a distraught gesture; could have wept pitifully. "But I!" he cried. "I! My things are down there—hat, coat, letters, everything necessary! . . . Emil! You must get them at once! Do you hear me? You must recover my things immediately!"

But Emil shook him off, snarling at him, and revealing to Mr. Janisek at that instant the flash of a deep-down and passionately intense hatred. The older man almost staggered from such an impact. *Like a father to this boy*, he thought emotionally. *Like a father.* That idea, however, passed through him like a stroke of lightning; even the shock of it could only be put aside in one corner of the mind to be remembered there—and paid back!—at a later and more convenient moment. Now he had to open the hall door, to make sure that the corridor was deserted, and to move out into it.

"Hurry," he whispered. "Emil. I will even go down with you." He did not want to go down; he felt icy coldness in him at the idea, but he knew now that any delay in reaching 1756, and in getting his things from it, would not lessen the danger for him, but increase it, rather. And then Colonel Tedescu proved himself. He saw his chance now—Mr. Janisek outside, Emil half out and half in, and struggling furiously; and so he got hold of Emil from in back, thrust him forward into the corridor by the two shoulders, and slammed the door on them.

"Quite calmly!" Mr. Janisek advised, through stiff lips. "No excitement at all. I am with you. Smile and chat pleasantly if we happen to meet anyone, but if not ——" Down from them, and across, was a red light shining out over the stair entrance; he headed for that doorway, reached it, and dragged in Emil with him. But even when they were safely inside, Emil fought him, backing down two steps, and then clinging with both hands to the stair railing.

Like an animal, Mr. Janisek told himself. *Like a dumb brute.* He menaced Emil, raising a thick, stubby arm over him; whispered of frightful punishments to come; changed over; held out dazzling rewards; and then threatened frantically again. Nothing served. Around them were gray-painted walls, rubberized steps, a metal railing; and beyond the railing, surrounded by it on four sides, an open shaft narrowing down—far, far down—to a tiny patch of black-and-white tiling; a patch no larger from this altitude than one of Mr. Janisek's thumbnails. The perspective dizzied him; he moved blindly and hurriedly away from it; and left Emil alone, and behind him, with cunningly inspired strategy.

Could Emil go back now? No! Tedescu would not admit him. And could he remain frozen stupidly on this stairway? No, again! Then abandon him or appear to abandon him, and Emil would follow.

And Emil did follow. Mr. Janisek knew Emil. He knew the small, spiteful venomousness, the sulky charm, and the reliance—how long and how shamefully yielded to—on Mr. Janisek's mature self-possession and on Mr. Janisek's intelligent and paternal guidance.

Oh, he would follow! Quickly here, Mr. Janisek advised himself; no pause, no delay in this critical area, because now, on Seventeen at last, he must dart up a couple of steps, get hold of Emil and pull him down to the landing before Emil could brace himself. He managed it. They staggered back into the wall, reeled down the steps and struggled desperately.

"No," Emil whispered.

He collapsed on himself, as it were, resisting Mr. Janisek, not actively any more but like a dead man—through sheer mass and inertia. Mr. Janisek ground his teeth, gaining a foot or so with the most frightful effort, then losing it again, helplessly.

"Will—you?" he panted out, now kicking at Emil. "You—animal! To cause this! And now to —— Get—my—things! There is no danger. How can anyone have followed you? Emil!"

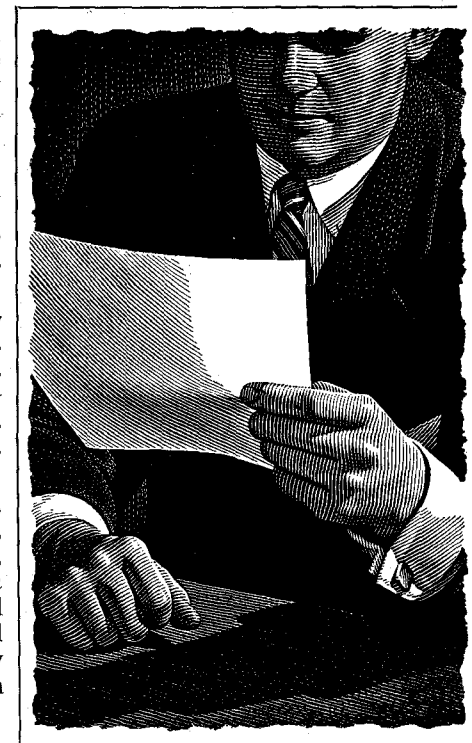
No danger, perhaps, but now down from them, on Sixteen, a disturbance of some sort—a pail clattering, lagging footsteps, a door sighing out to them, and then back. What? Mr. Janisek thought dumbly. Who was it? And what did they want in here?

But Emil, of course, the moment Mr. Janisek released him, reacted to the quick, foolish and panic-stricken idea. Safety had been in this stairway, but now safety was threatened by someone or something. Was it outside? He must have thought so. He plunged through into the corridor at Seventeen, but Mr. Janisek did not follow him. Not out there! He hesitated for a fraction of time, then swung back, gripped the handrail, and raced up to Eighteen with frantic breathlessness. From Eighteen he looked out and down over the rail, taking advantage of the thinnest possible angle—and caught one glimpse below of a gray-headed man wearing a porter's uniform. And coming up, Mr. Janisek saw. To Seventeen only? Or beyond it to —— And had the porter heard anything? Would he glance up now at Mr. Janisek? Cry out to somebody? Warn them?

He heard something now, in any event; and Mr. Janisek too. There was a sudden confused uproar out in the hallway at Seventeen—a shouting, a running about. Suddenly the door slammed back—a great smashing clatter—and Emil darted across Mr. Janisek's restricted angle of vision as no more than an arm and shoulder in a jacket.

He appeared to be struggling with someone—kicking back, twisting himself. Then he got free, staggered sidewise against the rail, and found himself trapped there by the porter under him and the other unseen man over him. And now the porter was clearly in Mr. Janisek's view; he had halted midway between floors, at the turn, with his mop and pail in one hand, and the other removing a clay pipe from his trousers pocket.

Emil rushed at him. He dropped the pipe, crouched into the wall, thrust out



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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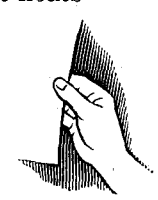

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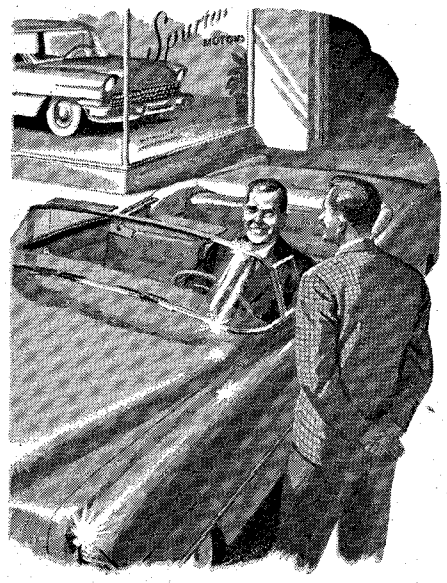

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blindly to protect himself, and Emil caromed off into the railing, grabbed at it and toppled over it as if in the most fantastic and gracefully affected slow motion.

A big redheaded man, whom Mr. Janisek had glimpsed once earlier, in the corridor at Twenty-two, lunged at him; but too late.

Even as Mr. Janisek dropped stupidly to his knees up on Eighteen, Emil plunged down the stairwell.

Now there was a muffled cry wailing up to them; not loud; just astonished, perhaps; protesting something. It stopped; was cut off abruptly. There was another sound, echoing from wall to wall—a blunt, heavy period, as it were; a full stop to all this nonsensical posturing. Afterward there followed an instant of either petrified or appalled stillness; and, then, sixteen floors down, it was Emil, and not the patch of black-and-white tile, that was no larger than Mr. Janisek's thumbnail.

Now Mr. Janisek rested his head against the rail on Eighteen and closed his eyes. For a moment or two he wanted to be quite still in himself—not to think, to look at anything or to feel anything. Voices babbled on Seventeen; there was much commotion; feet pounded the stairs, and someone ran out into the Imperial corridor. *Oh,* Mr. Janisek thought. *Oh. Oh. Oh. Emi.*

He remained motionless on his knees, holding himself upright against the rail in the exact way that a drowning man would have clutched a lifeline. After a long period—oh, very long; three or four seconds, at least—he got up, attempted to steady himself, and saw that the hall door at Eighteen was just in front of him. He stared at it, thick lips quivering, head bobbing and ducking erratically; then he used it.

All nightmare, of course. What else? He walked and walked now, making quick, imperative gestures in front of him at a deserted corridor; clearing the way. And what was this? Oh! The reception room on Eighteen, the floor clerk murmuring to someone on the telephone, an elevator, and two men getting into it.

He followed them. Deathly white now—deathly numb, too, so far as any physical sensation was concerned—he saw the plush bench in back, and almost collapsed there. What had happened? Three things, certainly. The police had located Emil's room; they had been waiting in there for him; and there, too, they must have come into possession of Mr. Janisek's hat and overcoat. So? Everything lost! The police would have many questions to ask him. Why had he been visiting Emil? Who was he? And what did he want in the Hotel Imperial?

Alone, of course, facing them all out, he would have been able to concoct some story or other, but soon now there would be Cousin Josef inquiring at the reception desk in the lobby for Room 1756 and Mr. Emil Novak. And Cousin Josef, that timid and miserable caricature of a human being, so admirably suited in pliability and temperament for Mr. Janisek's purpose, would never withstand even the least pressure. No. The whole story would have to come out then. Trapped, Mr. Janisek realized almost quietly. Trapped like ——

Trapped, indeed. The elevator had stopped again, for Seventeen, and people were crowding in—a girl, a dark-haired young man, two burly and hard-faced individuals—and the redheaded fellow. Mr. Janisek nodded to himself, vaguely; none of this, of course, could actually be happening to him. Ridiculous! He felt drowsy; wanted to yawn, in fact; and did yawn. The two men who had got on with him at Eighteen were crowded together now, and forced back; and it was that action, not his own stratagem, that served to block Mr. Janisek completely from view.

How very odd! Now the redheaded fellow could have put out an arm, separated the two men, and touched Mr. Janisek, but did not. A faint hope, then? One gleam of light in this overpowering darkness? They bounced gently on the street floor, and the amazingly cheerful and unconcerned bustle of the Imperial lobby opened before them, but Mr. Janisek did not stir. The car emptied; the redheaded fellow, and the others, rushed away between columns of green marble, down an attractive vista of leather chairs, thick carpet and lush tropical fernery; and then, finally, Mr. Janisek was able to straighten himself.

But who was watching 1756 now? The idea came suddenly to him—unbidden, absolutely inspired. Was it possible that all of them, in one rush, had shoved into the elevator to come downstairs and find out about Emil? But why not? And if that was the way it was, then most certainly there had been no time yet for them to examine the closet up in 1756! Perhaps they did have his hat and coat right under their noses, but perhaps they were not aware of that fact, just as they had not been aware of Mr. Janisek himself seconds ago in this elevator. Suppose, then, he went back now to Room 1756? Would he be able to get his things from it—and unseen, unnoticed? Was it a fair gamble? Or should he concede that part, concentrate on intercepting Cousin Josef, and simply deny everything later on?

It was a dreadful moment for him. Had deliverance opened up or was he being seduced here to complete, final betrayal? He did not know; he wanted to wring his hands helplessly. But then another elevator door on this bank started to edge shut beside him, and he pushed into it at the last possible moment. A sign, perhaps. Courage, Janisek!

"Please," he said, speaking in a surprisingly deep, steady voice to the elevator girl. "Seventeen." But he was in a bad way, despite the voice; the elevator, pushing up underneath in a swift, smooth rush, seemed to take the lower part of his stomach completely out of him; his teeth clicked, and he was beginning to get nervous and emotional reactions again—rhythmically, in slow waves and despite anguished inner protests.

Then Seventeen again—and the floor clerk there not even glancing at him, but speaking to someone on her telephone, and very excitedly.

"Yes," Mr. Janisek heard. "Just now. Ray Cassidy almost had his hands on him. Oh, they were all racing around up here; you should have seen it. A couple of detectives, Theresa, and ——"

Mr. Janisek walked past into the corridor. *Boldness,* he was whispering to himself—*and again boldness; quick march, Janisek, and cool head.* He advanced with that urgent, top-heavy clumsiness of his, gulping laboriously for more air and rounding a turn into the east corridor. And there? All for nothing! They were not quite so stupid, after all. They had left someone up there. They had left the porter.

He was talking to one of the floor maids just outside 1756. He looked upset and excited, physically ill—and then a room waiter came running out of the service stairway. He beckoned to them and said something; and the maid ran over to the stair door, and the porter followed her.

They vanished in there, and Mr. Janisek's queasy insides seemed to reverse themselves, to flip up and over. A chance now? He went on at a fast, breathless trot. The door to 1756 stood wide open, but there were no clothes on the bed, no drawers pulled out and no signs of even a hurried and incomplete search. In time, Mr. Janisek promised himself dizzily; they might have opened the closet, of course, to look in, but quite obviously there had been no chance to remove and examine the clothing from it. He glanced back of him. Now? He darted inside; and seconds later, his pale, puffy face glistening with sweat, but the hat and overcoat

"C'mon, everybody . . . you must see Frank make one of his tossed salads!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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on his left arm, he was heading back again for the Imperial elevators. He could feel a letter in his coat pocket—and still safe there, untouched. Oh, thank God!

But now the commotion was spreading out—and yet all in his favor, if one would be cool and practical about it. A bellhop ran past, two maids followed, and a couple of the room doors had been thrown open.

"What is it?" a man asked him. "What's the trouble?"

Mr. Janisek muttered something, turned over his right palm to indicate complete ignorance, and went on steadily, untouched, unnoticed and unsuspected in all this excited hullabaloo.

Even the reception room was now empty—no clerk there, no page boy jumping to attention. He rang; an elevator took him down to the street level; and there it seemed to Mr. Janisek that the worst, certainly, had been those endless few seconds in 1756, but that he had man-

... ...

Sprinkler System

By Ethel Fairfield White

Like dancers poised in
groups and ordered rows
Across the field, the airy
plumes of spray
Bend and swirl, a graceful,
slow ballet,
In whose trailing scarves the
rainbow faintly glows.
How parched the withered
fields that lie beyond,
But here, how thick and
green alfalfa grows!

When all the needs of soil
are fully met,
The honest earth, respond-
ing, pays its debt.

... ...

aged them, and that now he would be able to manage everything else also.

First, however, the nearest phone and a hurried warning for Cousin Josef. There were half a dozen booths over to one side of the cigar stand. He crowded himself, bulk, overcoat and all, into a vacant one near the back, reflecting anxiously that it was five minutes past eight now, and that Cousin Josef had been instructed to arrive here at eight-thirty sharp. Had he left Mr. Janisek's apartment yet? Hurry, hurry! He dialed, and a phone rang distantly—rang, rang, rang and rang. Why? The wrong number?

He dialed again, no possible mistake this time; then hung up, moistening his lips and darting out furtive glances at the Imperial lobby. His expression was set tightly, hinting at a sullen determination that in due course—oh, never fear!—someone was going to pay for the outrageously persistent ill fortune that had been inflicted on him. First, Emil; then the coat; and now the dangerous and yet unavoidable necessity of waiting right here, in the feeble protection of a public phone booth, so that he could head off Cousin Josef's approach to the reception desk from any one of half a dozen possible points of entry. And the old man upstairs? Did he mean, despite everything that had happened, to persist in that business? He had no idea, but he understood that he was required to wait for the imbecile, and right here in the Imperial lobby. And wait how long? Impossible to say! Perhaps twenty minutes, perhaps thirty, perhaps forty, but a time, beyond any question, that would be the slowest in pace, and the most nerve-racking, that Francis Janisek would ever have to spend anywhere in his life.

Meanwhile, on the other end of this business and in other and different areas, upstairs and down, of the Hotel Imperial, there had begun a half hour that also presented a good many tensions and difficulties for Ray Cassidy. The first part of it was spent at the bottom of the service stairway, with the shaft over him, narrowing upward from that point, and with three or four pinheaded marionettes peering down in an agitated cluster from the seventeenth landing. On the left was another stairway leading down one flight to the employees' locker rooms; and out there a pale and somewhat haggard-looking Cassidy had to keep everyone moving along while Hannegan and another precinct man examined 1756, or what was left of him, for some kind of adequate identification.

They did not find it, however; and so, a few minutes past eight, Cassidy went back upstairs with Hannegan, a precinct lieutenant and Walter Duval. In 1756 they scrutinized some shirts, a gray suit in the closet, a gray overcoat hanging beside it, and a very snappy-looking gray hat.

"New York labels," Hannegan said, displaying one of them to Cassidy and the precinct lieutenant. "All of them. How did he register downstairs, Ray? What name and address did he give you people?"

"Not the right one," Cassidy said, his throat bone-dry, and his blue eyes still openly strained and sick-looking. "Just anything that came into his head, Mickey. Wait a minute. I'll get his card up here."

He wanted something to do; he wanted to keep himself very busy. Hannegan came over to him.

"Now look," Hannegan said gruffly. "Don't start getting any dopey ideas about what happened before. You were jumpy, that's all—after that cast, and after that cheap little broad walking out on you. Oh, I know! You don't have to put on any act with friend Hannegan. You hear me?"

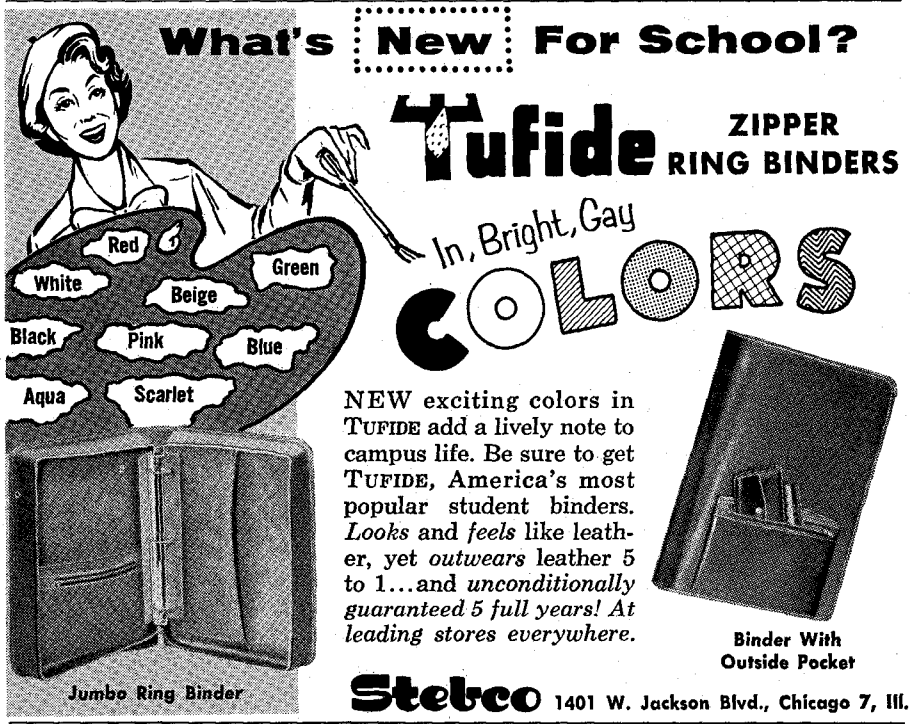
He meant well; he kept his voice down and away from the lieutenant, and from Walter Duval; and yet Cassidy began sweating again. He could see himself reaching for that gun, and almost touching it; and then —— He called the desk; then he went out into the corridor, and got Florence Savage in, and the porter. They answered some questions, and then it was Cassidy's turn.

"Well, it happened pretty fast," he said, controlling his voice fairly well. "He wasn't in the room when—when we opened the door here. So I called downstairs, trying to head him off, wherever he is; and I hear Miss Savage screaming at us. 'Cassidy!' she yells out. 'Here he comes!' So we go after him, me and Hannegan, just as you and your man come around from the elevators, cutting him off that way. And that's about it, lieutenant. He ducks back again, into the stairway; I almost grab him in there; and then he tumbles out that way, right over the railing."

"How about the other fellow?" the lieutenant said. "The big fellow? You saw them together about half past six, didn't you?"

"Up on Twenty-two," Cassidy said. "That's right. But my opinion—I'd say he's out of here by now, lieutenant; and still running."

The lieutenant considered for a moment. "What did they take in that office downstairs? Just the pocketbook?"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"We think so," Cassidy said. "Miss Savage's pocketbook. It was right on the desk."

"Well, then, it all adds up," the lieutenant said. "One of them takes a room here, they start nosing around, and they get in trouble. That's just about it, Cassidy. Anything else?"

There did not appear to be. He went out with Duval, and Hannegan put the gray suit and the other things into the traveling bag. Once he glanced at Cassidy, opened his mouth, but said nothing. Cassidy had his elbows on his knees, and his head in his hands; he was not looking up at anyone.

"Well ——" Florence Savage said. She moved uncertainly, and Hannegan put a finger to his lips and pointed to Cassidy, and then nodded his head vigorously at him. She hesitated; then she nodded back. Hannegan went out with the traveling bag. Then Cassidy got up, too, noticed the girl, and rubbed his face quickly.

"Oh," he said. "You still hanging around? Well, let's get out of here. You ready to go home now?"

"I have to bring that speech upstairs," she said. "To Bishop Hruba. I promised it." She hesitated a moment. Then she said, watching him very carefully, "What is it, Ray? What's the matter?"

Go on, Cassidy thought quietly; explain it to her. Tell her what kind of a man he was; and how right here, about half an hour ago, he had allowed Mickey Hannegan to take over for him.

"Nothing," he said—very much surprised, apparently. "Why?"

"Oh, no reason," she said. She had become a little uneasy with him. "Or just—your friend Hannegan was pretty mysterious. I think he wanted me to stay with you. You seem—depressed, somehow. It's poor little Charlie Mueller, isn't it?"

"Guess so," Cassidy said, keeping his voice low, but quite even. "I only knew him a couple of months, but he was as decent a guy —— And I sent him around there, understand. I was the one that caused it, actually."

"Don't," she said, taking his arm gently. "Please don't, Ray. It's never any good."

"No," he said. "I suppose it isn't." They went on a few steps.

"You see what happened out here?" he continued huskily. "You see Ray Cassidy freeze up? And you see Hannegan take over for him?" His mouth worked a bit. "Sure," he said. "You saw it. 'Come on,' he tells me. 'Take the gun, kid; and get in there.' And I couldn't do it. I tried, but —— What am I? What kind of thing have I turned into? I couldn't do it, I tell you! What's the matter with me?"

She gave him a quick, covert glance. "Probably nothing," she said. "Maybe you're not yourself yet after that cast. You could still be a little jittery, Ray. Why not? You haven't been out of it three months."

"No," he said, moving the blue eyes at her miserably and furtively, "I backed down. I'm the one should have gone in there, not Hannegan. And I didn't because I got a rotten yellow heart in me. Because ——"

She said quietly, "Now that's silly. People don't change in any important way—or very rarely. You're what you always were; only, for some reason, you've begun to worry about it. Don't you see that?"

"I see one thing," he declared breathlessly. "I'm no good any more. Not to you, if you were crazy enough to kind of like me; not to Charlie Mueller; not to anyone."

"So that's it," she said, just as softly and quietly as before. "That's why you threw me over on friend Hannegan. I should have seen it, I suppose, but ——"

Her brown eyes flashed. "It's that girl!" she said. "Of course! She walked out on you when you had nobody else; you needed her, and she hurt you. She hurt you so much ——"

"No, she didn't," Cassidy said, twisting the red head away from her as though in some kind of physical agony. "Listen to me! You face up to things or you don't. You're like Hannegan inside—or you're like me. I've thought it out, I tell you; weeks ago, when I first began to notice you around here. What did Dottie McConnell matter then? She was nothing. I was glad it happened that way. Then it hits me. Sure, I tell myself; take a swell girl like that, and give her the old pitch, and get her to feeling sorry for you. Maybe so sorry ——" His voice rose harshly at that point. "And you think I want that? You think I could stand it?"

Her face flushed. "I think she put a sickness in you!" she cried out. "And I think you're silly enough to go on nursing it and building it up! That's my idea about it, Ray Cassidy!"

"Then O.K.," he said, giving her a dull, heavy grin. "A sickness, that's the word. I see it, all right—and better than you. And I know what I am too. I just proved it."

Duval beckoned to him from the end of the corridor. He went off quickly, and rode down in the elevator with Duval and the precinct lieutenant. They talked together in a small group by the Park Avenue entrance; and then to occupy himself, to tear loose from that nagging torment eating away at him, Cassidy went outside to check the cab drivers, and to see if any of them had noticed the big fellow summoning a cab earlier. While he was still covering that angle, a slight, elderly man wearing a long overcoat, an old-fashioned but oddly rakish-looking velours hat and dark glasses went up the Imperial steps behind him. But Cassidy, of course, had not a second glance for Cousin Josef—and not a first, even.

It was eight-twenty-eight then; and inside, from that phone booth way back in a remote corner of the Imperial lobby, Mr. Janisek emerged hurriedly, and intercepted the man in the long coat before he had got halfway across to the reception desk. *Go on with it?* Mr. Janisek had been asking himself for the past few minutes. *But why not?* Now there had been time to collect himself, and to consider the matter from all possible angles. And one thing had become evident to him—that even yet, and despite his absurd panic of half an hour ago, the police could have established no connection at all between a petty sneak thief in the mezzanine office and the reverend and respected gentleman in Suite 2234.

He understood that he had one danger, of course—the redheaded fellow, who was probably the hotel detective. But was it a serious danger? Twice now they had encountered each other—in the corridor on Twenty-two, and again in the matter of a hat and overcoat down in Emil's room; and twice Mr. Janisek, against heavy odds, had handled him exactly as he had wished to handle him. Now he murmured to Cousin Josef, took his arm and led him out into the Imperial arcade; and behind them, at the Park Avenue entrance, Walter Duval and the precinct lieutenant continued their conversation. It was ten minutes before Cassidy reappeared in there. But by that time, everything settled at last—everything but a small, rather uncertain nervousness, at any rate—Mr. Janisek was in a luggage shop over on Third Avenue, with Cousin Josef in safe tow, and with his mind working shrewdly and carefully again at this business of Bishop Paul Hruba and the not-so-nominal sum of $293,000.

It was a queer, cold place. There was a vagueness in it of gray light or, rather, of darkness that was not yet altogether complete darkness, but there was nothing to see or to hear anywhere, or to touch. It seemed to the bishop that he floated up, and sank down again, deep down, into infinite and unthinkable distances. It became colder, blacker and more oppressive. But he knew where he was; he was in the cell, and they were sending the soldiers for him, and they would ask him their questions. Would he admit now, would he concede, would he agree that, as an enemy of the state, and in deliberate and shameful betrayal of the national welfare —— He cried out softly. He opened his eyes.

It was not the cell. It was a large bedroom with curtains fluttering at the window, with the gleam of a bureau mirror facing him, and voices somewhere beyond, human voices. There was also a door that way, with a crack of light shining under it. He lay motionless; then he thought of the bitter cold waiting for him, and the darkness. He moaned again. Slowly, with agonizing effort, he dragged at the coverlet on him, at smooth sheets.

At once he became breathless; sweat drenched him. He tried again—persisted, struggled—and presently he was hanging a third over the bed—arms, head, shoulders and upper chest. He rested there, watching the light that was no more than ten feet distant from him. His right hand struck Mr. Janisek's bottle of sedative, knocked it over, smashed it. There was a slow, steady trickle. He did not hear it. He panted, twisted himself forward and rolled heavily. His legs followed him. He fell.

There was something—not right. The physical outlines of the room wavered; then it seemed to him that he floated out of himself, helplessly, as he had floated in that sick nightmare a moment ago. Now he could feel the rug under him, soft, thick. He clung to it; then he rested. He rested several times—against a chair briefly, then the edge of the bureau, then a radiator. A bell tinkled outside. A telephone?

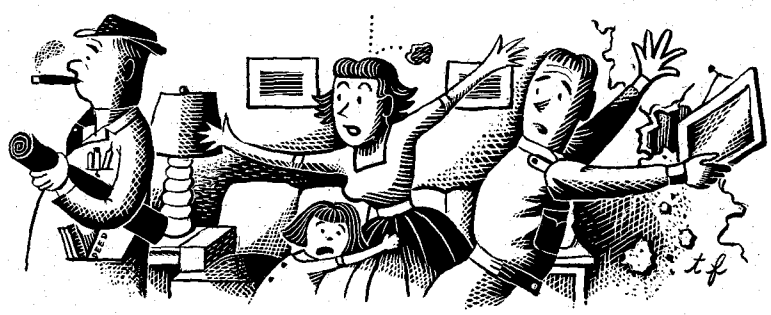
He got hold of the doorknob; he hung there, and with both hands. No, he told himself; nothing else possible; not the least movement. But there was light outside; perhaps there was help too. He twisted the knob somehow, held it steady, pulled it in to him, and rolled past it.

And there was light out there—blessed, blessed light. There was also Colonel Tedescu swinging around to him from the telephone—amazed at that instant, but not yet frightened—not yet time enough for that simple and human reaction. There was also a girl over by the hall door. The bishop knew her; he had seen her before somewhere; but now, as shocked and motionless as Colonel Tedescu, she could only stare down at him while holding a Manila envelope in her right hand as if she had forgotten about it. He held to the side of the door desperately, but it did not seem to him that he could manage the rest of it. He could not speak to them, certainly. He could only gesture.

The girl ran over to him—got on her knees, held him. He nodded at her. "Help me," he whispered then. "Oh, please. You must help me."

From the telephone the voice of Mr. Theodore Victor squawked and sputtered irritably at Colonel Tedescu. He did not answer it; did not hear it. Now he was frightened; now his mouth hung open—and now he felt suddenly and completely paralyzed.

TO BE CONTINUED



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The Government, grateful to its veterans, earmarked priority materials for contractors who would build high-grade homes for GI's. A dozen veterans bought such homes in one development, but soon realized that the contractors had chiseled about $2500 on each home. So the veterans sued to collect that much apiece.

"You should pay us the difference in home values between what you promised the Government you would build and what you sold us," the veterans argued.

"You saw and liked what you were getting, at the price agreed," the contractors retorted. "So what's your kick? You weren't parties to our agreement with the Government, and what we did under it is none of your business."

If you were the judge, would you order the contractors to reimburse the veterans?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The veterans collected. The court said the housing law was passed to aid them, not "to benefit defaulting contractors—the very class it was the purpose of this law to protect the veterans against."

Based upon a 1954 California decision.

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Escape in the Desert (Continued from Page 43)

There was something else that made it all the more difficult. Increasingly, he liked them—and it was dangerous to like those you had been taught to despise.

The girl. He thought of her for a moment; she had not cried or argued, done all she had been told—as much as any of them. And she had been kind to him when he had hurt his back. Anson. There was only increasing respect now. The decadent Englishman of those lectures had gone; he had risen to the occasion, shown himself the leader not only by knowledge but by authority. There was no question of taking orders from a vacillating drunkard now. He had seen a new man born.

It was an alliance, he supposed—a subconscious, growing challenge by them all against the worst the desert could do. He remembered the first time he had realized that, accepted it in those tearing seconds when he had held up the car. It had not been for them or his mission, only against the thought of a long, cruel walk. And so, he had been committed. He would keep it that way, help, and not think of his job until he had been brought safely through the net. Well, perhaps not quite. This was a personal thing, because he had been foiled last night. This evening, to show he could do it, though he doubted if the strength would reach them, he would send out his call sign only for the last time.

He smiled. But he would remember them and all they had done. He would keep their names, numbers, if he could get them. And when the Afrika Korps was victorious in Cairo, he would do what he could.

No use trying to sleep now. He swung his legs to the floor, pulled on his boots and went out softly to the front of the cab.

The girl was in the passenger seat, and she turned and smiled at him. "Sleep well? And how's the back?"

"Better, thank you. Still just a little sore." He crouched down between them and stared out over the plain ahead.

There was no rotting-vegetable smell of the oasis now; something else hung in the hot, sticky air, clinging to everything, sour, metallic, like brass polish.

He looked to the south, and far, far off the yellow haze of the Sand Sea just broke the horizon; to the other side, the great cliff hung like a curtain in folds, shadowed light and dark with valley and headland.

"What a place," he said.

The girl let her eyes follow it round. "I've just told Captain Anson it reminds me of a moldy rice pudding."

Anson laughed, and he joined in politely, although there seemed little point.

"Twelve miles in the last forty minutes," said Anson. "We're safe from behind now. Actually, I doubt if they would be halfway from Siwa to Qara yet."

"How's the track?"

"Easy for the first ten miles. Lots of new tire marks—that lot of yesterday, I suppose. Then they branched off toward the cliff, as I expected, but I managed to pick up the other way. It's faint—it would be, after two years—but I can just see enough."

"Is it straight all the way?"

"For the next forty miles, more or less. Then there's a fork, and we'll have to watch that. It's marked 'White Stone' on the map. Helpful. But if we turn the wrong way—to the right—we'll land up hundreds of miles to the south, in the Bahariya Oasis."

While Anson was talking, Zimmerman had been looking at the ground ahead and to the sides of them. The track—and there were faint lines, like a road where the tram rails had been taken up—stretched straight on to the horizon. But that was not the only mark of the way they were following; there was a slight, subtle change in the appearance of the ground. For about the width of an ordinary road, it curved up, lighter in color, more gravel-strewn, the salt flakes closer, sometimes showing as solid blocks. On each side the ground was smooth, hard mud, cracked finely into an octagonal pattern: it went on, unending, only changing in the shade of color. It looked so firm and safe. He wondered if Anson or his own general staff knew what they were talking about.

The air was getting hotter, damper. He found that he was beginning to pant. He looked down at the girl beside him, and there were the dark stains of sweat spreading down her shirt from under the arms; then he felt the first trickle of his own running down between the shoulder blades.

Anson jerked suddenly from his crouch over the wheel, sniffed and bent forward, listening intently with his head cocked sideways, though his eyes were still on the track.

"That engine's getting awful hot," he said. Then he bent forward and switched off, and, as they coasted to a halt, another sound was coming above the noise of the tires; a rumbling bubble from the front of KATY. When they had stopped, the front of the bonnet was wreathed in billowing steam.

"What's the matter, sir?" It was Tom, pushing past him from the back.

"Boiling like a teakettle, but we topped up before we started. I can't understand it."

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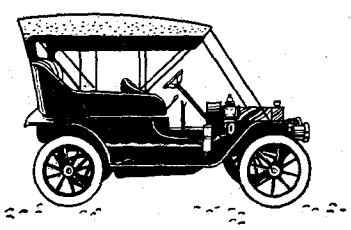

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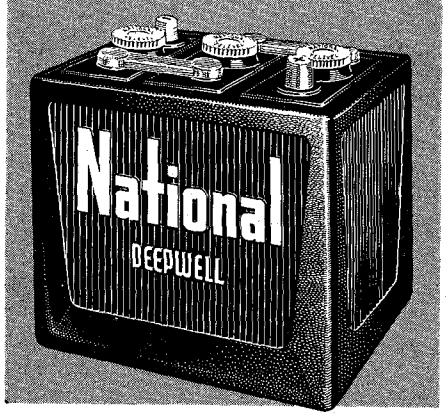

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"Must be something to do with no wind and the density of the air. Don't forget we're below sea level."

They jumped down and came round the bonnet as Tom opened it, showing no longer a clean engine, but caked sand and oil and spattered rust.

While they were waiting for her to cool, Anson said, "No walking sideways off the track; everything fore and aft from now on. . . . Diana, you take the back stretch; we'll keep in front."

It took a long time for the engine to get cool, and when they topped her up, they found they had lost three pints.

They went on, and this time it was only ten miles before she boiled; the next time seven, the next four. Hotter, hotter; the sweat pouring off them now; the plain heaving in steady waves; the northern cliff fading and then shooting forward again in the mirage. There was nothing but the brassy sky, which seemed almost filled by an ever-growing sun.

They hardly spoke. He did not ask—could not ask—if they felt as he did: that raging thirst, the lack of any desire for food, the feeling of being pressed down into their own little world as they crept across hell. Hotter. The cliff had gone now. Nothing but that heaving, mottled plain.

In turns they went to the back to lie on the bunks, panting at the stream of hot air that drifted by in the speed of their passing. All except Anson. Zimmerman wondered how long he would stand it—sitting there mile after mile, hunched over the wheel, hands slipping in their own sweat as they clenched the rim, all through that endless morning. He felt an odd surge of pride—in what, he did not understand—when, after the sergeant major had said once diffidently, "Let me take a spell, sir," he was turned on with a savage, "Tom, I got you into this, and if anyone is going to make a final mess of it, I will."

At last something came out of the mirage in front of them and did not fade away as they approached. It was a single patch of color that cleared to a flat white rock, just to the left of the track.

"White Stone," said Anson, and cut the motor, and, when they stopped, leaned forward over the wheel as the clouds of steam billowed up in front of them. Stiff-legged, he got down from the driving seat and walked round to the back of the car. "Brew up if you want to," he jerked over his shoulder as he went.

They left him for a time, but they were too exhausted to do more than make tea and hard-boil the eggs in the water; as all the cans were now hot, it did not take long. When they had managed to swallow an egg each and chewed at the sweet stickiness of the dates, Zimmerman looked across at Tom Pugh and said, "He must eat something—otherwise ——"

But Tom looked down at his feet. "I'd rather not do it, after this morning."

Zimmerman had looked across at Diana. "Will you come?"

They put a mug of tea and some dates and an egg they had shelled and broken, on the back of his map board, and took it into the back of the car. Anson was flat on a bunk, eyes open, bare chest jerking in convulsive pants.

The girl said, "Here's your grub, George."

"Grub," he said. "I don't want any."

"But you must ——"

He turned his head slowly. "Is that an order, sister? Yes, sister, if you say so." Then his eyes slewed round to Zimmerman. "What's he—the matron? . . . You would make a mighty good matron, Zimmerman." And he started to laugh, or tried to; but no sound came, only a quicker shaking of the throat and chest.

Zimmerman pushed past the girl. He shouted, "Eat it!" in a parade-ground voice, and between them they managed to lift him up and hold him while he swallowed the pieces of egg. He whispered, "I feel bloody," and Zimmerman picked him up as if he were a baby, carrying him through the open door at the back to sit him on the step.

He held him with one hand and said, "A can of water, sister," and when she had passed it, he tilted the whole of the two gallons over the head and the neck and the body, so it ran down off the step and was sucked into the salt like a sponge. Then he scooped up the wet, limp body in his arms again and carried him back inside; he saw that he was asleep before he had put him down. All the time the girl had been watching without a word.

He looked at her now, shame-faced almost, as he muttered, "A can of water—so little, for a brave man." Then he went round to the front of the car before she had time to answer.

The sergeant major was there, head pillowed on his arms against the steering wheel as he slumped in the driving seat. He touched his shoulder and said, "Sergeant major, the captain is asleep. But I think he would like you to go on. Would it be of any help if I went and sat out in front to help guide you?"

Tom's head had jerked up. "Not out there—in this heat. You would fry, sir. No. Come and sit here by me, and we'll manage somehow."

Perhaps because they had eaten, things seemed a little easier in the afternoon. By six they were forty miles farther on, ten halts for the boiling behind them, three more gallons of precious water gone. Anson was still asleep in the back, reported Diana, who had stayed with him. He had woken twice and asked for a drink, had not displayed the slightest interest in the fact they were moving.

It was Tom who called a halt. There was no reason for it from any consideration of geography. It was the eleventh boiling. He said, "We can't go on overheating her like this. Let's call it a day now; it will give us a better chance for tomorrow."

They just stopped. No turning off, no looking for shelter in that emptiness. The faint thread of the track went on and on in front; the firmer mark of their own tires thinned to nothing behind them.

The sun was lower now, the mirage gone. No northern cliff was there to keep them company now; only to the south, the faint yellow, jagged line of Sand Sea, with the hazy plumes blowing sideways from the points like smoke from a row of factory chimneys.

"There must be a wind up there, to blow the sand off like that," said Tom.

Zimmerman grunted. "I wish the thing were down here."

Slowly, drained of all energy, they fumbled over the making of the brew, and it was nearly finished when Anson came out of the back, followed by the girl. He did not remark on what had happened, except to say, "Sorry to have been so long." He sat on the sand, sipping his tea, looking at the map board. "Did you take the speedo reading?" he said.

"Yes. Forty-two from the white stone."

They all watched while he measured. "That's good. Only ——" He turned to look down at the wheels of the ambulance. "Only I wish we had got a bit farther. This part is the lowest of the whole issue. We're sitting on top of a filthy jelly here. We'll have to watch out she doesn't bog down in the night."

He looked better, Zimmerman thought; the eyes were really taking in what they saw, the fallen-in look gone from the face in all he could see through the beard. But then he stared sideways at the smooth, flat mud, stretching unending on and on. It looked so firm, so safe. For the second time he thought, *He doesn't know what he is talking about.*

When they had finished, Anson said, "Tom, do the headlights work on this crate?"

"Should do, sir. But, of course, we had them all disconnected."

"Well, in case of anything"—he looked at the wheels again—"wire them up. And have the sand mats out, ready."

The heavy air was cooling now. They sat on, smoking, basking in the blessed relief. They watched the sun go down, blood red, behind them and the purple shadows flood out once more over the

"Have you been taken care of, sir?"
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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flats. Just before it was dark, Anson got up and went to the back of the car; he came out with two of the white water cans, walked ten yards back and put one down; then forward past the radiator to leave the other the same distance in front.

Then he came back to them. "Your territory behind, Diana; we'll take in front. You can sight on the gleam of the can, going out; the bulk of the car, coming back. But don't go a step sideways." He looked over his shoulder to where the sergeant major was bending over the bonnet, fixing the wiring of the lights. "Did you hear that, Tom?"

"Yes, sir."

Zimmerman wanted to smile. Already there was a twinge of regret at his earlier feelings. They were not worth it. But why this business about the lights, the detailing of the only path he could take—right in their range? Did Anson believe in these fantastic preparations or was it a trap?

The other side of his thinking surged up stronger within him. Did they think him that much of a fool? Then he would transmit tonight, even though no one might hear him. Just to show these clever English. It would be amusing when they saw his footprints on the mud in the morning.

He waited, smoking and listening to the snatches of dying talk until it was quite dark. Eight thirty—just right. The girl had gone to bed and the sergeant major had said he was soon following. He and Anson were taking first watch to see that the wheels did not sink. A waste of time.

He got to his feet, stretched and moved toward the cab to unclip the spade. "I won't be long." No one answered. He slung it over his shoulder and, with the pack bumping on his back, started to stroll away down the track ahead.

When the gleam of the water can came up to him, he turned sideways and took six quick steps to the right. His boots felt the gentle fall-away of the ground and then he was on the smooth mud, as firm and solid as he had expected.

Crouching, he fumbled with the straps and soon the flap was open in front of him. He was just feeling for the knob to extend the aerial, when the darkness was rent by the searing white light of the twin head lamps. The suddenness was a physical shock as they fanned out to miss him by a yard.

As he went flat, he swore. So that was it. Anger welled up in him at the charity he had wasted. Crouching again, bending double over the pack clutched to his chest, he started running farther sideways, away from the light.

The first steps were normal, but then something happened. The foot on which he had his weight would not come forward in the next stride, and for a moment he was left like that, with the other one pawing the air. To regain balance, he dropped it quickly, hard.

There was a soft, shivering sigh—a crackling that spread away from him in every direction over the mud. Now the back leg was up to the calf in tepid treacle that pulled and pulled. He twisted, falling on his side, and the crust crumbled beneath him. The comfort of those head lamps seemed so far away now.

A horrible sour smell was coming up all around, and with it a noise—slow, heavy bubbling, like washing on the boil. But that steady downward tugging was the worst. He started to scream.

Diana was getting ready to slide under her blanket when she heard the first of the chain of events that led up to those screams.

After she had been out behind the car, she had come in through the back door and switched on the interior light, for Anson had said it didn't matter, now they were so far out. Then she had got mirror and comb from her handbag and started to try to do something with her face and hair.

The door to the front had been ajar, and she could hear the soft murmur of the two men's voices. Then Anson had said, sharply, "Now!" and in the same moment the white reflection of the headlights had flooded back through the crack in the doorway. She dropped her bag and pushed through to see what was happening.

After so long, the twin beams, so white, so straight, seemed almost indecent. They slashed the track ahead, etching the faint marks of the old tracks, magnifying the height of the stones in the gravel, but there was no sign of anything else.

"What are you doing?"

Anson said softly, "Trying to catch our friend with his pants down," and Tom laughed.

She had started to say, "Well, you haven't," when the screams started; they came from ahead and to the right of them.

Tom shouted, "The swine's gone in!" before Anson's voice cut in, tense and quiet.

"Start her up, Tom. Drive on slowly. Swing over a bit to the left of the track and come round to the right. But, for heaven's sake, don't go too far."

The headlights wavered a little to the left and then came round in a slow arc to the right. Anson was standing in the cab, ripping off his shirt, then boots and stockings; as his hand reached for the buckle of his shorts, he said, "Sorry, Diana, but that stuff stinks." Then, pale and slim in the headlight reflection, he was at the front wings, uncoiling the long, bamboo-stiffened strips of canvas that were the sand mats.

At the edge of the light, something low and dark showed; another few degrees and it was in the center of the lights. Tom stopped the car.

The mud looked gray and ten yards out on it there was a darker patch, jagged, with cracks running away from it like a hole in a frozen pond. In the middle, something that moved—a black slug that raised an arm at slow intervals to paw the air. The screaming was coming from it.

To Diana, all was confused after that. There were vague memories of a naked Anson stepping out gingerly toward the hole as he unrolled a sand mat in front of him; Tom, wrenching off his clothes and following with the second one from a slightly different angle; shouting; being told to stay where she was. Then Anson and Tom were both lying flat, reaching out to that black thing that had stopped moving, crawling backward, dragging it after them, foot by foot, until they were safe at the edge of the track.

The smell came back to Diana in great waves, the soft puffing of the bubbles. She was not looking at them now; only at that dark patch centered in the glare of the lights. On it, rocking, was a square

... ...

Matter of (Golf) Course

I keep my eye upon the ball
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By Dick Emmons

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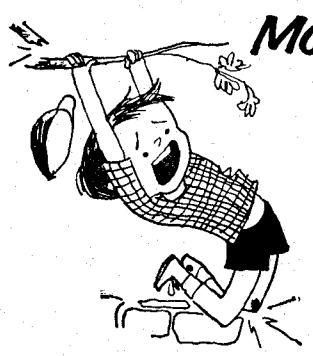

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pack. Slowly it tilted to one side and disappeared.

Anson's voice was the first thing that came back to her, panting, as they dragged Zimmerman to the car, "A can of water, quick! Then look at the wheels and see if they're sinking! I wish we had a drink!"

When she came back, she had the water and her flask. She said, "The wheels look all right."

They were kneeling beside him, stripping off the stinking, sodden bush shirt, and she saw that it was split right down the back. Then Tom took the water from her and started to dash it over Zimmerman's face while Anson tried to clean out his mouth and nose and ears. She held out the flask without speaking, and Anson took it and opened, it, unblinking, and poured the spirit back into Zimmerman's mouth so that it spilled down his chin and onto his chest. Zimmerman choked and spluttered and the breath came out of him in long, uneven shudders.

"He'll be all right now." Anson had got to his feet and was holding out the flask. "But we must move on a bit before we try to clean him up. Once that's happened, the whole stratum's disturbed and the track might collapse."

They got Zimmerman on the step and Anson held him there while Tom backed the car to the center of the track, very gently.

When they were straight, Anson said, "Wait a minute."

While Tom held the sagging body, he got down and went to the side of the track where the bush shirt lay in a dark heap. He lifted it, holding it at arm's length, walking into the glare of the headlights to turn it round, looking carefully. Then, going to the edge of the mud, he swung it to gain momentum and then threw out so that it landed with a dull splash in the middle of the hole. He came back, wiping his hands against his naked flanks.

"He won't be needing that any more," he said.

When they had moved on fifty yards, they set about the task of cleaning both themselves and Zimmerman. Water was too precious and they used petrol. The smell of it was sweet beside that of the sour metallic mud. As Diana helped them soak and scrape and rub off with one of the blankets, it did not seem at all out of place. She thought, suddenly, of all the blanket baths she had done as a probationer; wondered if there had ever been another one like this.

They managed to get the silent, semi-conscious Zimmerman into the back and covered him up. When they had got outside again, she reached to the hip pocket for the flask and held it out. "It's mine, but I think you've earned it."

Anson shook his head. "Not me; I'm concentrating on that beer. . . . You, Tom?" And when Tom had said "No," he went on, "I should keep it for Zimmerman, Diana. He's still pretty rough." Then he turned and switched off the headlights. "That's enough of them—though even if a plane did see them here, they just wouldn't believe it."

The darkness seemed intense after the headlights; she could only hear them groping for their clothes.

Anson's voice came, "I'll see how he is, and get some blankets out. We'd all better kip down on the sand for tonight."

She said, "That pack ——" and stopped.

"I know—I saw it. Closer than you did. Now it's gone; we need not discuss it."

They showed her how to make a hole for her hip, and then they all curled up in a row on the sand and it was quite comfortable. Sleep came very fast and it seemed only the next second that the scratching noise wakened her. It was daylight; Anson was squatting a few feet away from her with a tin of petrol beside him, scrubbing away at Zimmerman's shorts with a stone. He stopped to smile at her.

"Good morning. We let you lie in. Tom's making breakfast and I'll bring it to you in bed." He held up the shorts. "That's the best I can get them. I've done the boots, but the stockings are impossible. I'll take them in to his lordship and tell him the rest of his stuff has gone down in the drink."

When he came back out of the car, she looked at him inquiringly.

"He's O.K. Tried to make a speech, but I told him to forget it."

Both of them were beside her, eating eggs and dates, sipping tea, when Zimmerman came out of the back to join them. He had a blanket draped round his shoulders and she thought he looked so much older—as old as he had after the time he had held the ambulance on his back. A surge of pity went through her.

When there are other things—that is what I must remember, she thought.

Zimmerman came and squatted down beside them; he took the food offered him and ate it in silence. Then he put his tea down and cleared his throat.

"I wish to speak of last night. I ——" She was looking at the streaks of blue-gray mud that still mottled his neck. But there was something else different; the voice seemed to have changed—deeper, more guttural, the accent not so clipped.

No one said anything; Zimmerman took another date, chewed it and spat out the stone. Then he looked at Anson. "It was madness to disobey your orders, captain."

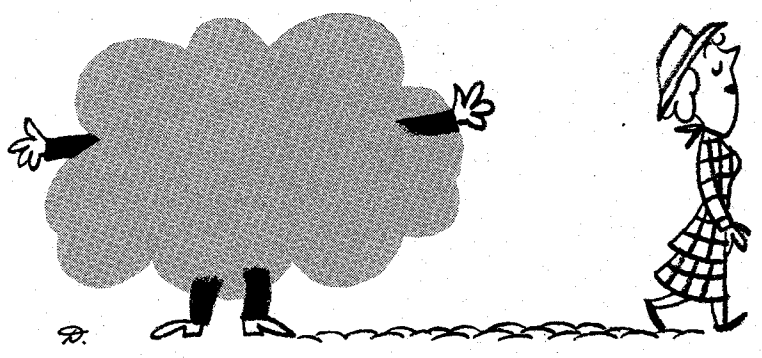
"Well, it turned out all right, Zimmerman. Except that you've lost your pack and your shirt. But you'll have a tale to tell your pals. . . . Won't he, Tom?"

"He will indeed, sir."

Anson went on quickly, before the big man could speak, "Now, today, it should be easier. Only sixty-five miles to the end of this rice pudding. With halts, I should say, five hours. We should be there at three, but it may take a time to find a good place to get up the cliff, even though it is much lower there. We can't be at the top much before dusk—and that last run to the coast, it's about sixty on one bearing, and I don't want to do that in the dark. I think the thing is to find the best place, lie up there, and then do the climb and the last leg in one crack tomorrow."

It was not so bad as the day before. The air seemed cooler and not so sticky, the view not quite so desolate as the ground rose and fell in slow waves that always gained a little in height. The track had edged close to the southern side of the Depression now, and sometimes they had to cross thin tongues of hard ground that reached out into mud flats. Beyond this, the dunes were still there, but they had not the massive structure of the Sand Sea; they were lower, in color a paler yellow, and they could see the thin crests, ragged as a horse's mane, where the sand had blown sideways. "Ramak Dunes," said Anson, "impassable."

On their other flank the cliff was closing fast. It was lower, too, more broken and in places there were what looked to be easy slopes. They still had to make their halts for the boiling radiator, but the gap between stops was creeping up—from six miles to eight, to ten. At one halt, while Diana stood by the bonnet



The Perfect Squelch

Joe, a brash young man who talked most when he knew least, was holding forth on his dislike of things English. The fact that his audience of one was an English girl didn't disturb him in the least. While she silently simmered, Joe, who had visited England only briefly, told her exactly what was wrong with her country. He mentioned the lack of central heating, the backwardness of British industry, the dullness of the food and the horrible climate. Especially the climate.

"It's awful," Joe said. "When it's not raining, it might as well be. And the fog! Why, when I was in London the fog was so thick that if I had let go my girl's hand I would have lost her immediately."

"For that to happen," the English girl said crisply, "it needn't be foggy."

Sophia G. Boettcher

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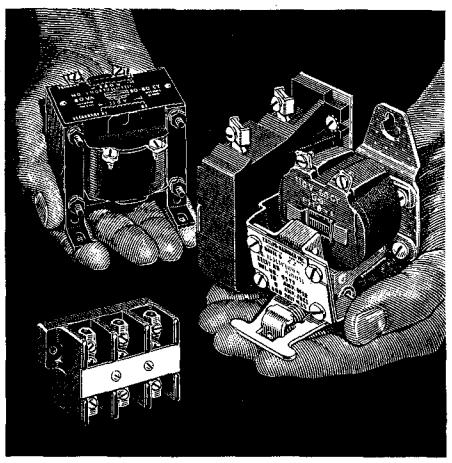

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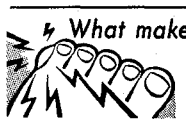

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"If we continue to save at our present rate . . . at retirement we will owe two million dollars."

waiting for the engine to cool, a few puffs of wind came down from the north to ruffle her hair. It was hot and dry, but it was the first movement of air she had felt for days.

Soon the mud flats dwindled to isolated patches; there was a different sound to the movement of their tires. Then the northern cliff curved round in front of them to block the way to the east.

They had made it. They were through the Depression. Tom, driving, gave a great shout, and Anson, sitting on the floor beside her, said, "Take her in at a gallop."

Diana turned from the passenger seat and stepped over him to go into the back of the car. Zimmerman was lying there, quite still, naked but for his shorts.

She said, "We're at the end of the Depression, Captain Zimmerman. We've made it."

But he did not answer; did not even look at her. He lay there, hands clasped behind his head, staring up at the roof, as he had done all day.

They turned toward the north end of the cliff, running close along it, looking for a likely place. She saw there were plenty of breaks in the rock wall now; all steep, covered with a smooth fall of sand that seemed to pour down between the spurs of rock from the level above.

At last, Anson said, "That looks a good one," and they stopped and walked over to where the end of the sand fall met the desert floor.

He started to walk up it, slowly, carefully. When they began to follow, he looked back over his shoulder and called, "No! Stay where you are! We don't want to disturb the pattern more than we need!"

"Pattern?" She turned to Tom.

"I forgot. On a slope the grains always lie in a certain way to each other. Once that's mucked up, they don't grip—start sliding. And our wheels wouldn't grip."

They stood watching Anson climb on. After the first few yards, she saw his feet were digging in, slipping back a little at each step, while the sand flowed down silently over the toes of his boots. When he came down to them he seemed preoccupied.

"It's pretty dodgy, Tom. I don't remember it being anything like as bad as that when we came last time."

Tom just looked at him and said, "You only had to come down it, then."

"Well, we had better look at one or two others."

They tried six in all, but the sand was the same, and they came back to the first because it seemed the lowest. They camped a little way from it and had started the tea going when Zimmerman came out of the back of the car for the first time that day.

As they ate, between mouthfuls Anson gave them details of the remaining supplies. "Thirty-two gallons of juice—that's ample. Fourteen gallons of water, four sweet, and the rest from Qara. Seven days' vehicle rations untouched. And it's only a hundred miles to Alex." He looked over his shoulder to the sand slope behind them, glowing red-gold in the setting sun. "We'll go up that in a twinkling tomorrow morning . . . and you'll be drinking that beer in Alex by six, Zimmerman."

Zimmerman did not answer.

Tom said, "Couldn't we spare a couple of gallons of the bad water now—to have a good clean-up? I wouldn't like to be seen in a town like this."

Anson laughed. "A wash and brush-up? We haven't got the razor. What about poor Zimmerman? He hasn't got a shirt."

Zimmerman spoke suddenly. "There's soap and a razor in that small pack of mine. Help yourselves."

"Well"—Diana could see Anson hesitating—"it mightn't be a bad idea, at that." He looked across at her. "I'm sure you could do with a good wash, Diana. All right, a gallon for us and a gallon for you. Would you like it heated?"

"Just tepid," she said, "straight out of the can."

They found her a tin and she went round to the back of the ambulance and stripped off all her clothes. It was heaven to feel the dry air flowing over her body and let the lukewarm water trickle down the back of her neck to spread out over her spine and fall down her thighs. With the dirty ball of her last handkerchief she scrubbed away all the stains and sand. There was only a pint of soupy gray liquid left when she had finished, but she managed to wash out her socks in it and then hung them on the back step to dry. The clothes felt quite different when she put them on again, and barefoot she went round to the front of the car to join the others.

Tom was just finishing his shave. As he wiped his face on a towel she had not seen before—presumably from the Zimmerman haversack—and smiled at her, she hardly recognized him.

He said, "Captain Anson thought we might like to have the first shift. He's gone

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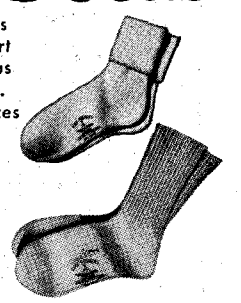

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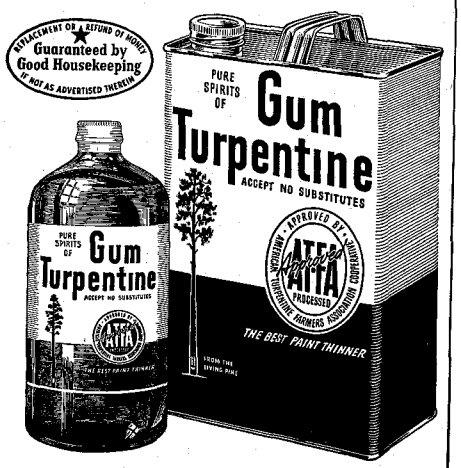
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in the back with Zimmerman; he's still a bit worried about him."

"Shift? What are we supposed to watch for? There's nothing to watch now."

He looked at his feet. "I don't think that was quite his idea. He said, 'Stooge around if you want to, but don't get lost.'"

So it had come at last. She said, "All right, if you want to. As it's the last night, let's go for a bit of a stroll."

He said, "What about your feet—won't they get sore like that?"

"No, I like it. It makes me feel clean."

They walked off along the hard flat bottom below the cliffs, toward the red ball of the sun that was dipping below the Depression, turning the rock walls into all the lovely shades of pink she had ever imagined. She thought of what had been said about it being the last night and where she would be that time tomorrow. She imagined for a moment the comfort, the tablecloths and the soft lights of the sisters' mess, the cutlery and china plates, and someone saying, "What was it like?" But she knew that she could never tell them.

Tom was very quiet, and she thought again, *It was just one of those things—you must have imagined it all. So save our dignity, Diana. There isn't much else left.*

Soon the night came down and the stars pricked out one by one. She looked back and the ambulance was a vague blur over to the east. Without a word being spoken, they sat down at the foot of one of the sand slopes and Tom pulled out his cigarettes. As they smoked, the talk strangled in shorter sentences, died.

Suddenly he got to his feet, throwing away his cigarette. "We'd best be going back."

"Why, Tom?"

"Because it's better."

"But why?" She had got up to face him.

In the starlight, she could see that he had turned his head away.

"Tomorrow," he said, "you'll be back in your hospital, a nursing sister, with two pips up. I'm a W.O. It—everything—would be too difficult ——" His voice trailed away.

"But would it be?"

"It might"—his voice was rough—"and it would spoil even this. I want to keep this. Don't you understand?"

Time dripped out its slow seconds under the silent circling stars. She stood close, looking at him, eyes nearly level with his. "Am I that stiff, snobbish nursing sister now?"

"No."

"What am I, then?"

He did not answer; only turned his head away blindly, like something that is hurt. She said, very softly, "I think I know what I am—to you—now. I'm going to put my pride in my pocket and say that I'm hoping, so hoping, that I'm right. And I want to be like that to you, always."

There was only a dry sob and he was stumbling forward into her arms, and as she held him tight she knew that she was the last refuge for all the sorrow and loneliness of two barren years.

Afterward, when they had finished the lovers' first bout of "Do you remember ——" they lay back against the soft warm sand, heads pillowed on arms, looking up at the wonder of the heaven.

She said suddenly, "What was your wife's name?"

"Ann."

"Tom, do you think she would mind?"

He did not answer for so long that she turned to look. The dark eyes beside her were staring up, fixed on Orion.

"Would she?" she said again.

He answered very softly, "I've never believed in much. But if she's somewhere, outside all that, then she'd say O.K. She was always so unselfish. I liked watching the cricket in the summer, and if she was tied up, with the teas, or the chickens, she would always make me go. It made her happy to see me happy, even if she couldn't join in."

"That makes me feel sort of cheap—a pickup."

"No."

There was silence again; then she said, "Are you, by any chance, working round to a proposal, Tom?"

"Sort of."

"Then you needn't say any more. Because I accept, darling. But I'll always remind you that I ——" The rest was lost as his big square hand was placed over her mouth.

"I've only been trying to think of all the complications, on your account."

"I can look after myself," she said.

When they got back, the car was dark and silent and there was a neat pile of blankets stacked outside, with the glimmer of a white piece of paper pinned to the top. Tom pulled it off and took it over to the dashboard light to read. She heard him chuckle, and then he stuffed it in his pocket.

"What does it say?"

"Personal to me from the captain—and it's rude."

She was aghast. "But he can't know ——"

"Know? He's not a fool. And he's back in his old form again. That's what matters."

"He's nice, Tom. One of the nicest blokes I've ever met."

"They don't come any better than that," he said.

They made their beds together, side by side, and when they were down, she spread the blankets over both of them and came close, pulling his head down on her shoulder.

"You sleep," she whispered. "I'll take the time from your watch—wake you before the others. You've got the worst of the driving tomorrow."

He lay still for a while, and then turned his head restlessly.

She said, "What's the matter, darling?"

"I'm worried."

"About us?"

"No. That sand up there. It's going to be dodgy."

"Leave it till tomorrow. You sleep now."

He said drowsily, "The captain said we'd go up in a twinkling—I hope so."

He did not speak again, and soon she felt the steady rise and fall of his side against her breast. She held him close, thinking of everything; not back, only forward—the village, the garage, children. A tender smile played on her mouth, and then she stared across the Depression floor to that sand fall on the cliff, pale in the starlight, silent and challenging. *We'll go up you in a twinkling, we will.*

But they didn't.

TO BE CONCLUDED

... ...

Not So Measly

When measles arrived, rosy-
red, efflorescent,
His malady rendered him
limp and quiescent,
But what can you do with a
wild, effervescent,
Ubiquitous, ravenous,
strong convalescent?

By Marion Stewart

... ...

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King of the Car Thieves

(Continued from Page 30)

right-hand man and bodyguard in the racket since the 1920's. And Joseph (Frenchy, the Frog) Riccitelli, a paymaster to, and watchdog over, the underlings of the ring. And Joseph (the Professor) Fiscina, that apparently respectable machinist whose secret avocation was the expert alteration of numbers on stolen cars.

After Pearl Harbor the wartime restrictions and the shortage of gasoline put something of a damper on the illicit, as well as the legal, auto business. And it was not until the war ended that Bla-Bla again got his old auto-theft gang, with new recruits, into full operation. Among his top men remained the aforesaid Murray, Riccitelli and Fiscina.

Guinea Buck Murray is about as much a longshoreman as Bla-Bla is a laborer. A short man of fifty-nine, he has been in or on the fringes of crime since his youth, often arrested, but seldom, until recently, convicted. He got his nickname as a boy because of his liking for Italian companions, whose language he learned. He ran for a while with the Legs Diamond mob, but by the mid-1920's had attached himself to the rising evil star of Bla-Bla Vigorito, whose close adviser he became. I have told earlier of his hobby: copying down names from tombstones to be used on fake auto-registration cards. He had a shrewd eye for motorcar values—to be stolen, that is. His other nickname, "the District Attorney," came from his energy as a cross-examiner. When a member of the gang had been arrested, questioned by the authorities and released, he would be taken before Guinea Buck, who would put him through a much tougher examination. The object was twofold: to find out just how much the police or the FBI knew; and, to remind the gang member to watch his step and his tongue, or else.

Riccitelli (the Frog) is a small, sad-eyed man of sixty-three whose criminal record goes back thirty-five years. He is elaborately tattooed. The first tattoo pictures (beginning 1912) were on a high moral plane, depicting Christ on the Cross, heart and flag, the Liberty Bell and the American eagle. By 1920 there was a change of tone: a voluptuous dancing girl was added to Riccitelli's dermatological art gallery. Maybe this signalized a decline in his ideals. Anyway, in 1921 he was first sent to state prison in Michigan for auto theft. Later, attracted by the apparently "foolproof system," he joined Bla-Bla's gang. Years ago he developed what his Brooklyn friends called "a huge girder" (goiter) on the front of his neck. This gave him a froglike appearance which led to his nickname. Last year the goiter was skillfully removed by surgeons at Sing Sing, but the nickname remains. The Frog says he is still far from well; he complains of old bullet slugs in his body, and other pesky ailments.

Fiscina ("Joe the Numbers Changer" or "the Professor") is in a way the most interesting character of the lot. Though he admits that he has been changing numbers on stolen cars for Bla-Bla since the mid-1920's, he managed to preserve an almost impenetrable respectability through the years, until the recent big FBI roundup. During the day, he worked as a Government employee—a machinist at the United States Navy Yard in Brooklyn. He was a skilled and steady worker. He lived modestly, supporting his wife and family strictly within his navy-yard pay. For many years investigators heard whispers that Joe Fiscina was "the smartest numbers changer in the business." Sometimes they questioned him; he professed polite, blank ignorance. Afterward he would explain to his official employers: "They got me mixed up with my brother."

The Professor knew his worth. He insisted on rigid precautions on the nights and Sundays when he worked for Bla-Bla. He would not use his own car. He must be picked up on a street corner by a driver in a "legit" (nonstolen) car, and thence conveyed (with due care against being followed) to the garage or repair shop where the car or cars, stolen that day, had been hidden. He would be admitted to the apparently closed and darkened building, and the doors locked behind him.

Within, all would be ready—the Professor's time was not to be wasted. The stolen car had been opened and stripped to make all its numbers accessible, and lights properly focused. The precious dies (valued at $20,000) had been brought from their secret hiding place; also ready to hand lay ball-peen hammers, emery wheels, emery cloth, files, tacking machine and acids. As one member of the gang recalls, "It was like a patient in the operating room, all ready for the surgeon."

The Professor went to work with swift dexterity: grinding the original numbers off the engine block, smoothing the surface, pounding in the new numbers with dies suited to that particular make and model, and bringing the worked-on surface to the color of the surrounding metal. Then, using a magnifying glass or a jeweler's eyepiece, he would study the result for possible imperfections. Changing the serial number on the car's body was a quicker and simpler job. The whole operation took the Professor about half an hour per car. His fee for this ran from $50 to $100, depending on the value of the car. On busy nights he could earn several hundred dollars in a few hours. He would place the money in a small cloth bag (hence his other nickname of "Money Bags") and be conveyed homeward as discreetly as he had come. Next morning, punctual and steady, he would be working as usual at the navy yard.

The Professor continued to live within his legitimate pay; where his secret auto-surgeon fees went is not clearly known. It is said that some of his relatives have acquired surprisingly valuable real estate.

By the later 1940's the Vigorito auto-theft ring was again in large-scale operation. Bla-Bla's three sons—Sabato (Sally), Fred and John (Jumbo)—were now old enough to help papa, though they never showed his dread and devious gift for the business. There were also nephews coming along, and the usual brothers-in-law. The mainstays were still such old pros as Buck, the Frog and the Professor.

In one respect Bla-Bla remained cautious. Having been burned so badly in 1933 on the global export of stolen cars, he now stayed out of the foreign market. But his growing volume began pushing hot cars across state lines, and this, by 1950, put the FBI back on his trail.

As pointed out previously, an expertly altered stolen car is extremely hard to detect. It usually takes some special circumstance or accident to bring the car under laboratory examination by experts of the FBI, of the police auto squads or of the NATB (the National Auto Theft Bureau, a private investigative outfit maintained by the insurance companies). But accidents do happen, and one such led to the tracing of a stolen auto to a huge used-car lot in New York City. The lot was legally licensed under the name NCD, Incorporated. FBI agents began quietly examining other cars sold recently by this lot. Many were located in other states. A large percentage of them was found to have been stolen. The workmanship on the altered numbers suggested the Vigorito mob. The bills of sale for these cars had been signed by Joseph Stern, general sales manager of the NCD lot.

Stern was arrested and indicted in 1951, and there, for a while, the trail ended. The agents had good reason to believe that Stern got his orders from Bla-Bla, via Sabato. But they couldn't prove the criminal link without Stern's testimony, and Stern preserved the usual frightened silence. He was tried in 1952, convicted and sentenced to ten years in Atlanta.

What is the explanation of the mysterious terror inspired by Bla-Bla? Now sixty-two years old, he is a little man, under five feet five inches tall. He does not look like a killer. His Latin features, beneath his high brow and white hair, give him more the look of a decadent old Roman statesman. The investigators I have talked with, among them veterans who knew him as far back as the 1920's, are not agreed. Some say fear of Vigorito, at least in his younger days, had a solid basis in gang beatings and killings. Others believe Bla-Bla and his pals built up the killer legend for purposes of gang discipline. In either case, the fear is reinforced by his singular personality, which radiates what used to be called "malicious animal magnetism." When Vigorito was convicted in 1933 he threatened to "get" a young lawyer who, as Assistant United States Attorney, had been active in his prosecution. After Bla-Bla went to jail, this lawyer, back in private practice, was accused of bribing a grand juror and indicted. It almost wrecked his promising career. He said then, and says now, that Bla-Bla and his friends fabricated the charges. Though the lawyer was acquitted and cleared, the underworld concluded from the incident that not even respectable citizens were safe from Bla-Bla's long-range revenge.

At first, in Atlanta Penitentiary, it seemed that Joe Stern's lips had been sealed as effectively as those of other members of the gang who had served their terms in silence. But after several months behind the bars, he began to reconsider. The heaviness of the sentence rankled. Why had Bla-Bla not given him better legal help? Far away in Brooklyn, the old man did not seem so deadly. Anyway, early in 1953 Stern began to talk.

With leads thus supplied, the tortuous trail became clearer. Proceeds of the stolen cars were traced to various bank accounts—one in the name of Joe Fioto. Joe was nowhere to be found. FBI men, patiently combing church, burial and other records, discovered (a) that Joe had been a relative of Bla-Bla (b) that Joe was dead and buried; and (c) that the bank account had been opened, long after Joe's decease, by none other than Gabriel (Bla-Bla) Vigorito. Investigation developed other firm links.

In September of '53, indictments were obtained against Bla-Bla, Buck Murray, Sabato and a brother-in-law, George De Luca. They were tried in Federal Court, Brooklyn, in January, 1954. After forty witnesses had testified for the prosecution, Bla-Bla pleaded guilty. Evidence against the three others was not so clear, and their indictments were dismissed. Bla-Bla was fined $5000 and sentenced to five years in Leavenworth.

This time it was fully realized that, while the top man had been put away for a while, other key figures were still at large and functioning. There were rumors that Sabato had actually ordered car thefts to be speeded up, to help pay papa's heavy legal expenses. The investigation continued, slowly turning up other fronts and outlets, other stolen-car sales and other mob members than those covered in the '53 indictments. This led eventually to the big roundup of nineteen of the gang in '55 and their conviction and sentencing (Bla-Bla included) during the past spring.

The story of that investigation would fill a large book. But if we follow one strand of the probe in detail, the reader may get a good idea of the whole. Watch carefully, now. At times the action is as hard to follow as a three-shell game:

First meet Nathan Fihrer, later called "Nat the Rat" by the gang when belated conscience loosened his tongue. Nat is a pleasant-looking fellow with prematurely gray hair. Served in the Navy during the war; honorable discharge. In late '52 he was operating Nat's Service Station, also a garage and car lot, at Massapequa, Long Island. Business was bad; he was in debt; there was illness in his family. At this point a mechanic told Nat of a golden opportunity: he could get almost-new cars cheap and sell them like hot cakes. The cars were—well, stolen. But they had been altered by experts and had "legit" registrations. The source was a man who had been in the business for thirty years and had a foolproof system. Nat was tempted, and he fell.

With the new business there came a strange little man called Frenchy the Frog, who hung around and kept an eye on Nat. Apparently he concluded that Nat was all right. Soon Bla-Bla's sons, Sabato, Fred and John, began coming by to check up on the business. Later came "the old man" himself, and Guinea Buck.

The gang began running a few fresh-stolen cars into Nat's garage. In such

"He says he's an architectural student."

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cases a man known to Nat as "Joe Fisher" (actually Fiscina, the Professor) would come at night, perform his swift operation, with the Frog as assisting intern, and depart. Nat had hoped to turn some fast dollars and quit; now he was in the racket up to his neck.

In the summer of '53 a Ford convertible, numbers altered, was delivered by the gang to Nat. It was a "give-up." That is, the original owner—a man in Connecticut whom we will call Rocce—had connived with the gang to have his car stolen so that he—after the agreed twenty-four hours—could yell for the police and prepare to collect his auto-theft insurance. Mrs. Rocce, who knew nothing of the plot, lamented the lost car.

Nat sold the Ford to an innocent purchaser on Long Island whom we will call Mr. Blinks. A month later Mr. Blinks, driving through Connecticut, decided to drop in on an old friend—who happened, by one of those wild coincidences, to be Mr. Rocce. Mrs. Rocce exclaimed, "That looks just like our Ford that was stolen." Her uneasy husband tried to shush her, but the excited Mrs. Rocce rushed out to the car, rummaged in the glove compartment and found one of her old gloves. Rocce nervously argued that gloves, like cars, often look alike. Mrs. Rocce wasn't listening—she dashed upstairs, found her old duplicate key, ran to the car and started the motor. Now even Rocce had to admit this might be his former car. But why bother the police? Blinks might lose his investment. Better take the car back to the dealer and ask for another.

Next day Blinks was at Nat's Service Station. Nat assured him it must all be a mistake about the car being stolen, but if Mr. Blinks was dissatisfied he could have another car. What kind did he want? This time Blinks specified a late-model four-door Pontiac. Nat said he would see what he could do.

Within a few days the gang had found, stolen and altered a Pontiac fitting Blinks' specifications. But Blinks was shrewd. Before accepting the car, he called aside Nat's mechanic, whom he trusted, and asked, "Are you sure this is an honest car?" The mechanic, who had been in the ring before Nat, said, "Absolutely!" Blinks drove off in his Pontiac, well satisfied—but not for long.

Two weeks later Bla-Bla, checking over the deal, spotted a slip-up. One of the mob had carelessly given the Professor "wrong numbers" for the Pontiac. Bla-Bla, a student of the numbers system used by the manufacturers, saw that the new numbers did not suit the make and model. This was dangerous. Some smart cop might spot the error. Bla-Bla ordered the Pontiac to be "snatched back."

That night Blinks, asleep in his suburban home, heard a knock at his door. He got up and went to the window. "Is that Mr. Blinks, who owns the Pontiac?" asked a voice below.

"Yes; what can I do for you?" said Blinks.

"Just checking," said the voice.

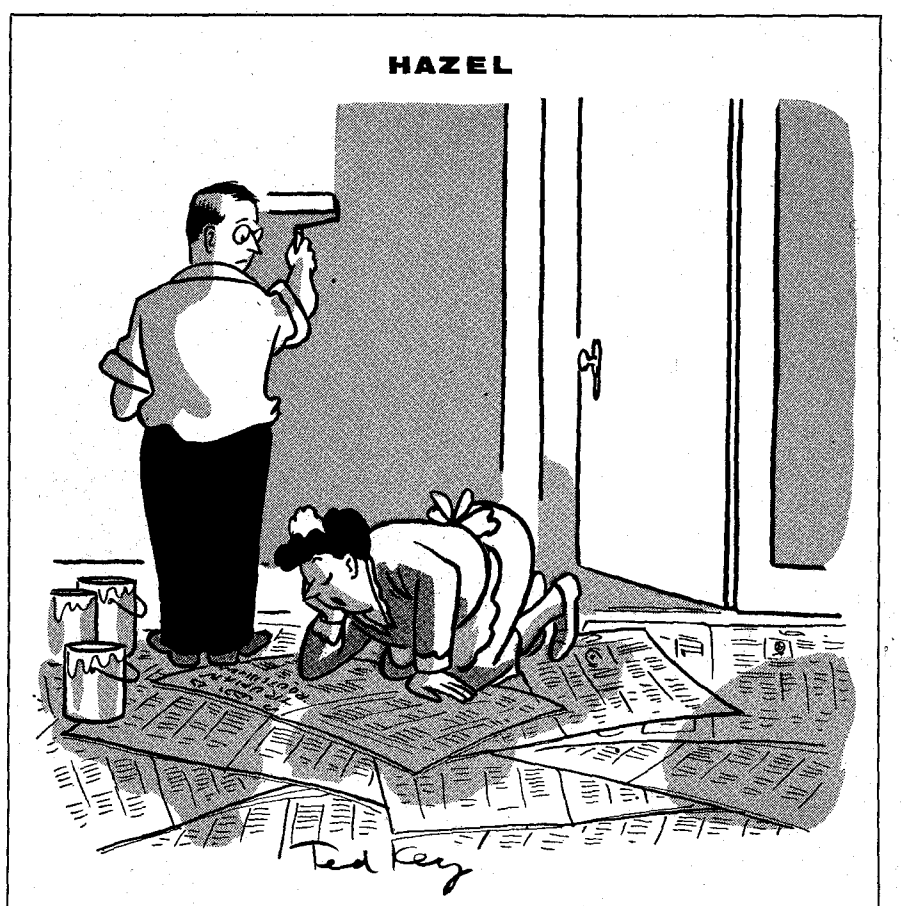
Next morning the Pontiac was gone from the carport. Big Al the Polack had done one of his quick jobs with the skeleton keys. (Eventually the Pontiac, its numbers altered again, was recovered in Massachusetts.)

Mr. Blinks was now greatly upset. Luckily he had not left his registration card in the car—he had it in his pocket. He called the county police and the insurance company, reported the theft and gave them the numbers. The insurance company notified the NATB, whose experts quickly discovered the numbers were phonies. The NATB, working with the county police, began checking other cars sold recently by Nat. Scientific examination showed that many of them were stolen.

(Now watch those shells, watch that pea.)

Before police could arrest Nat, Bla-Bla pulled off one of his typically devious maneuvers. Summoning Nat, he showed him the photograph of a stranger. "Look at this man's face," he commanded. "Study it. Memorize it. Don't forget that scar. Remember his name—Ralph Lugo. He's the guy who's going to take the rap. The cops will be after you any minute. Tell them you bought the cars in good faith from Ralph Lugo." He proceeded to coach Nat on the details of Lugo's background.

The county police came as predicted. Nat told his well-coached story. The police returned with rogues'-gallery photos. Unerringly, Nat picked out Lugo.



"Truman routs Dewey, re-elected by . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I thought he was an honest man," murmured Nat. What gave Nat's (or Bla-Bla's) story its devilish plausibility was that Lugo was under investigation in New York for auto theft and was known to have sold to some innocent purchasers. The police accepted Nat's explanation.

And there, with Lugo facing prosecution in another jurisdiction, the matter rested for many months. For some reason—maybe because the cars examined had not crossed state lines—the FBI was not notified.

Time passed. Bla-Bla went to prison—on a quite separate series of transactions—in early '54. Search for missing tentacles of his ring went on. Then another little accident: Hyman Goldstein was found shot to death in gangland style in a stolen car in New Jersey. State police notified the FBI. The license plate on the death car was traced to another stolen car, sold in 1953 by one Nathan Fihrer in Massapequa, New York.

At this point an FBI special agent, who prefers here to be called only Tex, was put on Nat's trail. Tex is a soft-spoken Southerner whose modest manner conceals a bold, adroit and untiring investigative energy. His work received special commendation from the grand jury which later indicted the whole ring.

Checking on Nat with the NATB and the county police, Tex learned of the stolen cars turned up in '53 and the explanation Nat had given. Then, having made a study of Ralph Lugo and his background, Tex went to see Nat, taking along twenty rogues'-gallery photos. Again, Nat promptly picked out Lugo's picture. Tex, in his leisurely way, questioned Nat further about Lugo. The well-coached Nat replied confidently, but Tex was able to spot inaccuracies. He thanked Nat and departed.

Next Tex talked with Lugo, who was still awaiting trial. Lugo admitted he had handled stolen cars, but asserted with evident sincerity that he didn't know Nat Fihrer and had never sold a car on Long Island.

Now Tex arranged to meet Nat again. At a given signal, other agents appeared with Lugo. Nat was obviously shaken, but clung at first to his identification. Then he called Tex aside and said, "That's not the man." Tex said, "If you have any decency you will apologize to him." Nat went over to Lugo, began to sob, threw his arms around him and begged his pardon. Lugo said, "O.K. O.K.!"

After Lugo left, Nat said he was ready to talk. Tex cautioned him on his rights against self-incrimination. But the emotional flood had broken the dam. Nat's confession of his dealings with Bla-Bla and other members of the ring poured out so fast that Tex's shorthand notes could hardly keep up with it. Names, dates, places, financial details.

Nat and his mechanic, Joe Pierre, were arrested at once. Guinea Buck, Sabato and the Frog were brought in within a couple of days. In another week Joseph Fiscina had been arrested and identified by witnesses—the first solid evidence against the Professor during thirty years' practice of his secret nocturnal profession. Big Al Plakstis, Fred and John Vigorito, Cadillac Eddie Pisano and many others were to follow. Bla-Bla was still securely held in Leavenworth.

Partly, perhaps, because the old bugaboo was behind the bars, and partly because of the swiftness of the roundup, the discipline of the mob began to crack. Gang members talked who had never talked before, furnishing leads to other fronts and outlets for Vigorito's stolen cars. But another year of patient investigation was ahead before Tex and his teammates could assemble the network of further evidence necessary for all the indictments.

U. S. Attorney Leonard P. Moore, in Brooklyn, put the head of his Criminal Division, Howard B. Gliedman, in charge of the case. The husky Gliedman, who used to play fullback in college days, still has the aggressive approach. He kept the mob off balance from the beginning. First he jolted Guinea Buck. Calling Buck before the grand jury, Gliedman asked him whether he knew Nat Fihrer. No, swore Buck. That meant one more indictment for Buck, on easily provable charges of perjury. Recalcitrant members of the gang, waiting in the corridors, saw Buck come out of the jury room pale and silent. If Buck—the old tough guy, the "District Attorney"—was scared, things must be bad. A few more began to talk.

The indictments were handed down in December of '55. With a dozen defense lawyers in action, trial was delayed until the spring. More than 150 witnesses were ready to testify against Bla-Bla (who had been brought back under guard from Leavenworth) and the eighteen others. At the last moment all pleaded guilty.

Bla-Bla was given two concurrent five-year terms, to begin after his present term is completed, and to be followed by five years' probation. Buck and Sabato Vigorito each got five years' prison, five years' probation. The Frog got four years' prison; Fred and John Vigorito, three years each. Others got lesser sentences, according to their previous records and the help they had given the Government. The Professor got only two years, either because he was technically a "first offender," or because of certain arcane information he had supplied about his nocturnal art. Cadillac Eddie and Joe Pierre drew two and a half years each. Big Al Plakstis, two years; and so on. Some courtroom observers, remembering the long history of the gang, felt that Federal Judge Leo F. Rayfiel had tempered justice with a great deal of mercy.

In arguing for leniency, New York state senator Harry Gittleson, chief counsel for the Vigoritos, referred repeatedly and touchingly to Bla-Bla as "this elderly gentleman." As for the three sons, if they had perhaps wandered from the narrow path, it must be considered that they had been swayed by "filial devotion." They had regarded their father as their "lord and master." The senator had a good word for the entire Vigorito family. "They are a proud family," he intoned. "They have never been on relief."

The last sentence was chewed over afterward with much wonderment by members of the prosecution team. One took a pencil and wrote down the names of the Vigoritos and their relatives who have been in the auto-stealing business in the last thirty years (nine have been mentioned in this recital). Then he tried to figure up the costs to car owners, innocent purchasers, insurance companies, and to city, county, state and Federal enforcement agencies. When the total began to run into the millions of dollars, he gave up. But he was sure, he said, of this: If Uncle Sam could have arranged to keep Bla-Bla and his family on relief from infancy—and absolutely idle—the public would have got a tremendous bargain. In fact, a steal.

Editors' Note: This is the second of two articles by Beverly Smith.

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TALE OF TWO TELEPHONES

IN BOSTON they mix sentiment and progress rather nicely. Take the old wall telephone on the left. It has served faithfully in Boston's City Hall for 64 years. Everytime the telephone company has sought to retire Old Faithful, the city hall folks have said, "Please let it stay, we're fond of it." And, that's the story of *one* telephone.

Now, the *other* wall telephone has just been installed in one of the fine new homes of the Boston area, and is beginning a long and useful life. Nobody now believes that it will be called on to serve for 64 years . . . *but it probably could if it had to!*

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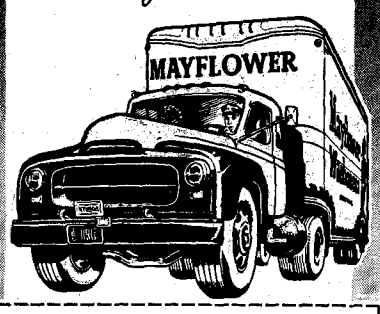

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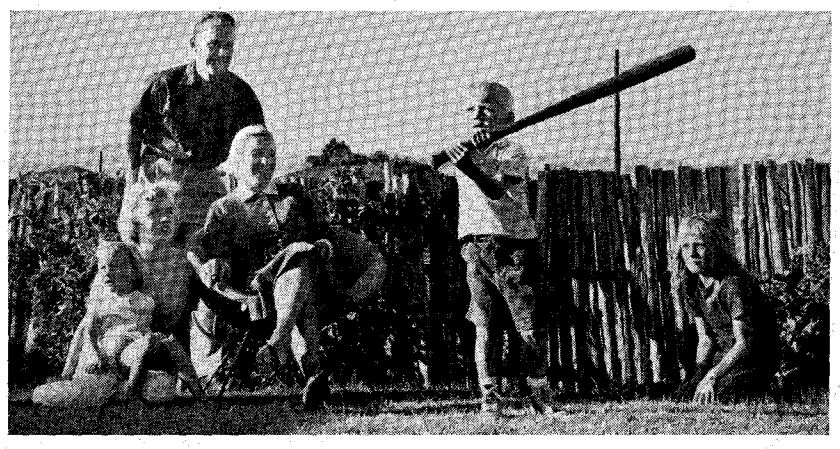


At the beachside home of sports connoisseur Al Stump, in Santa Barbara, California, you would expect to find some batting practice going on; so here's a photograph of it. Stump says he keeps himself busy at sports writing, and as page 19 presents his 205th magazine article, he must be telling the truth.

Will Acting Spoil Mrs. Miller?

Part of this paragraph is an advertisement about a book. The book is about a Mrs. Arthur Miller, whose former name, if memory serves, was Marilyn Monroe. This expansion of Pete Martin's recent Post article series, now titled Will Acting Spoil Marilyn Monroe?, comes out this week and its many, many illustrations may alone be worth the price of admission. If so, then the captivating text by the famed Hollywood biographer is not being charged for at all; and who can afford to miss such a bargain? With these formalities over, let's turn to pondering a couple of new "Monroeisms" culled

In England: here comes Marilyn.

from many that newspapers have reported lately. A Monroeism is one of those delicious remarks by Marilyn which obviously have some deep meaning, but which leave a nonplused listener trying to figure out what.

You probably read about Mrs. Miller's recent triumphal entry into Great Britain—thousands panting for a look, people getting knocked on their faces, a lensman screaming in agony when his hand was stepped on. Even the grumpy communist paper, The Daily Worker, later editorialized, "If American womanhood isn't like this, it ought to be." So reporters panted questions at Marilyn, and she Monroed:

Question: Do you do anything to achieve your marvelous figure, such as diet? Monroe: Of course I watch myself, but I don't do anything.

Question: Are you given enough credit for being as obviously intellectual as you are? Monroe: Frankly, I'm the dumbest. But I like to think I'm not as stupid as they say.

Question: Are you being completely yourself in this press conference or acting a part? Monroe: I find I can be surprisingly myself. And sometimes I wonder if it is me.

After the Monroe story ended in the Post, Pete Martin got a letter in Marilyn's handwriting, saying, "Dear Pete. Thanks for the story you wrote about me—I even recognized myself. It was a pleasure to know you, and am looking forward to our next meeting. When will that be? My thanks and love to you, Pete. Marilyn." Martin liked that expression of gratitude and friendship. As for a meeting, the lady immediately got married. Book publisher: Doubleday.

About Homburg Hats and the Strain of Journalism

Below please find postscripts to articles in this issue by a husband and a wife; both spouses do admirable reporting from Europe for the Post, but they don't usually pop up the same week.

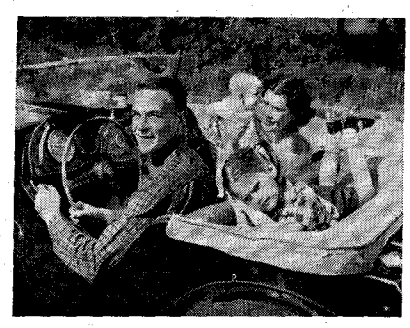
Associate Editor Jim O'Donnell, page 25, observes, "Credit me with great restraint for doing a whole piece about Sir Anthony Eden without calling him The Hat." He explains that before Eden entered the Foreign Office, the uniform there inevitably included the bowler hat. (In U.S., the derby, the dicer.) But when Eden tried on some bowlers in a hat shop, he said, "I always look damned silly in these"; and when a sharp clerk set a Homburg on his head, the statesman departed under it feeling swell. Consequence: the hatracks of the world's embassies are now cluttered up with the head devices which long ago were dreamed up in Bad Homburg, Germany.

Mrs. Toni Howard O'Donnell, page 21, observes: "If you want to shed a tear for reporters, consider the grueling beat of the gentlemen who must cover the Cannes Film Festival." Their awful schedule: up at ten A.M. for a swim and a sun bath during the Parade of the Pin-ups; noon, cocktail break, champagne luncheon; P.M., swim, sun bath, short siesta before struggling into dinner jacket and cummerbund for the evening performance and gala dinner. "As proof of how this affects a man's health," Toni hammers home her point, "reporters who come here in the pale, harassed state associated with journalism, depart looking like lifeguards."

Mind Your Tongue, Joe

With embarrassment, Joe Alex Morris reports, "While studying the rejuvenation of the city of St. Louis (page 32), I nonchalantly remarked to Mayor Tucker that presumably the program would include tearing down the bizarre old City Hall." A tense silence ensued, as if Morris had expressed doubt that the Mississippi River was the Father of Waters. Another day, the author apologized, and the mayor "accepted in behalf of all the city's wards, on condition that I watch my tongue." By then Morris was aware that the building, a fairly close replica of the City Hall in Paris, is beloved by St. Louisans, and anybody who maligns it had better turn around and run.

Needed: A Car Stretcher



Peerce Platt has a problem, and that is a picture of it. He says he loves sports cars, but loves his family even better; however, he has one sports car, which has a seat for two, and when on tour he has one wife, two daughters and one self, making four. He has tried, unsuccessfully, to solve the problem by winning a family car in raffles, and is now off on another financing tack, selling one-seated-car stories, see page 34. To the elder Miss Platt: get down in the seat, dear; any minute, papa may give it the gun.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Is Your House a Firetrap?"

Each year 10,000 Americans die in fires at home. Read how to prevent fires in your house and how to fight one if it starts.

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